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A non-existent man

A NON-EXISTENT MAN

An Autobiography

Photograph by Harris & Ewing Studio

T. V. Smith. “I always did set more stead upon the imaginary than upon the real.”

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A Non-Existent Man

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY
T. V. SMITH

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To all who find existence less than the best

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T.V.S.

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PRELUDE: A HINT TO THE SUFFICIENT

It is better to exist than not to be at all; but existence is not the highest form of being. Indeed, far from it, as we indicate when we say, "He's not living, he's just existing."

How to be, then, not *just* to be—that's the question. One may have his being in space and time. This is chiefly what we mean by "existence." Or one may transcend space and time. This vantage the philosophers call "subsistence." They always have a name for it. But our interest here goes beyond names; we seek the living stuff of biography, the inner essence which transcends the world of fact. "I exist on the surface," says Ellen Glasgow, "but live in some world of inward creation."

Returning for the moment to the philosophers—philosophy was the great gift of Socrates to the world: the poetic faith that reasons may be causes; that, indeed, the final cause of anything is that it is better for it to be than not to be, and better for it to be as it is than to be some other way.

For us lesser mortals, it is at least good to know *that*; it is better to know *how*; it is best to know *why*. In their highest reach, men approach the reasonable. The temporal shades off into the eternal; and men become in dreams what they *would* be in fact. This mode of being is at its highest the imaginative.

The best goodness has never existed, it is imaginary; the most just justice has never existed, it is imaginary; the most beautiful beauty has never existed, it is imaginary. From the poet's gossamer stuff of subsistence

. . . . create we can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality!

Imagination reaches not merely to celebrate, then, what is, but to honor, with a kind of half-being, what is not; with impossibilities and with contradictions it is equally at home. On a moonlit night in the depths of war, I sat upon a flat-topped billet in French Morocco, and composed, to the distant tom-toms of an Arab Kasbah, what now becomes my autobiographical Prelude.

IMAGINATION

Rise now on wings of dawnless morn
In thoughtless thought to wander;
Behold the birth of the quick unborn—
Its paradox to ponder.

Meet at ease the sightless eye,
The cloudless day, the dreamless night,
The seamless rift, the tearless cry;
And every other unseen sight

Which men have known but never met;
All useless things of worth supreme,
All lustrous wares that fairies let
Go shining on without the sheen.

You've come into a warless world
Where Censure's sweet and Laughter bitter,
Where Vice is Virtue's scented curl
And all save gold doth glitter.

Here cruelty's an undreamed dream,
And pain is wreathed in smiles;
Here selfishness but seems to seem,
And Ought alone beguiles.

Here joy in beauty endless sings;
Here grief is light as leaven;
Here kindliness is king of kings,
And what's forgot's forgiven.

Subsists all this in timeless time,
Inhabits space that's spaceless,
Is fitly sung in rhymeless rhyme,
Enshrines a grace that's graceless.

To gain this Never, Never Land,
Make pilgrimage sweet o'er the golden sand;
Count the going the goal, as the humblest can,
To the bubbling fount of the mind of man.

Mark the pilgrim ways as the roads that come
From the alien world to the world at home;
From the outer realm of sound and sight,
To the self-embrace of the soul's delight.

A NON-EXISTENT MAN

An Autobiography

On the Tricky Art of Getting Born

> *Once upon a time, I, Chuang Tze, dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of following my fancies as a butterfly, and was unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly, I awaked, and there I lay, myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man.*[*]

THE INFLUENCES that go to the making of any one of us are indeed more numerous and less tangible than we ordinarily allow. "I am a Pole," writes Lutoslawski, the philosopher, "not because I was born in Poland, but because from all eternity I had been a Pole." One does not have to go downright metaphysical, like that, in order to do deference to the cultural web which helps make up his biographical account.

THE TEXAS of my early years took hold of my imagination, operated continuously on me, and remains, next to national patriotism, the brightest constellation in my galaxy of values. It was this that made me a philosopher, that inclined me to politics, that took me to Congress. To what have I been loyal under this rubric of "Texas": its rolling prairies in the west? its wooded hills in the east? its rich black loam in the north? its long gulfline in the south? Yes, to all these—and more. Along with its far-flung borders, the terror of its all too frequent cyclones, the cruelly parched earth, the sudden over-compensating rains—these were further and terrifying elements of my devotion. Even when malign, such vagaries showed that Texas was cosmically not to be forgotten.

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[*] *The Bible of the World*, ed. Robert O. Ballou (New York, The Viking Press, 1939), pp. 312–313.

More than at all these I thrilled from earliest memory to her heroic history. The three little ships that made up her navy as a Republic seemed to me a majestic fleet, and the anguish of her struggle for independence came to me as pure tragedy, albeit crowned with glory. San Jacinto became with me the birthplace of

> The state that was blest with the dust,
> And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just.

The cries of her earlier defeats echoed in agony through my soul. Goliad I remembered—and the Alamo!—how could I forget the Thermopylae of the West! Its heroes—Crockett and Fannin and Bowie—were my heroes; and Sam Houston was to me the greatest statesman that ever lived.

I am sure that my parents did not grow rhapsodic over what was also their native state. They were poor and had little that was tangible to shout about. Whence, then, came the magic and the warmth of my early state-patriotism? Not to be underrated are the histories to which my youth was exposed. I am certain that Pennybacker's *A New History of Texas for Schools* deserves a large share of praise or blame for my fixation upon my native state. It must have been a bad book from the professional historian's point of view. I know it was not objective. My eyes indeed bulged of late to hear an intelligent Mexican's account of those stirring times. I dare say that the history was not very factual and not very accurate. But I submit as something to its credit that it touched one child's little existence to kindling glory and left a spot in memory to be forever sacred.

Each will proclaim his values whatever he finds them to be and will locate them in such habitat as becomes their nature. There are less noble values than patriotism and less safe repositories for values than colored amplitude on the map. As I write, there comes to me through the backdoor of long memory a sketch about Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame: "He was both writer and fighter," rings the echo, "and one of the greatest adventurers in an adventurous age. While yet a boy he left his home to join the war against the Turks." The Captain's sketch may have stuck in my memory because he bore my ancestral name. But the capture of my imagination by the sound "Texas" has no such easy explanation. There it is, however, and I leave it as I found it at the dawn of memory, with only this summarizing word: *Texas has always had the mantle of my imagination wrapped round it, and its reality has close juncture with my heart.*

And what I say of Texas, I say of more than Texas. Patriotically speaking, my Texas patrimony was but a sacred part of a more sacred whole, *America*! "The world" I brightened at but did not glow over. "Humanity" I did thrill to, but the thrill was not so deep as that attending "America" and "Texas." Some say that patriotism is out of date. So much the worse for our time and place, I say.

But then I always did set more stead upon the imaginary than upon the real. I agree with the dashing cosmology of another Smith—Russell Gordon Smith, a victim of tuberculosis in World War I—given in his *Fugitive Papers* (New York, Columbia University Press, 1930, p. 3):

> And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very bad. On the seventh day, therefore, God could not rest. In the morning and the evening He busied Himself with terrible and beauti-

ful concoctions and in the twilight of the seventh day He finished that which is of more import than the beasts of the earth and the fish of the sea and the lights of the firmament. And he called it Imagination. . . . for no other reason was imagination given unto us than that we might refashion the Creator's wretched handiwork, that we might remake an ugly universe in the likeness of our dreams.

This re-creative power we can turn not more upon outer things than upon our inner selves. Why would anyone—even I—wish to write the story of his life if not to make himself out better than he was? Here and now I own myself a child of imagination, and I will not be deterred by what I have been from making myself more nearly what I should be. In historic mood, I once was some half-soul, wandering, before the spermatozoön that bore my name found its destiny in a cosmic rendezvous with its mate. In mood more abstract, I become a sliver of the microcosm seeking the macrocosm in its celestial rounds. Or, again, I am a speck of stardust, breaking through time, a miniature of the illimitable, telltale of the eternal. I refuse to be tied down to mere factuality just because there happened to me the accident of birth.

How accidental that happening was! I remember crying out from Limbo to two affinities lost in time: "Look out, you lovers, pray be careful: the least difference may make all the difference to me!" And indeed, looking back tremulously upon that rendezvous with destiny, I can see that if the least thing had been different, it would have been crucial to me. Lovers have a way of being most careless in these things metaphysical.

The night my father got me,
His mind was not on me.

The ancients had a myth that man is the mixture of four elements: Earth, Air, Water, and Fire. And this is perhaps as good a composition as any, provided only that Imagination be allowed to stir the mixture. Look you what the Elements become when Imagination has wrought its transforming magic upon each.

Water, which begins simply as something wet, ends by becoming an element truly wonderful; water turns into Ocean, with amplitude unmeasured and immensity that is divine. Earth, which begins as clod and dust, ends by becoming the home of man and seat of all human achievements. Air, which begins as mere neutrality, not to say vacuity, ends as the luminosity of Olympus or Sinai in which the gods live, and move, and have their being. And Fire, which begins prosaically enough as hot color, becomes, before imagination has done its full work, the warmth of hearthstone, the gift of Prometheus.

What a piece of work is this fourfold man! Imagination, which stirs the mixture, becomes more important than any of the elements; for however the elements be combined, it is Imagination that glorifies the whole. No one of us is merely what he has been; he is also what he is about to be—and this is the peculiar potency of Imagination: to make the absent, even the non-existent, into the present and the real. Reason has been defined by one philosopher as "the dramatic rehearsal of the possibilities of action"; and it is what we learn in such "rehearsal" that reduces trial and error to economy and success.

I have owned myself a child of imagination; and this means, I caution, that the story of my life is hardly to be taken as "the plain, unvarnished truth." I am not indifferent to truth, but I refuse to be bound down to literality. This admission of the primacy of Imagination in the story of my life goes further than you would think, and you have a right to be warned fully as to how far it goes. I give you two illustrations.

Of late, for instance, I told my daughter-in-law, Charlotte Watkins Smith, a story that her husband had told me. She stared at me in utter incredulity, saying that she knew nothing of it, and yet would have known had it happened. Staggered by such discrepancy, I later repeated it to my son, Gayle Stanley Smith, his wife as witness. He looked at his partner with amused disbelief and declared that he had never told me the story, that indeed it never happened—"Never, ever!" Not only had I, meantime, two Episcopal rectors as witness to my story, but I remembered the time of night, the exact spot, and the emotional overtones with which my scion had related the matter to me.

The story, good enough to be told, even if too good to be true, runs as follows. My son, having been brought up in an atmosphere too "liberal," as the word goes, to involve religious commitment, found himself a father and face to face with the usual cultural problem of revivifying in his children the Christian tradition, which to him constituted a lien upon the past. He at last persuaded himself—his wife perhaps more hardly than he—that it was best to send the children to Sunday school. Once persuaded, they determined to go all the way and themselves to join the church. Together they picked on the Protestant Episcopal Church; and he in a mood, I suspect, of doing the church a favor, went to see a nearby rector as to how best to effect the sacrifice.

The man of God received him in a mood quite different, indeed surprisingly opposite. "Truculent" is too strong a word but his mood was in that direction. My son was bruskly informed that there is a Creed, and that it exists to be believed. He was willing to face the Creed on its merits, which proved such that he hesitated at the first tenet, balked at the second, and rebelled at the third. He was then told by the rector, and none too politely at that, "to get the heaven out of there," and to bend his proud neck in faith before he presented himself for membership in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Such an impression did the account make upon me that I had meantime critically confided the problem to two different and distant priests of the church. The upshot of the matter is that according to both my daughter-in-law (a trained historian) and my son (a trained literary critic) no such story was ever told me, for the good and sufficient reason that it never happened. They were alternately shocked and amused over my undisciplined imagination.

Shocking such conduct would be, I suppose, to any realist whose joy and pride is in this "existent" world. I have, however, never lived in this world, at least not for long, nor with any roots sunk deep in its infertile soil. I have paid only enough deference to the world of fact to keep out of the insane asylum. Even with reference to the latter institution, I have sometimes wondered who had the better right to be shut up, its inmates or I. My psychoanalyst long ago, after my months of weary bouts with the couch, dismissed me as "incurable, but as hardly needing to be cured." "You have built your world so snugly around yourself," he concluded, "that it will not likely ever crack. Go your way and love yourself."

You have now your specific warning, with one illustration thrown in. Before I adduce the second illustration, let me say that I shall not be deterred in any of these premises from making frequent references to the past as though it indeed stood firm. Nor will I scruple at quotation marks, but they will enclose not so much what got said as what ought to have been said to befit the time and place. With me, as with Alice, the question is whether quotation marks are to be the master, or I. It is my story and I propose to be the master in my own house. Imagination is my only mentor. If I had not willed it so, I would hardly have connived at being born in Texas, where creative realism is indigenous with the wide perspective of prairies and *sympatico* with the harsh gusts of sirocco. No, if I had gone in for "true reality," California would have been a more fitting place to be born in. There I could at least have started a truth cult.

What I am up to in this autobiography should now be clearer. I shall concentrate upon things of first importance: those things, that is, which imagination has adorned or what it has sedately invented outright. This way, we shall together stay in range of things within our authentic comprehension. What have we to do, in all conscience, with the aridity of science or the presumption of metaphysics? The scientist has more and more to do with less and less, and the metaphysician makes the mysterious truly incomprehensible.

It is the poet who most generally knows the difference between the great and the small, and who helps us to honor each in proper turn. The twin steeds of Truth and Beauty we shall keep saddled and bridled, and we shall mount the one or the other and ride as befits the mood of the moment or the need of the hour. But be not surprised if Beauty be the steed most often chosen for our ride.

But let me adduce the second warning as to how far my alliance with the imaginative goes. Over the years I have heard much of a place—or was it but a state of mind?—called B. Hall, Texas. Indeed, in the welter of hopes and fears which constitute life, I once fancied that I knew the Hall intimately, had for a fact lived in it during impressionable years. A prolonged visit to Austin some years ago certainly set me agog on the previous question as to what is real.

My first act as a guest professor, once I reached the magnificent campus of my alma mater, the University of Texas, was to repair to the spot where I thought B. Hall stood. It wasn't there. The earth had been long undisturbed, the sod seemed original; and the surrounding buildings were clearly oriented to one another, not to some mythical edifice in between them.

I asked a number of students hurrying by the place on which I vaguely fancied the building had been, whether B. Hall used to stand there. They gave a stare and passed on. One boy took the time to volunteer: "Old man, the insane asylum is north of town. Perhaps the building you're looking for is out there." A girl said: "That's queer you should ask me about B. Hall. I've heard my father talk of some such place. He always does it in a whisper, since when he mentions it out loud, my mother looks at him that strange way, as though he were losing his wits." I said to the girl, confidential-like, "Do you think I'm losing *my* wits?" She gave me an imitation, I take it, of the look she had just said that her mother gave her father, and hurried on. After asking more than two dozen people about it, I was indeed at my wits' end, wondering for a fact whether I had not gone completely overboard.

I went away from the campus in a haze, debating with myself whether the fecundity of human fancy is really capable of inventing such a tale: the tale of an idyllic dormitory occupied by animate eidola embodied as men. I came slowly—slowly but surely—to surmise that the Hall had never really existed. The illusion, however—if it be an illusion—is more remarkable than I have yet let it appear. For, browsing later in the University library, I came on a book which purported to be about B. Hall, a book which showed the illusion, if it were such, to be truly collective in nature. The book bore the bold title, *B. Hall, Texas.*

In the volume thus titled, more than a dozen men, claiming to have been residents of the Hall, had set down tales that purported to be authentic incidents of life in its precincts. That not all the dozen or so names were fictitious is attested by the fact that among them I found my own name, though I've never had a ghost writer and have no recollection of having written the article. I could see, however, as I perused the book critically, that there was a common quality of tallness about the several tales which gave the impression more of a ballad—something collectively invented—than of historic report. I entertained progressively the suspicion that the entire book was a conspiracy to put over on mankind some hoax, like the Cardiff Giant of yesteryear or the Piltdown Man of yesterday.

In the event I have concluded indeed that B. Hall never existed. It was a state of mind, not a place in space and time. The conclusion is, never doubt, complimentary to the Hall; for the bottom reason which drove me to deny its existence was its superiority to what is real. The finest places, after all, and the noblest men, yes, the fairest women, are eidola of imagination.

I know but this of all I would I knew,
Truth is a dream, unless my dream is true.

I have had stranger illusions about myself, where I could check up on them, than this illusion about B. Hall. I thought once, for instance, that I was a poet; but I got over that illusion in my twenties. I thought for a long while then, that I was a philosopher; but the philosophers got me over that by describing me to my back as a politician. I thought once upon a time that I was indeed a politician; but my constituents got me over that dear illusion in a single lopsided electoral season (as the "lame-duck" politician said, "I simply didn't get enough votes to stay in office"). No, we are all perhaps as subject to illusion about ourselves as about others: illusions as to who we are, what we can do, and even where we live.

If you could peel a man of his illusions, layer by layer, in search of his soul-substance, the chances are that, as in the case of the rube with the onion, what you would find at the center would be not a soul, but only a scent, and probably a disappointing scent at that. Man is, as the ancients said, Earth and Air and Fire and Water; but he is both less and more than these: less in that he is illusion, more in that the illusion is superior to existence.

The B. Hall, then, let us accept as fictional, a vast collective illusion; but *my* B. Hall—nobody can take that away. My ownership of that golden eidolon of youth is doubly secure: nobody wants to take that away; each man prefers his own illusion to that of another. Set your affections, then, on things imaginary: and you will have title in fee simple to all the uplifted properties of earth. "Give me the luxuries," cries George Santayana, "and I'll not grieve for the necessities." Let "realists" squabble over this and literalists litigate over that; and let them at last liquidate one another because of illusions downgraded to existence. The way still to have your cake, long after you have eaten it, is to elevate your taste to cake not made with dough, but icing layered on icing, icing in between. From cake to houses is not far by way of the air. I myself do know a house not built with hands, too idyllic to be surveyed by sociologists.

So much for my personal testament to superior worth. Beyond the personal, the story is more imposing—and reassuring. In medieval times, it will be recalled, all Europe was seized of illusion that gathered men, women, and children together and hurled them in successive crusades against sectaries no less civilized than themselves, and indeed not an ounce less pious. And all this for the sake, prosaically speaking, of an empty hole in barren ground. But wise men will not long speak prosaically, not even of the Crusades. A hole in the ground, canonized by imagination, becomes the Tomb of Deity. We human beings live by illusion as individuals, and by hardly anything else at all collectively. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, speaking to the same wise end but speaking as a patriot, says of our national "bit of bunting," the flag: "Its red is our life blood, its stars our world, its blue our heaven." Men are indeed dreamers of dreams; and the coiners of myths are the rulers of nations.

Leave Truth, then, to logic-choppers, to souls lost in literality; and celebrate with me now a mansion not made with hands, secure in the embrace of Beauty:

> Dear Denizens of B. Hall, Texas: No university, not even our beloved Alma Mater, was ever rich enough in alabaster and platinum —crude oil will not do, not for this!—to afford a residence like B. Hall. So in the generosity of our youth, we built it for her, you and I: built it of dreams, endowed it on fancy, floated it with stars, and fondly bequeathed it to her, our ageless Alma Mater!

But here I am—and I apologize for it—getting myself all graduated from college and having experiences with the world, and that before I have got myself born. Let's back up; for these things must no doubt be done in a certain order, else the story will be all imagination with no facts whatsoever. Who is prepared to stomach so rich a diet!

And speaking of birth, it was in a *log* cabin that I was born. By its further description hangs a tale. Unfortunately for my chance at the Presidency—the birthright of every American boy

—mine was a *two*-room cabin, with a dog trot between the rooms; and thus was I counted out, foredoomed from birth never to get nearer the White House than Congress. So I settled with fate for a seat in the national House of Representatives.

My log cabin was at Blanket, Texas, not exactly in the metropolis itself of some (now as then) two hundred souls, but in the suburbs of Blanket, nine miles in the country to the west. The date was April 26, 1890, the date of my birth, that is, at Blanket, Texas, U.S.A.

I was born to neither wealth nor culture. My father, I think, had not been beyond the third grade; and I doubt that my mother ever finished the first grade. There were no schools in their youth in Texas, and most meager ones in mine. Nor was there often ready money, not on corn hardly worth the gathering, nor on cotton which at times wouldn't pay for the picking. What I lacked, however, was in large part compensated for by what I had. I had imagination; and of that precious commodity I am inclined, as already appears, to make the most.

And it is much of which to make the most.

Others have made less of more.

Childhood and Youth in Texas

I HAVE SPOKEN of the poverty of my youth, both financial and cultural poverty. So far as childhood goes, poverty is more pressing in retrospect than in passing. Children need little to make them happy (or unhappy). No doubt this is due in part to unsullied imagination but it is due in part also to the fact that standards of superfluity have not yet intervened to desiccate the existing world of things and people. There were playmates to take away the fringe of woe, playmates at school four or five months a year and usually of a Sunday throughout the year. Loneliness in between waves of company served to heighten the joy of company, as memory of company diluted loneliness. Church-going played a vital and happy function where the weekday rule was isolation.

Large families were common and self-sufficiency was the familial standard. The original family to which I belonged had five children, two sisters above me and a brother and sister below me, in that order. My mother died when I was eight or nine, in consequence of the birth of a sixth child, who did not live a month. Shortly there came a stepmother, bringing a son of her own to complicate the family pattern and giving birth in close sequence to four or five more children. These figured little in my life because of the time-span and of my early (late teen) departure from home, as was our family wont. Birth control was not the fashion; and labor sired was cheaper than labor hired. From age twelve, I did a man's work for my childhood board and keep. I was always tired, from work too heavy for my frail figure.

My own younger brother had even poorer health than mine, and an ungovernable temper that could in a moment turn play into a scrap where somebody was likely to get hurt. It was my trying role to give way to him or, as being the older, to minimize and then account for the consequences of his tantrums. Naturally, there was little love lost between us, and even much less between him and the stepbrother of his own age. Strife between these two divided the family to the very top, leaving me in between but, somehow, my stepmother's favorite, next to her own son. I sympathized deeply with the plight of my stepmother without deeply caring for her. She was kind to me at a time when I needed kindness; but she was embarrassingly sentimental, likely to burst into tears upon what seemed to me very uncompelling occasions.

My father, who meant to be just and punished himself when he was not, had feelings so easily hurt inside or outside the family circle that he spent a good deal of his time sulking at affronts received, whether given or not. I had moderate respect for him, but little affection—and all the less affection from having suffered now and then punishment from his easy anger. My childhood came in the twilight of "spare-the-rod-and-spoil-the-child." But it was not so much the fact of corporal punishment, which was infrequent and never brutal, that alienated me; it was its arbitrary nature. Once my father slapped me at the dinner table because, in imitation of older boys, I spoke of him as "my old man." And another time, in the cottonfield, he struck me because my hand slipped off something I was holding and accidentally hit him. It is marvelous how little can determine a child's affection, one way or the other. I shall never forget the comfort, on the other side of the ledger, when one night my father sat by my bed with his hand laid gently on my fevered brow. Neither case of punishment amounted to much—just enough to alienate deep affection. Indeed, from my own experience I seriously doubt whether punishment is ever justified of its fruits. Children may differ in this regard; but I am next to certain that every punishment I ever received, from whatever source and to whatever end, made me a worse child and a less amiable man. My father strove for affection, particularly from me, I thought; but I made it a point to see that he got very little. I didn't like his role in either the family or the community. I thought I saw through him, and the sight left little to love. He punished himself constantly, and I thought he deserved all that he got. This is a severe judgment; but childhood does not specialize in justice.

Through the early loss of a mother, the prompt getting of a stepmother, and alienation from my father, I grew up alone, expecting much of myself and little of anybody else. I was determined from a youthful age to improve my lot and to promote myself beyond mediocrity.

I doubt that actually my family was a particularly unhappy one, as families go; but it seemed to me a wretched combination of hapless human beings. Only with the sister next older than I did I have close companionship, and that not for long because of her early marriage. As I already have said, the girls married and the boys left home as soon as possible, to make room for others coming along. My oldest sister I deeply respected, and from her received much kindness; but the difference in our ages and her own early marriage prevented intimacy. I often found her house, nevertheless, to be a haven, as I was growing up.

Apart from dreams, my only intimates up to adolescence were chums and sweethearts: exactly two chums and two sweethearts, and only one of each at a time. With an early chum I hunted, played, made abortive homosexual explorations. One of my sweethearts was the girl I later was to marry; but sweethearts were not for company then, only for distant worship. Of course I was curious about sex, not to say morbid; but what I learned about it was from (mostly purient) books and from watching and trying to imitate friendly farm animals—boars, bulls, and stallions. Such crude tutelage was enough to teach me what sex was all about. Before adolescence was over I discerned, too, the large amount of hypocrisy there is in the world about it. Vivid dreams completed what of knowledge overt experience failed to provide. I never doubted, nor could I have doubted, that sexual imprise is both man's deepest need and his highest joy. Certain sexual arrangements (luckily in most part the conventional arrangements) are most fully rewarding. This enables virtue to pay its own way in pleasure, the coin of the realm; and as for the rest, dignity must be found to endure a certain amount of necessary evil. Nothing, however, is so little rewarding, it seems to me, or so foreboding, as to make a virtue of this necessity and turn ascetic. I have never been able to admire, or even to pity, but only to disdain, those who seek to promote the spiritual life by drying life up at its source. It is to me a thing both anomalous and sad that the required regulation and superintendence of man's erotic life tends to come from those who are enemies, not friends, of pleasure. As I grew up I found that I was not less the hedonist because I was more than hedonist, and I came to quote with new meaning Browning's exhortation (italics mine):

> Let us not *always* say
> "*Spite* of this flesh today

I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings *and* sings,
Let us cry "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

But back to childhood, and back with an expression of gratitude attributed to Justice Holmes, "Thank God that we are men of vulgar taste." Vulgarity is the fountainhead of all value awareness. Taste begins with the elemental and rises to sublimation on wings furnished by the concrete joy of awareness. Sublimation borrows its strength from appreciation of what is not sublimated.

Hypocrisy about sex went in that world with puritanism about food and drink and the abortion of all our animal senses. Food was monotonous and diet was not well balanced on the farm. Pellagra, as we now know but did not then understand, was Southern punishment for too much cornmeal—and not much else—in the diet. Oranges at Christmas time opened worlds of romance, both distant and esoteric. Between Christmases, but not frequently, canned foods carried on the excitement. It was a gastronomic event of highest celebration when, after selling a bale of cotton for cash, my father would bring home a can or two of salmon. Never since have salmon grown as good as those were from the can! Such memories of foods canned, almost anything canned, will never let me join in disdain for "canned foods."

Taste in the arts matched taste of food in being meager. Painting in that limited world was what one saw on calendars (and not all calendars, either). Music was church hymns poorly written and more poorly rendered (not the grand old hymns of the church). Poetry was snatches, now and then, of indented prose seen in weekly newspapers. I think no line of poetry, nor any paragraph of elevated prose, ever met my eyes without getting memorized in my starved childhood. No wonder my style has been corrupted all my life by Southern oratory, which now and then floated out of the blue across the skies of childhood. Whole books of the Bible, too, I memorized for want of other employment for the restless mind; and odd tasks, like committing the alphabet backwards, whiled away many a hot and solitary afternoon in the cottonfield.

Since all my vocabulary was got from reading (I was an avid reader with little to be avid over), I have to this day a genius for mispronouncing words familiar enough to the eye but strange to the tongue. The highest-educated of the "censor" class of my childhood were the itinerant preachers; and the level of their education is illustrated, and not much exaggerated, by the pronunciation which one of them habitually gave that curiously spelled title to a book of the Old Testament: the book of *SPLASMS!* The doctrines of the preachers were as repellent as their diction. I cannot but feel that God has much to repent Him in His ministers who crossed my path in childhood.

Luckily the brand of Protestant sectarianism to which I was exposed (but which I am proud to say never really "took") was not emotional; it carried in its own humble rationalism an antidote to its poison. Mine was the retrograde branch of what is now known as the Christian Church, a branch unpopularly called "Campbellites." They countenanced no enthusiasm in public (or private, either, for that matter), but only a cold, analytic approach to the Bible. They held creeds to be unnecessary and evil. Their own creed was that no Creed is necessary. One needed only to believe what the Bible said (the King James version was good enough for them!) without interpretation; and he had then only to register that simple belief with repentance and baptism (by immersion), in order to be "saved."

This humble rationalism, as I have said, carried its own cure. Duty was to evidence alone. "Come, let us reason together." If we do not "reason" to the same end, you are either ignorant or dishonest. Suppose the "evidence," however, reveals a contradiction in texts? Suppose the logic within leads outward, beyond the Bible itself? Such logic made it possible for one to outgrow his sources without traumata. The result was that I never passed through a crisis, as many religious youth did, on the way to maturity. The logic enabled me to surmount the ethics; for the logic clearly revealed either an immoral or a growing deity.

Think of worshiping beyond adolescence a deity who permits you no leeway beyond his own commandments! All that is not commanded is forbidden; everything proscribed which is not prescribed. God in Heaven is made more totalitarian than Hitler or Stalin on earth, for God in Heaven has an "all-seeing eye"! Even no name is permitted which is not biblically affixed. What, then, is the proper name for the church itself? My branch said "Church of Christ." Others said "Church of God," etc. I drove once through Southern California (where else but!) with a minister of the denomination, and we saw unfold in rapid succession church houses marked "The Church of God," "The *True* Church of God," and "The *Very* True Church of God." Each house revealed more and more poverty and vulgarity until the last was dilapidated, with an outside privy. Even the minister laughed at the fruit in divisiveness of his own logic.

Enough for religion. The "Divine" always runs toward the *diabolical* unless there are clear devices for identification and distinction. I have spoken of the poverty of my family. Being poor is, of course, a relative matter. Everybody was poor where I grew up; it was a poor country: too dry for dependable agriculture and not progressive enough for anything else. Of ready money there was always lack. Cotton was our main crop, until the boll weevil came to save us from ourselves. Having little money, we grew most of what we consumed.

My father was a capitalist at heart. It wouldn't have occurred to him not to own his own land. Why, that was a badge of self-respect. Indeed, he wanted to own all the land that "jined his'n." His general rule was to buy unimproved land, pay for it as he improved it, keep it until somebody else put up a house in sight (which did not have to be close, on the treeless prairies); and then, under the notion that he was being "fenced in," he would sell and go far enough west that he could double his holdings. Under the operation of this rule he started from scratch and came in my youth to own several hundred acres of land in the Panhandle of Texas.

Among the "improvements" there would be a drilled well with a windmill to bring water to the surface, a house and barn, invariably an orchard (fruit marked for him the difference between those who drifted and those who took thought of the morrow), and enough stock to run the farm and feed the family. Improvements were fruits of his own hands. He was more than a fair carpenter. And much of the time he ran a forge for himself and neighbors. Indeed, he was good enough as a blacksmith to make his living at the forge when he wished (which, save for a year or so, he did not wish to do).

He taught all his sons the use of tools, not only how to use them, but also how to keep them in place, and how to keep them in condition (daughters were, of course, taught the household equivalents). Hoes were always clean and bright, grindstones were properly mounted, and hatchets and axes were always sharp. My father was a good workman, with a sense of efficiency and a genuine joy in skill. Without schooling, he was bright of mind, and taught himself many skills. But for his high temper, as I have said, and his obtrusion of self into all that he did, he was exemplary.

Socially, his sympathy was always with the underdog. I grew up with little race prejudice, though with a good deal of "class" feeling. There were few Negroes in West Texas, and at that time few Mexicans. I romanticized the position of both, with little bias from reality. Any man in trouble with the law, or out of favor with the community, found friendship in our home. My father's social responsibility was no doubt warped by his sympathy for the underdog. It would hardly have occurred to him that a culprit got only what he deserved. He taught his children never to inquire of other children where they came from (or what their name was before they moved West!). We knew little of our own past to reveal. It seems that we came from "professional" people and were ourselves headed "upward." When I was thirteen, my father took me behind the barn and told me in confidence, with every air of pride, that Frank and Jesse James were cousins of ours. Whether they were "kissin' cousins" I did not hear, and I had no way of knowing whether the bandits were cousins at all. My father was quite capable of thinking what was not so to be so, if it ministered to personal pride or promoted the prestige of family. He professed to deprecate social distinctions, but he was more desirous than most of sustaining a good reputation in the community; and he suffered acutely when his acts or ours brought the family reputation down a notch.

My father was a religious man, a close student of the Bible, and had as an heirloom, which he used constantly, a many-volumed commentary upon the Bible. This set came from the eighteenth-century Enlightenment and furthered, subconsciously, the tendency toward rationalism already mentioned. My father said grace at meals and had family worship at the close of day. I appreciated then, and highly approve now, that he was likely to alternate between Bible reading and the reading of *Peck's Bad Boy*. It is a good combination: humor keeps piety from becoming sticky, and piety prevents humor from becoming cruel. Each child was given a Bible of his own when he could show that he had read the Bible through and through. I shall never forget mine; it was beautifully colored, richly ornamented; and I treasured it into manhood. It is seen that my father was not fanatical, was indeed rational, sensitive, and tolerant for the times. I will add that he was regarded, as he wished to be, a leader in the community, likely to be on any "arbitration board" which arose more or less spontaneously to restore community peace after friction.

My father's love of skill, and his pride in efficiency, carried over. My brother is a carpenter with touches of elegance, and I have always refused to do at all what I do not feel that I do well, or better than most. In early adolescence I came to be a champion cotton-picker (415 pounds from sunup to sundown, when 200 pounds was good for an adult and 300 pounds was notable). I liked only what I did well; and since I got not only self-approval but social standing from cotton-picking, it became my favorite outdoor "sport." Plowing I also liked, for from youth it left me alone with a team (which frequently ran away with me, more than once jeopardizing my life). I confessed once to a philosophical association, where somebody accused me of borrowing my notion of human nature from Thomas Hobbes, that I had learned more about human nature from Texas mules. Mules condition one early against expecting too much from men.

I always enjoyed as a child the story of at least one exemplary mule: he neither bit his mistress, kicked the calf, nor ran away with the plow. At last he died, of old age; and his owner hung his skull on the porch for all comers to see—and to hear, in his praise: "There was a good mule." But one day, as the owner lay napping under the skull, down came the remains of the good mule and killed him!

But returning to skill, I was "good" at school. I was a champion speller, though often crowded, and occasionally crowded out, by Nannie Stewart, the childhood sweetheart whom I later married. I was also good at "recitations," good enough that at the tender age of thirteen I was put up to hold a crowd when the lion of the occasion failed to arrive on time. I can still hear the piping but proud voice of that adolescent lecturing the crowd on the virtues of his childhood idol, "The Honorable Joseph Weldon Bailey, Junior United States Senator from Texas!"

School was a joy, but schools were sparse and far away. My first school required a walk of more than a mile, my second two miles, and my last one between three and four miles. And the walk, except in downright winter, was often barefooted. The teachers were of course poorly trained, hardly trained at all. Ordinarily when a pupil reached the fifth grade he quit, or took it over and then quit in disgust. The teachers easily reached their limit. The average country school lasted only four or five months, and was likely to be interrupted or truncated by the needs of the labor market, which youth provided. The result was that anyone who got to college, got into college by the grace of low standards. My experience I shall later obtrude. I think that Nannie Stewart and I were the only girl and boy from our community who got to college, got into college, and got through college during the first score of years in the twentieth century.

If formal schooling was scant, meager and uncertain, education went on in childhood just the same. I learned about guns, about animals, about crops, and through adult gossip overheard, about sociology. The lessons were not always wholesome. But neither is life, nor even one's reverie. I visited more than once in reverie the young widow who got kicked out of the church for being too kind to bachelors and wayward husbands. I learned from preachers and community elders what was fun to do by having the doing proscribed.

> "Pat, I never saw you look so happy. You must've just come from confession with full absolution."
>
> "I've just come, indeed, with new names for my notebook. I confessed my sins, but wouldn't give the name of my erring partner."
>
> " 'But was it Mrs. Mahoney?' asked the Father.
>
> " 'I'll not tell, but now that you mention her name, it wasn't Mrs. Mahoney.'
>
> " 'Was it Mrs. McGuinness?'
>
> . . . .
>
> "Mike, I've got seven new names!"

When knowledge is withheld, childhood is ingenious at filling the gap.

Before I was ten years old, my father would let me go hunting alone or with my chum. The only catch in the freedom was that the double-barreled gun was a "muzzle-loader." When I had discharged both barrels, I'd have to trudge home—it might be several miles—to have an adult load the gun again!

Although we were not ranchmen, and so were not cowboys, we did learn to handle the lariat—I can still throw a lasso with some skill; and on Sunday afternoons we'd gang up, lasso yearlings, and ride them with only a rope around them to hold on to. I quit this sport when, as an adolescent, I was thrown onto a jagged stump and injured my hip. It is a wonder that any of us ever came out of adolescence uncrippled, not to say even alive.

At ten, I went to a carnival and saw a man "leap the gap" on a motorcycle. Nothing would do but that I must duplicate the feat from a twelve-inch plank off the barn on a bicycle. My brother insisted on "first ride" but I knew I'd better hurt myself than to let him get hurt. So down I came, missing the plank at the edge of the barn. As I say, it's a wonder we came out of adolescence alive. In between the more hazardous feats, we swam in every swimming hole, robbed wasps' nests, got stung by hornets, and toughened ourselves up for manhood in the country. Kinesthetically speaking, it was not a bad life, but I have little temptation to glamorize it. Where we went, was mostly "out"; what we did, was next to "nothing."

The Higher Learning on Texas Prairies

IN 1913 I reported to the University of Texas, in hope that somehow or other I would be admitted. The matter was uncertain, for I had no high-school diploma. Had there not been many other men in my predicament, the hope of admission would have been more slight. I was entering at twenty-three, about the age I should have been graduating. My only formal schooling had been at a then unheard-of, and now unthought-of, sectarian "academy." I had wasted time there because my parents and teachers were as ignorant as I of what a school should be. This institution, which shall here be justly nameless, offered physics without any physical equipment and chemistry without so much as a bottle to use as a test tube. And the institution subsisted on a dogmatic religion which came to seem to me both superstitious and immoral.

My time had not been wholly wasted, however; for I there acquired a distaste for provincialism and a hatred of sectarianism which will last me for a whole lifetime, with something to spare. And I did learn, moreover, the patience which comes from a study of "dead" languages, a little Greek and something more of Latin, indeed a love of Latin. I learned, too, a modicum of grammar and formed an attachment for the formal side of our language. The rest was waste or worse than waste. What crimes against learning are committed in the name of piety!

The University of Texas in those days was somewhat accustomed, as I have intimated, to aspirants with dubious credentials. So they took a "flyer" on me, affording me a chance to see, and to show, whether I could do college work. In what seemed to me a generous moment the Admissions Office permitted me to register as sophomore. The official in charge happened to be also Professor of Philosophy—John H. Keen—for whose course in logic I registered. At the end of the first quarter Mr. Keen called me in and said that he had done me an injustice in not giving me more "advanced standing." Would I please take the University catalogue and indicate what courses announced therein I could, with a straight face, claim to know anything about. I did so, being generous enough with myself to advance me to junior standing. He thereupon, without demur, promoted me to such standing that in two years I might, and did, graduate.

Generous as the treatment was, it was of doubtful benefit to me in the long run. There are masterpieces which if not read at the proper age seem never to be attractive. The result has been in my case that there are great tracts of literature, vast periods of history, and the whole enterprise of empirical science about which I have remained largely ignorant until this day. But be that as it may, I graduated in two years, too short a time in residence to be eligible for Phi Beta Kappa. Later, however, I was honored with membership in that organization on the basis of my record for the two years I was an undergraduate.

Meantime, in sore recoil at failure to prove myself an orator, I had excelled as a debater. Like a man who marries on the rebound from failure in love, I turned to an art that I despised, and still deprecate, and became for the two years a University debater. A failure at oratory, my first try at debating I won a fifty-dollar watch, with only fifteen cents in my pocket to eat off of! The basis of my slight appreciation of the art of argument—no one ever wins an argument—throws some light on my character and my subsequent life.

I was preparing for debate with the University of Colorado, or it may have been the University of Missouri, with my debating colleague, Charles I. Francis, by listening to the speech which he had prepared. I objected to his first sentence, as claiming too much. How would I have done it? Well, I'd qualify the statement enough to make it true. But, he objected, if you're to be literal about it, then the qualification must itself be qualified. True enough, I could see. But that would break the back of the sentence; and by seeking to tell all the truth all at once, you'd eventuate by telling nobody any truth at all.

I puzzled long and hard over that predicament. One cannot spit the truth out, all at once. It must be released in sequence. But this is analysis which balks synthesis. What is truth if not the whole of any matter? It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that the truth-seeker is reduced to a method which fatally compromises his goal. This question of the nature of, and of the access to, truth has always remained with me a problem, not to say a predicament.

It was during my first year at the University that I dimly discerned a method of scouting that problem, the method of pluralism rather than of an exclusive monism. I had since childhood rebelled at the logic of my elders (in the name of religion), which held every proposition to be either true or false. This logic proceeded to outlaw from honor anything which was not "true." Was fiction true? No, it was *fiction*. Then out with novel-reading, and out with art, and out with all generous refinements of taste, or subtle displays of imagination.

I could see from youth that something was wrong with an idealism which outlawed every ideal but truth, as thus narrowly defined; but I didn't see how to state the matter so as to save truth without destroying beauty and goodness. Most things are neither true nor false; but how to describe them was to come to me, insofar as it has come at all, much later. (It is argued out in my little book *Abraham Lincoln and the Spiritual Life.*) A glimmer of light came in my first year at the University, came in listening to a lecture of a visiting Oxford don, upon the subject (no less!) "Truth, Goodness, and Beauty." What was in the lecture I do not recall. But I cannot forget the deep impression it made on me. I walked away from the lecture with another West Texas "cowboy."

"Did you understand it?" he asked.

"No, did you?"

"Not a damn word of it," he admitted emphatically.

"Nor I a blessed word," said I for variety.

And he, after a long pause: "But wasn't it great stuff!"

"The greatest I've ever heard," I agreed. "Still," I concluded with the bravado of postponed youth, "I'll never be satisfied until I give a better lecture than that on 'Truth, Goodness, and Beauty.' " (I have often tried to do it, but others must judge the boast.)

Already I was dimly feeling my way, through discouragement and frustration, to the notion that no single category is ample enough to contain man's whole experience of value. Either we must start with diverse ideals, dividing the field of value between them, each with its own test and fulfillment; or we must stretch any single ideal—"Truth," for instance—to cover discrepant, if not contradictory, experiences. Truth *can be* made to cover all that man knows of science, of art, of philosophy, of religion; but not with impunity. In doing so, we inherit a problem vaster than the one with which we started: the problem of how to harmonize "scientific" truth with "political" truth, with "religious" truth, etc. If truth is one, how can it be many? and if it is many, how can it become one? There is a nursery rhyme, adapted for adults, which runs:

Hickory dickory dock,
The pluralist looked at the clock;
The clock struck one,
And away he run—
  Hickory dickory dock.

Hickory dickory do,
The monist looked also;
But the clock struck ten,
And he looked again
And said, "It's three hours slow"—
  Hickory dickory do.

So much for youthful intellectual puzzles. As for the rest, there was little dramatic to report. My life was inward, and was never lacking in excitement. I was hungry for learning, so hungry that anything that served that end seemed always worthwhile; even the humblest work for self-support was redeemed from the irksome or the menial. I janitored at B. Hall for my room; I washed dishes at the cafeteria for my meals. I hauled dirt in a wheelbarrow for the nearby Catholic Newman Hall in order to get such spending money as I had to have. If all this gave little money to spend—at fifteen cents an hour—there was little time in which to spend it and little solicitation. On the financial side, I went to the University of Texas on thirty dollars of borrowed money, and I left the University three years later with an M.A. degree and some two hundred dollars, without any debts.

All was joyous, I have said, if it led to the end. The end was *growth*. Much belated, as was my maturation, I wrote some lines to celebrate this inner grace of growth, wrote them shortly after graduation. They were predicated upon what a biologist had told me of the "life cycle of the humble crayfish," which we were using for fish-bait. I do not vouch for the verisimilitude of what he told me, but only for the depth and joy that I experienced in growth, in pursuing through University residence the glimmering light of truth, as truth broadened into tolerance and later became a generosity to impregnate the total life of value. The poem was titled "Self-Transcendence."

Far down within the slimy mire the crayfish works his spell
To weave around him silently an ever-hardening shell,
Such as bequeaths his softness to the mud where it belongs
And fits himself to take his place with toilers brown and strong.

But once his growth is fully reached, his early end attained,
He finds all further growth denied by that already gained.
Then face he must anew the travail of re-birth,
Or find his goal become his doom through the encrusting girth.

In mystic darksome ways this cycle is for men—
All growth must end in growth or harden into sin;
All systems and all thoughts involve a larger whole:
Man, too, must grow for growth or lose his living soul.

It was my last year at the University that I died, died for the first time. I put it down as a significant thing; not everyone lives to tell the tale of his death. It was on Congress Avenue that it happened. I was on a borrowed motorcycle with my freshman "brother" behind me, clipping along too fast, when suddenly I was confronted by two automobiles coming right at me, side by side, with the space between them so narrow as barely to show daylight. They were coming too fast for me to dodge and I couldn't make that narrow chink between them. It was plainly death and I accepted it as such—heading, however, for that ribbon of beckoning space. Quicker than I can tell it, the space widened enough to let me through, scraping both legs, but coming from accepted death to a new-found life.

That was my first death, and it had a strange and benign effect upon me. It lost me my childish fear of death, and it made my life a new-born gift on a silver platter. Many a morning thereafter I awoke to the glad surprise that I had another day to live. There was catharsis in the experience, and courage to accept each day the gift from heaven. I advise every man to die at least once before Death comes.

I have died thrice, though the first death was the most cleansing. Abridging time, let me tell here about my other two. It was many years later, but before pilots had communication with the ground, that I died in the air over Boston. Lost in a heavy snowstorm and gas almost gone, the co-pilot came back and said gravely to us three male passengers: "It's time to say your prayers; fifteen minutes more gas, and we'll be forced to try a crash landing." I had on my lap my faithful typewriter, and the fifteen minutes, stretched to twenty, sufficed to leave in my typewriter an epitaph for my second death:

If in some mid-night quietness, some roseate burst of dawn,
Some noon-day's foggy frightfulness, these wings should haply fawn
  to earth;
And the friendly feverishness of life surrender its quick charms
To the final dreamlessness of death, enfolding nescient arms,
Say this, and only this you say
On that not too unwelcomed day:
"He loved his life but recked it not,
And gladly died while the blood was hot."
Then scatter these ashes from a safer plane,
While the motors drone this last refrain:
"He loved life, loved it all—
Loved this, too, this last quick fall!"

My third death came in North Africa, and from it, too, like

Job, I escaped to tell the tale. It, also, I celebrated with what I called "A True Epitaph."

I do not know what ventures wait,
   Upon what swelling sea,
Nor can I guess what heavy gate,
   May hang unhinged for me.

I know but this of all that's real,
   Though it I know full sore,
That woe is barely ringed with weal,
   And thought can yield no more.

With heart too weak to will its way,
   And mind too brave to bluff,
My spirit toasts the passing day—
   And quaffs the night's rebuff.

Emily Dickinson said that she died twice before her death. I'm one up on her, though of imaginary deaths she's many up on me. She was infatuated with death, and was always at the business of dying. I got over mine, though I did die once *imaginatively.* An account of it will be found as introduction to my book *Philosophers in Hades.* I was on my way to a sabbatical in Hades, and the best strategy for getting to my assignment with the ancient dead was myself to die. So I arranged the rendezvous in an Iowa cornfield. Enough of death. Let's return to life on borrowed time.

NARROWED AS my social life at the University was, and shallow as my intellectual preparation had been, I would not leave the impression that books were all or that Truth bewitched me. What I lacked in social amplitude, I made up for in intensity of association. I learned a great deal about men from men during my years at the University of Texas. But the greatest thing I learned was but an extension of what my solitary years of youth and early manhood had taught me. I was later to call it "the art of containment."

From Charles Francis, my friendly forensic comrade, from Lynn Landrum, my shy but gifted companion in poverty, and from a few others, I learned that men do not have "to kiss in order to cooperate," and that one does not have to have many friends in order to drink deep at the fountain of friendship. I learned, in short, that the man who claims friends of everybody is not likely to be a real friend of anybody. Though our approaches to each other were infrequent and reserved, I felt that I understood Lynn Landrum, to the core; and I further felt that we were deeply *sympatico*, for all the social distance which we maintained. We seldom talked, and never shared confidence. But I came to be able to indulge Lynn's idiosyncrasies—even to read his subsequent column in the *Dallas News*! And he came to forgive me my "impiety"—and I know that he often prayed that God would indulge his erring friend.

In speaking of what I learned about men, I have intended to omit women. I was too poor to risk even a date, and as shy as poor. Moreover, I had a girl "back home." One of my dreads during college was that sometimes I might literally be unable to afford a postage stamp for her weekly letter. I admired women, and looked up to such of them as were my superior in scholarship, of whom I found enough to keep me modest. But I had no place in my life for them as women.

And of men I certainly wish to include more than my classmates and instructors. There was Jake, the janitor, who was my boss in B. Hall. Jake was a German, spoke with a dialect, when he spoke at all, and was a solid favorite of the denizens of the dormitory. He talked little, but reveled in work. He was to me a fine example of humble virtuosity, at a time when skill was already beginning to lose its pride. I liked Jake, though he made me earn every penny I was paid—twenty cents an hour. We breezed, Jake and I, through B. Hall, making beds, giving a lick to dust and a promise to order. Jake was a master of the menial.

There was, too, by way of antithesis, a fellow-student who washed dishes by my side at the cafeteria, washed them, that is, when he couldn't get out of it. He had many ways of shirking his share of the work, and he was universally (dis)esteemed for what he was: a professional malingerer. Years later, when in the city of Chicago, he called on me for a handout, the image of his malingering came so nauseatingly to mind that I couldn't see the pathetic man before me, not even to the extent of a dime.

Father J. Elliot Ross was my boss at the wheelbarrow. There grew up an attachment between us that put quite in the shade the fifteen cents an hour which he paid me for filling a ditch in front of Newman Hall. We remained friends for life. He honored me with a litter of fine advice when I, not a religious man, went during World War II to be military governor in Italy, a Catholic country. In his last letter he remarked that he would not be around (nor was he) when I returned. I don't remember what occasioned the story, but he narrated in the letter an experience he had had as a Catholic with William Jennings Bryan, who had spoken at the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, and was reported the next morning to have said something like this: "Never again would stench from the Vatican arise to befoul the nostrils of young America." Father Ross couldn't believe that the great Commoner would go out of his way, like that, to reflect upon a great church. So he telegraphed Bryan to inquire what precisely he had said, which turned out to be: "Never again would stench from the *vat* arise to befoul the nostrils, etc." His diatribe had been not against inspiration but intoxication.

Father Ross took me once, while I was working for him, to hear a Catholic layman (I think his name was Peter Collins) discuss what was "wrong" with the world. One of the things wrong was socialism. In the forum which followed the lecture, Father Ross, who was reputed to be a Christian socialist, challenged the lecturer on some point made against socialism, declaring that a certain Pope, in criticizing socialism, had not spoken *ex cathedra*, and so not authoritatively. Collins, who had been for the moment misled into presuming that the garb was

Episcopal, quickly rallied, upon finding that the cleric was Catholic, to say that he deferred to the Father on the point in question. This example of authoritarianism undid all the good influence the lecture was supposed to have upon me. I liked Father Ross as a man, and often met him in later years; but I was not impressed by his yielding to authority in things touching the conscience.

How far this deference went I was to find out years later, when Father Ross came to the University of Chicago to participate in a forum with some other religious representatives. He was my guest at dinner. He was called from the table to be told by telephone that he was not to give his speech. I exploded at this high-handed infelicity perpetrated only an hour before the symposium was to begin.

The good Father let me indulge my explosion and then quietly explained that, while he of course did not like the turn of events, the Bishop was after all his superior. Unity, he went on to say, is very hard to achieve and harder to maintain. He alluded to the U.S. Supreme Court as the secular counterpart of the Papacy. He admitted that the positions of the Popes are not always in agreement; and he concluded that, considering how hard unity is to get and keep, he was glad to pay his little if reluctant mite to that end. He clearly made the best of his situation, and I honored him for it. I had learned, nevertheless, that there is a dividing line across which authority should not prevail; and I came to distrust the "power" complexion of his church, without any loss of respect for it as a putative means of divine grace. It was Father Ross who told me, in explanation of his refusing "his boys" the right of membership in the YMCA, that such organizations cultivate "natural virtue to the disregard of supernatural grace."

Father Ross was high on my list of influential teachers; but there were other men from whom I learned lessons both positive and negative. Negatively, I deprecated, and came close to despising, Professor Morgan Callaway, because he was so little of soul as to practice pedagogical sadism against even the women members of his classes, and so poor a sport that he never forgave me for switching from literature to philosophy (a change motivated in part by his littleness of spirit). He could be master, for all I cared, of the Anglo Saxon infinitive and participle, even of the gerundive, without changing my low opinion of his manhood. Killis Campbell, on the other side, though he treated me with less deference than did Callaway, carried my complete respect, because he was a man, and even a gentleman. The teacher of literature, however, who earned my largest gratitude was R. H. Griffith, who was both scholar and gentleman, and a philosopher besides. James Finch Royster, who came late to counter the narrowing influence of Callaway and left early, I suspect, because he could not abide Callaway, taught me much that would help me to develop into the kind of man-of-the-world that he clearly was.

Albert Brogan came to the Philosophy Department in time for me to study with him the history of philosophy. He was from Harvard. "You could tell that as far as you could see him," so the joke ran, "but you couldn't tell him much." Like many another Harvard man, he joked down the jokester with his very learning. After listening some days to him lecture on Plato, I went around to ask him a question after the class was over, only to discover that all the while in quoting from Plato, he was translating from the Greek text before him. I marveled not at his linguistic skill alone, but at his learning in general. There were no men like that where I had come from. The faculty, indeed, was replete with learning, and shared what they had generously with students. I stood grateful before the Pierian spring; and I came shyly and thirstily day and night to drink of its abundance.

Another man who was destined to have a good deal of influence upon me did not arrive in time for me to study under him as an undergraduate. It was Gustavus Watts Cunningham. My wife studied under him while I was in the Army, and spoke so highly of him both as a man and a professor that I later sought him out and asked his advice about transferring from English to philosophy as the field of my doctorate. Cunningham had himself at first been trained in literature, and having happily made the shift, he was hardly privileged to discourage me in doing what he had done. I was always grateful to him for his consideration; and later, when I was an Oldright Fellow in Philosophy and a part-time instructor, he guided my graduate study in preparation for the University of Chicago.

Cunningham was a gentle person, of great thoughtfulness and full of moral stamina. Our lives often subsequently crossed: at the University of Chicago, where he visited and taught; and later at Cornell University, where at his behest I was for a year a visiting professor.

The University of Texas, under the light of such men, did for me what religion is supposed to do: it "saved" me. It saved me from my own ignorance, and from the fears naturally resident in ignorance, from the cultural narrowness out of which I had come, from the provincialism that lay around me. It discovered me to myself; it introduced me to my world; it fostered in me a respect for myself and an affection for the world, which, all together, minimized fear as a motive and raised hope to a functional level. All this was legacy from, and in part compensation for, my being ready, ready and ripe, when I arrived belatedly at this bubbling fountain of all knowledge. It was better than I could ever have dreamed. Knowledge is not all, but it is much; and without it, little else avails in the adventure of spirit.

Since I felt as I did about the University of Texas, it has always been a thing of beauty, and a source of high morale, that I have never been forgotten by, as I have never forgotten, my alma mater. I went to the University of Chicago on a gentlemen's agreement that after my doctorate I would return to U. T. to fill a gap between philosophy and the social sciences. I stayed at Chicago for one year on grace, and by permission from Texas;

and then I stayed on many more years by happenstance. But Texas has offered me, from time to time, a chance to return and to resume my life at the place where life for me really began.

Truth to tell, I always meant to return for good, as I have many times returned for extended visits. But I seemed always to be ahead of the game: either occupied in politics, or absent on military duty, or ahead in salary. The beautiful thing, however, has been that I was wanted—and was always wanting. I have had a permanent love affair with the University of Texas.

My regard has never been of the rah rah type. It has been pure gratitude for a contribution to my life of the deepest dye and most lasting hue. When B. Hall was to be torn down, I did not join its alumni in howling for its preservation. My affection had rootage beyond brick and mortar. When the Main Building was to go up with a tower and the Parthenon atop, I did my (effective) best to prevent a rich and powerful alumnus from initiating legal steps to estop the University's responsible plan for development. My affection for the University is a Platonic love for the essence of learning, a love which has its roots in the Forty Acres but its foliage in the sky and its fruitage wherever the hungry human heart looks up and is fed. This University of my affection—I know it—does not exist, any more than I exist. So much the worse for existence: We both are aspirations in search of existence. And what does not yet have such reality on earth may, for all that concrete lack, subsist eternally in the heavens. As Plato said in justification of his Republic, which he admitted did not, and might not ever, exist: "No matter. There is laid up in heaven a pattern of it, methinks, which he who desires may behold, and, beholding, may set his own house in order."

Whatever order I have found for my "own house," whatever semblance of learning, whatever joy in growth, I attribute it all to the University of Texas, and to the community of scholars who are in continuous residence there. She is now a thing of pride in demeanor and of wealth in substance. Her amplitude in space befits her new majesty of spirit; and her reputation for learning has gone throughout the world. In all this I rejoice. In my day she was small and poor, but still I was among those who loved her.

I know that my name has, upon two vacancies in the school's presidency, been pitched about. I have never encouraged such talk, nor ever been willing to bring honor to myself at the University's expense. For such it would have been. I have too little ability to be an executive and too much pride to be an administrator. Ideas seem more important to be pushed around than are administrivia.

One small advancement of the University's fortune I do claim. There was a vacancy in the presidency. I had been invited to address the State Senate and House of Representatives separately. One of my old friends, a senator, was pushing my name for the presidency. He came out from the Appropriations Committee, of which he was chairman, to say to me:

"We've come to an item in the University budget that I have special interest in, the presidential salary. How much do you think we should allow so as not to be turned down by anyone on financial grounds?"

"How much did the last president get?" I queried.

Upon being told what it was (some ridiculously low figure), I said, "I'd put in an item of $17,001."

"Why the $1.00?" he asked, puzzled.

"Well," I replied, "it's my understanding that you pay your football coach $17,000, and I know you'd want to maintain the supremacy of the academic over the athletic."

He went back into the committee room murmuring, "Why hadn't I thought of that?—of course, 'the supremacy of the academic over the athletic'—a damn good phrase!" Within an hour he came back gleeful, "I've got an item in the budget for $17,500."

I believe that the item stuck, and at last the salary of the president was commensurate with the dignity and importance of the post. When later I tried to collect a commission from the man who got the job, I found myself most unsuccessful in assessing 5 per cent!

Upon the occasion of another vacancy, or it could have been the same, a friend came to see me at Chicago, saying that the acting president had been calling people in, including him, and telling them that he knew I would make a good president, but that I'd have no chance in the final bargaining because of my attitude toward the Negro.

"Why," said he, "Smith represents a Negro district in the Illinois Senate. I don't doubt that he's addressed them in public as 'Mr.,' and the chances are that Mrs. Smith has had to entertain them in her home. I hope all this won't get out on him—he'd be a dead duck if it did!"

Somebody must have been right. That was the last I heard of the presidency on that occasion.

There was another vacancy in the presidency, pending the filling of which *Fortune* magazine carried thumbnail biographical sketches of the ten so-called "most colorful" professors of the University of Chicago. In the proofs sent me for factual correction, it was judged that I had been offered the presidency of my alma mater but had refused because the Board of Regents wouldn't furnish me a private airplane! It was a good story in that it guided gossip in harmless channels. Just the kind of story a public man would pay to have started! But my conscience got the best of me at the last moment, and I killed the story with a penciled correction in the margin: "I did not decline it for that reason; I did not decline it at all; it was not offered to me."

I do not mean to imply that I could have had the job, at any time. I hardly think so. More probably other presidencies, if I had been interested. But, to tell the truth, I had a job all my life which I felt to be more important than a university presidency. Certainly I would not have given up a Congressional seat for any presidency in the whole field of education. There is, to me, honor enough in being an ideologist at large, a salesman of general ideas. I have found it highly self-rewarding.

Up the Professional Ladder at Chicago

I WENT TO CHICAGO in 1921 (after having spent a previous summer there) to work for a doctorate. I shall never forget the impression of the great city upon my country-boy self. My physical approach to the University of Chicago was the worst possible. It was by means of the Elevated, which ran mile upon mile on an upper level with tenement apartments, where wet clothes flapped shapelessly in the murky air supposed to dry them. I had never seen a great city before. True, I had gone through St. Louis and had visited Fort Worth, but all combined were poor preparation for the impact of Chicago upon me. In some vague sense which I could not define, the city deeply depressed my spirits. Nothing of the exhilaration that I later came to find in the City of Chicago was there to welcome me at the beginning.

But what Chicago did, the University of Chicago undid. Here was a wonderland of scholarship, for which the University of Texas had only begun to prepare me. The city and the University I tied together in my own way. My wife and I often ate at cafeterias within easy reach of the University. I shall never forget the gastronomic wonder of discovering that one could order a whole plate of chicken livers. In the Texas of my childhood, each chicken had only one liver; and elders who were fond of livers usually got that one, or at most, those two. The taste became through unsatisfied desire a rare luxury.

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw all the livers I could eat. I had to be reassured by my wife, who at college had majored in home economics, that such was possible, that indeed the plurality of livers was actually real. This cafeteria became for me a symbol of the University, magnificent in variety. But symbolized also was the depressing side of the city upon my spirits, reflecting also the fact that the first liver I bit into was bitter as gall. For long thereafter I looked at cafeteria livers with wonder, but kept my distance.

As touching the City of Chicago, I was awed by its size, noise, and power, though I seldom visited the Loop. The University, however, deeply compensated for all the city failed to provide. What wonder its wealth of knowledge constituted for me! I had gone to Chicago to do graduate work in English literature, but literature conceived as human thought and feeling, not as arid form. A course or two in the Department of English convinced me that such was then the emphasis that I should never be able in that department to follow my deeper bent, philosophy adapted to taste. So I noiselessly transferred to the Department of Philosophy, where one could more nearly follow the life of imagination without scholastic debiting.

And what a department Philosophy was in those days! It had not the scholarship of a Yale, and certainly not the variety of a Harvard, where James, Royce, Santayana, and Munsterberg, not to mention Palmer, had held forth in friendly profusion. Chicago had enough scholarship, but had little ideological variety. This lack, however, did not bother me. Indeed, I had chosen Chicago partly because of already having fair training in other schools of thought: in Idealistic philosophy (which led me to turn down a fellowship at Cornell, center then of Idealism); in Realistic philosophy (which led me to turn down aid from Columbia, where Realism was growing); and in the Electicism (which indisposed me to Harvard, with that tradition).

The four senior professors of philosophy at Chicago were all Pragmatists. I had chosen this atmosphere to see whether the deprecation of Pragmatism by my earlier teachers at Texas was fair or not. I entered heartily into the pragmatic way of thinking, though with serious reservations in depth. It clearly represented a needed broadening of my interests.

Of the four professors (all tall and personally imposing), Edward Scribner Ames was the most agreeable personally, and George Herbert Mead the most stimulating intellectually. In between was Addison Moore, a clever dialectician and an ardent devotee of this philosophic cause, and James Hayden Tufts, personally austere but punctilious in mastering what earlier men had thought and said. I was destined because of the nature of my interests to work under the man whom I cared least for—Mr. Tufts—or perhaps I had better say "work out from under" him. For daily diet, I found Mr. Tufts so forbidding in attitude and so cumbersome in personal relations that I went outside the Department of Philosophy to get guidance and inspiration: from men like William E. Dodd, of American history; from men like Charles E. Merriam, political scientist and politician; and, a little later, from men like Leon C. Marshall, a scholarly buccaneer working under the label of economics. Chicago was fluid; and it was easy, not to say natural, to cut across department lines.

But in the Department of Philosophy, it was George Herbert Mead, as I have said, who most excited my curiosity. There comes back to memory the massive impact he first had upon me. I walked away from his first lecture with another graduate student, after the pattern of my Texas undergraduate experiences with the Oxford don.

"Did you understand him?" I asked, as we left the lecture hall.

"No, did you?" he countered.

"I didn't, but I wish I had," I responded, yearningly.

We agreed, in less laconic talk, that Mead had more symptoms of greatness than any other professor we had known. And this judgment was not unusual. So general, indeed, was the awed impression that Mead made that I knew at least two graduate students who took his course called "Social Psychology" each year, for five years in succession, claiming that it was a new course each year, under the same title. The truth probably is that it took that long for most of us to grow up to the required level of comprehension. It took me longer.

I had made Mead's acquaintance, in a manner of speaking, before I went to Chicago, through a small segment of his writing. In particular, there was an essay of his in a book called *Creative Intelligence,* a volume which came to be denominated "the Pragmatic Bible." The essays in it were mostly by Chicago philosophers, though it was edited by an Eastern Pragmatist, Horace M. Kallen. Mead's own contribution was on "Science and the Individual Thinker."

I do not now remember well what message it bore. But the first time I read that essay, I looked over my shoulder to make sure that nobody was spectator to my befuddlement. Then I looked back to the text to be certain that the essay was written in English (it was). I would have to grow up in general before I understood its profundity. I then resolved that I would read the essay at least once a year until I could honestly say that I understood it. It took me about a decade. Ten years before I could pass my own test! This experience led me to a certain view of my own role as teacher: not so much to seek to be understood as to have students wish that they understood me.

I came later to suspect that the impression made by Mead was due as much to obscurantism as to profundity. The two often go together in a field as vague as that covered by philosophy. Long after I had become a colleague of Mead, I asked him one day at lunch, for instance, whether he thought that there was anything existing before life came upon the scene. This seemed to me a question to be answered plainly Yes or No, depending upon one's drift toward Realism or Idealism. Mead answered the question at great length. Or at least he seemed to think he did. I repeated the question for a Yes-or-No answer. He answered it at greater length. I then asked him plaintively to answer it so that I could understand his answer. He seemed as puzzled at my perturbation as I at his "equivocation." I never did understand; and, naturally enough, I came to doubt whether he did.

I took it that he was confused, having left Idealism (Hegelianism) and not having arrived firmly at anything else. This type of confusion, between the knower, or the knowing, and the known, seemed so to dog the steps of the Pragmatists that I decided that they were all what I came to call "basement-Idealists" rather than, with Hegel, the "attic" kind. They all seemed to me to doubt—what I could not doubt—that anything existed apart from some experience, and yet they seemed unwilling to face the consequences of such a position. They wanted to be Idealists without giving up the fruits of Realism. It made them unhappy to be thus accused, but so they seemed to me.

Be that as it may, George Herbert Mead was more acceptable to me than most, not so much because he eschewed metaphysics (I thought that men should have the courage of even their prejudices), but because he put the important business of selfhood to the fore. If philosophy first lost its soul, then its mind, and then (with William James) consciousness altogether, it was up to somebody to explain the natural history of selfhood. This Mead undertook to do. It may be, as I suspected, that he pulled out of the hat only the rabbit he had put into the hat. But the process was a highly intricate process and a most interesting one. At any rate, Mead asked the real question and sought long and hard for an empirical answer to his question. It was in the role-assuming proclivity of the human animal that he found the genesis of personality. He had a picturesque way of putting the matter: "When man the animal called upon himself and found somebody at home, then man became a living soul."

This is not the place to pursue Mead's doctrine critically, even if I were the man to do it. I only affirm that Mead dazzled me, as he did many a graduate student. His naturalistic view of human selfhood came to be, and still is, of deep significance to both psychology and sociology. In the latter field, in particular, Mead's view seems to me dangerous, an accounting which leads toward collectivism and away from our sounder American emphasis upon individualism . . . As for Mead himself, I here add that he was a gentleman of the old school, shy, reticent, good-natured, philanthropic; and, above all, always on the grow. Little wonder he had such far-reaching influence upon younger men.

BUT LET ME RETURN to the more personal. After earning a doctor's degree in four quarters of residence, I was invited by the Department to become an instructor for a year (I had taught in the Department full time one quarter, while finishing my dissertation), with the explicit understanding that the appointment was temporary, that indeed the place was rotated to give promising graduates a head-start up the professional ladder. It gave me a head-start indeed. Through a process which I little understood, and cannot now fully account for, I began a "meteoric" rise at Chicago. In two years I was made an assistant dean of the college, then associate dean; and after three years altogether I was promoted to an assistant professorship. After two years I became a full professor, leaving the deanship behind. I had started late, but was now making up professional time.

It would be more immodest than I am to claim this rise in terms of academic merit. Nor was hard work an adequate supplemental explanation. I lost respect for the judgment of Mr. Tufts, my formal chief, when I learned, through a secretary, that he had recommended me to another university as "a young man of singular poise." Now poise, I knew, was one thing I did not have. Whatever impression I made on others (and I say in Tufts's behalf that he was not the only one fooled by my quiet exterior), I knew myself better than that; and I expected others to know better than that: to see through my factitious calm to the terrible insecurities, to the quivering lack of self-confidence, to the modesty, which still took the form of humility.

Grateful as I was for the confidence of the University, I can explain it only for the most part as curious good luck. The only credit I can claim, in addition to good habits of work, was that I had learned to keep still about my deficiencies and to act as though I thought I could do with honor what others believed I could do with competence. For one so shy and so deeply insecure, reticence was a hard lesson to learn, fringed as it would be with an element of hypocrisy. Despite its dubiety, I recommend the method to other insecure men, perhaps the best contribution a modest man can make to his own growth. *Try to act up to the highest level which others expect of you.*

There was one other contribution I made to my own advancement, though it is doubtfully a virtue. I was red-headed from birth and hot-headed from indulgence. Anger, if it be controlled, passes often as courage; and courage must be rare, considering how even the appearance of it is remarked and rewarded. Let me illustrate more concretely what I mean.

I was the youngest member of an all-University committee when Max Mason became president of the University of Chicago. This committee, after months of deliberation, made a report, unanimous, I think, which came to the attention of the brand-new President. He called for a conference with the committee, introducing his reception of the report with the remark that the report rubbed his "prejudices the wrong way." I expected to see some of the eminent men on the committee tell the new President off. His method was not the way things were done at the University of Chicago, not at least until Hutchins' time (and

Hutchins admitted later that things done highhandedly did not stay done at the University of Chicago).

Well, my hair got redder and redder and my temper, spread out all over my six-foot-two frame, rose to the boiling point, as I saw that older and eminent men were letting their silence give consent to presidential prejudice. I apologized for breaking the silence, acknowledging that I was but an instructor. But, said I, "The new President may have the power to get by with it, but if he does, he'll certainly forfeit the respect of one member of the committee." And then adding insult to injury, I declared, "I for one have no more respect for presidential prejudices than for the prejudices of the humblest janitor on the campus." Mason was as high-tempered as I and it looked for a time as if there would be a fist-fight in the committee room. The conference broke up in embarrassment. I went home to tell my wife that we'd as well pack up for Texas (a job was held open for me at my alma mater), adding that a president who was that little could hardly prove big enough to overlook or do justice to a hot-headed instructor. I had reckoned, however, without my foe.

I may well exaggerate, as one is wont to do, my show of courage. Many years later I reminded Mason of the incident. He looked out the window as if to deprecate my imagination. But, at any rate, it's my story, and I stick to it. My promotion is there to show for something or other. From that day forth (though Mason never apologized, as I thought he ought), I began to get all the "breaks," until, as I have said, he presently called me into his office and broke the news that I was to be jumped at once to a full professorship, with salary doubled. I will add, as he himself mentioned, that I was being sought elsewhere on advantageous terms. Mason terminated the happy interview by remarking that I had "guts" and that he wanted men like that at the University of Chicago. So whatever criticism it brought to him, and whatever envy it subjected me to, the promotion was ordered and it stood.

I hope Mason never regretted his mettlesome action. Of course I didn't. It made me work twice as hard to show that I was worthy of such confidence and good fortune. And the larger and happier truth has been that Mason and I became lifelong friends.

Mason's method is one way to get the best out of men, though it is a bold method that institutions cannot always afford. It brings to the fore what I could illustrate in other ways, that I was full of audacity, especially toward "authority"; and I use this, for weal or foe, to help explain what otherwise would be wholly due to luck—my great good fortune in going rapidly up the academic ladder and having more than a quarter of a century of my life in that marvelous atmosphere which was, and now again is, the University of Chicago.

Let me further dilate upon the institution which was to absorb nearly all my energies for most of my adult life. (I was at the University of Chicago, full time, from 1923 to 1948, counting out leaves for political adventure and for military duty). Chicago was a singular institution, and it was my peculiar good fortune to have our career-lines intersect. Its experimental nature was exactly right for my pioneer background; and I felt at home from the first minute to the last day of my long sojourn. As Oklahoma poet Cecil B. Williams has said (*Oklahoma* [Stillwater, Oklahoma State University, 1957], p. 47):

For all frontiersmen the highest law
Is preserving the spirit of dawn.

"The spirit of dawn" continuously animated this great institution. It had been founded "by young men in a hurry," as Hutchins later declared, simultaneous with, and in the limelight of, the great Chicago World's Fair. One stanza of the University of Chicago song reflects this coincidence:

The City White hath fled the earth,
  But where the azure waters lie,
A nobler city hath its birth,
  The City Grey that ne'er shall die.

William Rainey Harper, the first president, was a man around whom legends easily grew. Among his many achievements was the getting of money, mostly from the single founder. But Mr. Rockefeller had to be convinced anew on each occasion of his duty to give more money, especially if the occasion was an unbalanced budget. The best of such stories has come to me latest. One year the donor not only refused to discuss the money matter but also refused to meet the President until he promised not to bring up monetary questions.

Under these circumstances, the meeting was awkward. To ease out of the dilemma, President Harper suggested that he lead the small group in prayer. Harper then proceeded to impart to God what he would have said to Rockefeller, asking divine forgiveness upon men "who know not what they do." This was too much for the religiosity of Mr. Rockefeller. He gave in once more to balance an unbalanced budget.

Thus and otherwise did "tainted money" become cleansed in the service of a great cause and at the hands of a dedicated man. As the undergraduates at Chicago used to sing, "Praise God from whom oil blessings flow!"

William Rainey Harper had founded the University on what would now appear a shoestring of fact, but he maintained it upon an immensity of faith. He pioneered in many concrete ways but most outstandingly in creating morale for cooperative research. And except for the interregnum of President Hutchins, this creative harmony has characterized the University throughout its existence. Whatever may be said of Robert Maynard Hutchins—and I shall say my share—he was not lacking in "the spirit of dawn." It was this intrepidity of spirit, more than all else, that made "Chicago" my spiritual home for most of my adult life. And not only "Chicago," as from the beginning, but Chicago itself at the end. As a son of the University, Horace Spencer Fiske, was to sing of the city in "Ode to Chicago":

> Born with the century's birthtime,
> Sheltered within a fort,

Stripped of its roof by savages
At the river's lonely port;
Driven by demons of whirlwind,
And a million rushing flames;
Smitten by anarchy's reddened hands
And a thousand deadly shames;
Still upward and onward she marches
With victory on her lips,
With a dauntless eye,
And a strenuous cry—
  To the world that she outstrips!

This marvelous city, this hog butcher of the world, this elixir of imagination, I was later to represent in Congress—Chicago and the state, too—to my lasting pride and joy. But this innovatory experience in politics does not come first in my breaking boundaries at Chicago.

First were experiments in teaching; second was addiction to radio (and later to television); and third (and to my ego the most important) was what I have broached out of turn, politics. A further word on teaching to close this chapter.

Having apprenticed myself to teaching, when I had hoped to be a lawyer, and through law a politician, I was determined to make of it a life as well as a living. I never thought it enough to master the subject matter (though that is imperative) and then to spill it out without ah's and hum's. I saw from the beginning that there was a strategy which I must master. Communication cannot, probably, be reduced to a science, but it should be no less than a fine art.

During the year I was working for my doctorate at Chicago, I took spring vacation and went at my own expense to the University of Wisconsin. I had heard that Wisconsin had a strong teaching department, as touching philosophy. I visited all classes, took notes on the teaching methods of all teachers of philosophy, and incidentally got presently the offer of a job from Wisconsin. I was thrilled at the teaching I found there.

Back at Chicago, and the next year an instructor there, I set myself to better, if possible, what I had seen well done at Wisconsin, and elsewhere. I was determined to learn how to do it, if that were possible. The world of pedagogy was my oyster. I began my work at Chicago at a peculiarly ripened season. President H. P. Judson's long reign of conservatism was over and Ernest DeWitt Burton's dynamic if brief interregnum was all too quickly to initiate the audacious if also brief administration of Max Mason. Ernest Wilkins, my chief as a young dean, had created student and faculty committees to study all aspects of the college with an eager eye to self-improvement. An all-University committee was formed to study and revise the curriculum. On this large and important committee I was, I believe, the youngest member. I listened with admiration to my seniors, and learned like a house afire.

Exciting as all this was objectively, it came home to me most intimately as a chance, as a duty even, to try new things in my own classroom. I was already, long before the "Chicago Plan," concerned with the abler students, who did not get their share of attention. I chose out of my classes as soon as possible, and as fairly as I could, the best 10 per cent, excused them from class attendance, and set them to more advanced tasks, checking up on and fortifying them at "Dutch" luncheons once a week. Students responded by outdoing themselves, and yielded me over the years a coterie of "junior colleagues" scattered now all over the world. (I am writing this chapter at the home of one of them, Elizabeth Gordon, editor of *House Beautiful.*)

Dean Hawkes, of Columbia College, Columbia University, was once visiting our college and studying our performance. At a luncheon somebody asked me to tell Hawkes what I was doing in my classes (I kept this to myself as much as possible, for I was violating all sorts of college rules). I reported diffidently some of the things I was doing, only to hear behind me, and under his breath, the then new President, Max Mason, exclaim, "What a pity more teachers do not have sense!" Naturally I was flattered and felt rewarded for the risk I had taken as a young instructor in not obeying the rules of the University about reporting absences, etc.

From my students, however, came the major rewards. The efflorescence of spirit which the practice of freedom gives is freedom's own reward. At a first meeting with one of my classes I was deploring students' neglect of their own special talents, out of respect for the reigning prestige of "science." Some, said I, who cannot be scientists might be poets if they gave themselves wholeheartedly to their special talents. A lovely little thing on the front row, whom later I came to know as Ruth Earnshaw, kept shaking her pretty head against the drift of my lecture. Finally, in some exasperation, I turned to shut her up.

"You don't believe what I'm saying," I challenged.

"Not a single word you've said the whole hour," she responded spunkily.

"Come, now," said I; "I'll bet that you yourself illustrate all I've been saying. I'll wager you cannot put into words, much less into poetic diction, the simple experience which comes from—" and I was searching for an illustration that would bowl her over. "Do you like pumpkin pie?" I inquired brightly.

"I'm crazy about pumpkin pie," she answered, in the idiom of the hour.

"Well, then," I continued, "I bet you cannot put into words that simple experience of enjoying pumpkin pie."

"Give me until tomorrow?"

"Take as long as you like."

Next day she brought me these lines:

With a warmth like a father's love, spiced as an Irish pun,
Soft as the purling summer stream, rich as the melting sun—
Like liquid velvet glide and mid my vitals lie,
Oh, glad were I to perish, while eating pumpkin pie.

Well, I gave her the prize that day—with my apologies—and many another day. The phrase "Like liquid velvet glide" comes so near to catching the kinesthesia of it, as it goes over the top, that many a time when I have wanted, but lacked, pumpkin pie, I have more than half satisfied myself by repeating this student's lovely laryngeal liquidity.

Then there was Meyer Levin, of present *Compulsion* fame, and of other fames, who sat in the back of a large philosophy class listening intently to an informal exposition of the philosophy of John Locke, the English empiricist.

I unfolded this philosophy, which holds that there is nothing in mind which has not got there through the senses. "Let's suppose this philosophy true, to see what follows from it," I said.

"Since there are, popularly speaking, only five senses," I went on, "if we neglect one of the senses, we'd be impoverishing by one-fifth the spiritual life of mankind. And that is precisely what we are doing," I made bold to charge. "Right in the middle, foremost citizen in our facial democracy, is the most neglected of all man's avenues of knowledge. The dog knows this, and so do other animals; but as for the human family, the female thinks the nose good only to be powdered when shiny and the male thinks it good only to be blown when cold. Yet, the olfactory lobe is the largest section of the brain.

"Now," changing my tactics from criticism to construction, "I propose to do something about the shame of this waste; I'm starting as of now a campaign for $100,000 to establish a nasal laboratory to go at the matter experimentally, to find out what and why; and then I'll want another $100,000 in order to delight the educated noses. We spend millions on sight and sound, on sex and food; why not a pittance for an olfactory theatre in which men can exercise for spiritual purpose the sweet scents of life turned by olfactory specialists into nasal symphonies?"

Perhaps this is enough to disclose the argument and to explain Meyer's absorbed interest. As he passed me on the way out, I said: "You seemed interested in the lecture today."

"The most interesting one of the course," he admitted.

"Then why not hit your dad for the first $100,000?"

"Oh, you have me wrong," he said. "You've confused my family with the wealthy Chicago family of the same name; we're not related. But I'm interested in your campaign, and such as I have, I give freely. I'm a poet of sorts, and I'll bring you something tomorrow to help in the cause."

The next day he brought these four lines, dedicated to the nose:

Thou brave Comrade, frontier of the face,
Pioneer in darkness and leader of our race;
Forerunner of fortune and espion of woe,
Lead on, my Nose, I follow where'r thou bidst me go!

It may well be objected, in the name of proportion, that I give too much attention to undergraduate education. My reply is admission and demurrer. True; but this is *my* story, not a history nor even a critique of the University of Chicago. Chicago was known, and famed, as a great graduate center; but my own personal concern was more with the lower division, and more and more I preferred not to teach those who would teach those who would act, but to teach those whose lives would enter at once the civic and cultural blood-stream of action.

Especially when I came home from World War II, I was in a hurry to see some fruits of my efforts. I had been greatly impressed by the difference made in a tight organization like the Army when men of character and intelligence were stationed in key places. Their influence seemed at times to be by osmosis. It was easy to see morale bankrupted when leaders were unwisely chosen, or to see it inspirited by a few figures opportunely placed.

It was not that I then, or ever, deprecated graduate work. I saw, and I see, its necessity. But I preferred to place my own emphasis elsewhere. Chicago had never invested graduate work with artificial prestige. In general, anybody belonged to the graduate faculty who directed graduate studies; and anybody directed graduate work who had anything specialized to say. It was as simple as that. One could follow his own interest with impunity, and I did so. I knew that I was not a scholar, and never would be; but I thought I could be if I wanted to be. This saved me from artificial ambition. When I went to Syracuse late in life, I was following the lure of a great undergraduate body less specialized as to intellectuality than at Chicago. I found it exciting to teach a little closer to the scene of historical action.

But it was at neither Chicago nor Syracuse that I was to find my best example of colleagueship across the age grouping. It was at Texas in the person of Robert Sherrill, his undergraduate work finished and graduate work not undertaken in dead earnest. Sherrill was supporting himself as a newspaper reporter and was celebrating in verse whatever more he found worthy of celebration. I was touched by his celebration of my return to my native state:

Briefly he came to us,
Proud as a cumulus
Promising rain;
Vagrant Confucius,
Gay as a cricket's fuss
After the rain.

Leaving, he took with him
All but the thoughts that brim
Over us now:
Bleak as a blackbird's grim
Mad raucous requiem
For some dead bough.

Meantime, he had endeared himself to me by many another celebration, and by none more than his intercession for adequacy against the wasted beauties of humdrum days:

Look, Smith: A flashing finch and goshawk swing
in close-formation fury up the wind,
then tilt and blend beyond our reckoning.

If you can tell the blending of their blend,
the fury of their checkered-patterned flight,
the angle of their visionary end,

or trace again the course of that quick light
from wings too swift for clean remembering:
for God's sake, take my helpless pen, and write.

And if you can't, why, lift a glass and sing
of random trash swept on by random gust:
some pretty, flashy, senseless vanishing.

For sing we must, as poets, sing we must,
though throats be rusty, Smith, and full of rust.

Can one overstate the provocation to growth furnished him by such creative company? To take oneself where he is and to go on from there whistling the whole creative way, this is, veritably, to rise on stepping stones of growth to higher things. It was my lot to find at Chicago and elsewhere such a gallant company waiting to be born. No place monopolizes the creative life.

Outward Bound by Radio

A NEW WORLD was opened up to me when radio, to become the chief mass medium of my time, was introduced. The same spirit that led to other pedagogical experiments ushered me at once into radio. I began with radio in education, but did not end short of radio in national politics. I was the first faculty member at Chicago to own a radio, the first to broadcast, and the first, I believe, to have regular classroom exercises go out over the air. One lecture on the Constitution brought an avalanche of demands for my resignation. Hutchins—and this was one of the great good things about Hutchins—selected the most vituperative letter and sent it to my desk with this penciled notation: "My congratulations to Mr. Smith."

When my son was born, in 1923, my wife's bed at Chicago's Presbyterian Hospital was the cynosure of both nurses and doctors, for a radio box with earphones was wired to the head of her bed. I had at that time no philosophy about radio, but great curiosity; and it seemed natural to try whatever came along. It should have been clear from the beginning that we had in radio a new and far-reaching educational device.

I was instrumental in helping organize and produce what came to be both famed and influential in educational radio. A student of mine, Alan Miller, was in charge of the University's fumbling efforts to turn the new device to educational account. At a faculty club social-science round table, where all things were debated and nothing ever settled, I remarked one day that it was a pity our discussions couldn't burn up the air waves. Alan suggested that several of us go over to the studio and see if we couldn't figure out something. That was the beginning of what came naturally to be called "The University of Chicago Round Table of the Air." Alan Miller and my friend Judith Waller, of the *Chicago Daily News* station, WMAQ, and a few more of us got the thing going; and it accumulated substance as it rolled.

The new medium had to make its way against faculty lethargy, not to say faculty prejudice, as every new venture must. There was one broadcast which well illustrated this general fact. Our subject was "The Role of the Intellectual in American Life," and I was the moderator. The program went on the air then on Sunday afternoon, and it happened to be baseball season. We were asked to stand by for five minutes, then ten, then more, for the game to finish. At last we got the air with one minute to go. I said, "The time might appear brief for our subject, but it is adequate. Ladies and Gentlemen, *this* is the role of the intellectual in American life. But they also serve who only wait to talk." My pessimism was both histrionic and excessive. But let me approach chronologically our destined influence.

The first broadcast was on the "Wickersham Report" and the trialogue fell into the pattern it was to hold for more than a score of years. Percy Boynton took the side of the "Wets," Winifred Garrison the side of the "Drys," and I, as usual, was in the middle of the fix, expounding what the Press report called "light whines and jeers." For a decade or so thereafter, and more frequently than any other faculty member, I participated in these weekly broadcasts. As convenience and temperament both had it, I was usually "moderator." Lacking a real specialty, I was a sort of specialist-of-things-in-general, and could represent the technique, as it were, while others developed the subject matter.

The Round Table drew its cast and borrowed its life from the group who participated. I do not attempt to call the roster, but names that appeared again and again were: Quincy Wright, Charles E. Merriam, James Weber Linn, Percy Boynton, Walter Johnson, Garfield Cox, Stuart Meech, and above all my constant friend and foil, Harry D. Gideonse. Gideonse and I debated matters with such warmth that the audience took sides and supposed us to be the bitterest of enemies. My stand-by line was "I'm only an ignorant man and philosopher, but . . ." Gideonse got tired of this make-believe modesty and blurted out one day: "It's all right for you to be ignorant now and then, but *always* is too much. Curable ignorance is inexcusable." If Gideonse or I needed it, we would have found a prop to modesty in reading each other's mail. Our offices were on the same floor of the Social Science Building, and he and I would dump on each other's desk each Monday morning the angriest demands that the other "So-and-So" be taken off the air.

The half-dozen or so men who made up the recurring core of the broadcasts were singularly lacking in jealousy or defensiveness. More than once, instead of taking advantage of one another's infelicities, as debaters would, we saved one another's faces and preserved the integrity of the trialogue technique. This was but another example of the unique cooperation and ease of communication which prevailed at the University of Chicago. We had friendly meat to eat together which our competitors and imitators knew not of. It was a beguiling and a rewarding experience.

Long after I left Chicago, and so gave up my seat at the Round Table, I was occasionally called back, usually on ceremonial occasions, to preside over the broadcasts. On one such occasion, Charles E. Merriam and I were playing up an old friend of ours, Carl Sandburg. It was my job to keep Carl talking. But in the middle of the broadcast, he fell into a sort of mystic trance. Fishing for something to get him started again, I said, "What was it, Carl—I think I read it in one of your books—what was it the last man on earth said?"

"Oh that!" he replied, brightening at the memory. "The last man on earth, looking around him, said, 'Where is everybody?' "

I cannot now think why it was so funny; but it was a long minute before Merriam and I could straighten our faces enough to go on with the broadcast.

In 1953 I went from Syracuse University to put on the broadcast celebrating the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Round Table. We cut in many voices raised on former broadcasts, voices of men far absent or long dead. Laird Bell, then president of the Board of Trustees of the University of Chicago, came to introduce the celebration; and David Sarnoff closed it with these words from NBC:

> Over one hundred years ago John Stuart Mill warned against leaving great questions to be fought out between ignorant change, on the one hand, and ignorant opposition, on the other. The intelligent discussions of great issues by the Round Table have contributed importantly to understanding and avoiding both ignorant change and ignorant opposition to change.
>
> From the beginning the University of Chicago has freely and wisely invited outstanding business, labor, and government leaders, and faculty members from all the leading universities of the nation and of the world to participate. Round Tables have originated in France, England, Jugoslavia, Germany, Japan, Mexico, and India. The program sights are high. NBC and the University of Chicago have aimed to avoid the easy road that leads to programming by formula. Great diversity in subjects, speakers, program origination, and organization characterizes the Round Table.

For example, the Round Table is the only program to present two-way transatlantic radiotelephone discussions between the leaders of Europe and of America. NBC and its affiliated stations increase the educational significance of the Round Table by giving permission for the rebroadcast of the program on sixty university educational radio stations in America.

With pride I note the many honors which have come to the University of Chicago Round Table in its long history. The Round Table is known abroad as the outstanding American educational radio program. Today the radio systems of twenty-two countries translate and rebroadcast its programs.

By its very nature radio is a medium of mass communication; it is a carrier of intelligence; it delivers ideas with an impact that is powerful. In the preservation of peace the electron which is the heartbeat of radio may prove more powerful than the atom.

THE THIRD WAY in which the Chicago years were experimental in my trilogy of pedagogy, radio, and politics had to do with politics, partisan politics waged from my chair in the University. To suggest the difference here intended, I mention a dressing down given me by a dean at the University of Chicago, when I first ran for the state senate from the University of Chicago district. I had no right, he angrily concluded his lecture, to involve the University in that mess. I took it smilingly, since there was hardly any other way to take it (he was not my dean, and so his displeasure carried no power implication). After four years, during which the subject had not been mentioned between us, he asked me one day, somewhat sheepishly I thought, if I remembered the talk we had had about politics.

I told him I recalled the "talking-to" he had given me. He acknowledged the correction and said that he wished to apologize, that I had taught him politics could be waged at a high and honorable level. He said simply that he was proud of me, and wanted to leave it at that.

So few professors have taken their civic responsibility seriously in politics—Charles E. Merriam, my old teacher and lifelong friend being an early exception—that the story of my happy years in politics may be worth telling. But since politics and radio were closely connected, I may introduce my political story by tying it to what has already been said about radio. So far, I have been talking of the Round Table of the Air. There was much more to the story than that. I could not let radio alone (or ever decline an invitation to participate in its growth).

I BECAME EARLY a member of the Columbia Broadcasting System's National Board for Education, and was active in organizing and launching their still-continuing book program, "Invitation to Learning." While I was in Congress I took over for some weeks an earlier book program, reviewing there the first dozen Pocket Books that were issued in America. In Lyman Bryson's absence I used to conduct from Chicago "Invitation to Learning" or another idea-program, "The People's Platform." My early contacts had been with NBC. I think my introduction to CBS came through my meeting Sterling Fisher, while I was reporting nightly for NBC a conference of Jews, Catholics, and Protestants. Sterling did so much better a job representing CBS than our man did for NBC that Fisher and I became fast friends; and I think he may well have been influential in drawing me into the CBS orbit.

At any rate, when I went to Congress from Illinois, William S. Paley, then president of CBS, and I consummated some talks we had earlier had about the possibility of raising the level of partisan politics by my agreeing to meet a representative Republican in weekly debate. How this representative from the other party came to be "Mr. Republican" himself, the Honorable Robert A. Taft, is an interesting story, with a moral; but it need not be told here. It is only fair to say that Taft was courageous enough to put to shame other incipient candidates for the Presidency by flouting the cautious maxim that one is not blamed for what he does not do—nor criticized for what he does not say. After many discouragements in getting a Republican to volunteer to defend their side, Taft jumped at the chance; and for thirteen weeks he and I took free time from CBS until, according to the polls, we had built up a national following of some five million listeners.

That was not my first fling, however, at national radio. During the Presidential campaign of 1936 I took time from all three national chains at the behest of the Democratic National Committee. It came about in this wise.

William Hard was hammering nightly certain foibles of the New Deal; he was fulminating particularly against waste in some of "Tugwell's Folly," governmental resettlement of low-income groups, such as that at Greenbelt, Maryland. Hard was thought to be making a great dent in the Midwestern vote. I was asked by the Democratic National Committee to come to New York to talk over a program which might counter Hard. When I met the famous, if not infamous, Charley Michelson (for the first time) he said he was embarrassed that the Committee was short on funds. I quickly set his mind at rest on that score by telling him that I was not for sale even to my own party. But I warned him that there was a consideration which might well be harder for him than money. He couldn't imagine what it could be, considering the current state of the treasury. "Freedom," said I. "That will be harder; but I would not broadcast without complete freedom as to what I shall say."

This demand was not so audacious as it now sounds. I was being put up to appeal to independent voters. I thought I knew —I said that I knew—better than the Party what would appeal to minds like my own. I had earlier insisted upon a new political category for myself in *Who's Who*, the category of "*independent* Democrat." But Michelson said he'd have to talk that one over with Jim Farley, his boss. Would I return in the afternoon? I did, and it was agreed that I would write my own speeches and that they would be broadcast without being censored, or even seen, by anybody but me.

There happened, however, just before I went to New York what proved an embarrassment all the way around—a thing I either forgot or did not think worth mentioning to Michelson. I had agreed in a telephone conversation with Hard that I would judge a contest which he was thinking of initiating on the radio, "Why I am for Roosevelt." It sounded a little cockeyed to me for a Republican orator to be giving cash prizes (I think $1,000, $500, and $200) to Democrats for lauding the Democratic candidate. And if it sounded that way to me, it could hardly be expected to sound less so to my Party headquarters. This matter, as I say, had not been mentioned; indeed, I thought it extremely unlikely that the suggestion from Hard would materialize. So my arrangements were made with Michelson; the date was set; and time was reserved on one of the radio chains for a weekly broadcast for Roosevelt.

Barely had I got back to Chicago, however, before Hard called and said that his contest would begin shortly and that he would announce me that very night as the judge of the contest. Hard's voice had scarcely died away that night when Michelson was on the telephone from Democratic headquarters in New York wanting to know how come: was I working for the Democratic National Committee or, through Hard, for the Republican National Committee? Was I for Roosevelt or for Landon?

I was embarrassed by the turn of events, and told Michelson the story. He declared that it was so mixed up he didn't think he could make it clear to the National Committee, which was putting up the money for the time. He concluded by asking me to withdraw from judging the contest. I replied that my word was out to Hard, earlier than to him, and that I would not go back on the commitment to Hard. I begged him to see, moreover, the windfall which had overtaken us. In order to make his contest appear on the square, Hard had laid it on the line that I, his judge, was a Democrat and a man of parts. As I told Michelson, Hard was giving me a million dollars' worth of national publicity at no expense to the Democratic National Committee. To tell the truth, Hard was making me out to be quite somebody.

Why, I myself liked to listen to his build-up of me! Michelson, after more complaining at the "mixed-up affair," finally said that, while he'd much rather have me disengaged, he'd take me "contaminated" rather than not take me at all.

So I began my broadcasts as soon as Hard's curious contest was over. From the beginning I ordered my mail to go to the Committee headquarters at the Biltmore in New York. My excuse was that I had no secretary, but my reason was that I wanted the Committee to see for itself how successful the broadcasts were, if my hunch about them proved true. Michelson observed to the letter his promise to me of utter freedom, nor did anybody else undertake to infringe. Tommy Corcoran got in the habit of calling me a day ahead of my broadcasts to brief me on what was happening on the national scene. In one such briefing, I let fall to Corcoran that I was planning to reply to the speech of Alfred E. Smith, who had just then conspicuously deserted the Democratic Party. Corcoran remarked coolly that the Campaign Committee had decided to ignore the Smith speech. He did not order me to ignore it, nor yet quite ask me to do so; but he emphasized that there was an agreement not to dignify the speech with a mention. I reminded Corcoran that I was an independent, and would follow my own counsel.

I went ahead and gave a literary dirge, as from one Smith over another Smith; and I clinched the funereal air with a much longer parody than the excerpt which follows of Browning's "The Lost Leader" (the sunflower was, of course, Landon's state flower and the reference to "salary" was meant to mock Smith's claim that he was but a humble employed man, not a man of wealth):

Yes, in a hallful of merriment he left us
   With the cheapest of sunflowers stuck in his coat,
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us—
   Lost all the others she lets us denote.

They with the gold to give, doled him out salary,
So much was theirs who so little allowed!

Jefferson was with us, Jackson was for us,
Wilson was of us: they wince in their graves;
Smith alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
Smith alone sinks to the rear and the slaves.

Let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part, the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!

My broadcast went on the air late at night in the East. Yet in the first mail next morning there were hundreds of demands for copies of the speech. The next day all mimeographing machines were turned to my account, and complaint (glad complaint) was made from headquarters at the deluge of mail. Michelson summoned me to New York, and under the bluff mien of disapproval said he had only one comment to make on my broadcasting: that I take all the network time I would during the remainder of the campaign. I thanked him, but assured him that I would not undertake more than I could do well. I was teaching full time at the University of Chicago and writing my own speeches. So I took one period a week on each of the three radio chains; and this I continued throughout the campaign, initiating a contest of my own, like Hard's, but without the obliqueness and without the monetary reward (the prize was a book of my own, *The Promise of American Politics*). I shared the limelight, but as an independent, with the "big guns" the closing night of the campaign. Heady stuff to a newcomer in politics, a mere state senator: "Tom Smith of Texas and Illinois!" In the closing speech I ended with an apostrophe to our *found* Leader, as gallant in spirit as he was crippled in body (the latter was a fact to which we seldom alluded).

The pathway to the Presidency has run in song and story, not through mansions of the mighty but from cabins of the poor. Jackson vivified the story, Lincoln made the song ring true. But souls who pass through flames to glory may distort hope in long delays, or bow in middle course to some heathen shrine along the prickly path of pride. Those, however, who start the race advantaged grow short of wind and weak of will. Fate frequently has its blinded way with these, as those—and other ways has Fate as witless.

We know; for of late one came upon our scene who matched his will against the ways of Fate—and won. Summit-born, an only child, one child alone. No chance! And yet . . . but no! Fate caught him full in flight and hurled him low and grinned to watch him die, alive. He lived!—*how* God knows—lived to face fear unafraid, and laugh with us at Fate.

Now Fate, when laughed at, slinks away; and leaves men free—leaves men free from fear and Fate.

Before I left the Illinois Senate for national politics I had become, as appears, a nationally known voice. Moreover, in Illinois I always had difficulty in getting all my selves together. Many knew me from the Round Table, and not a few knew me as an Illinois state senator; but in each group there were those who did not know that the two persons were one and the same. Then, too, I had had a radio program of my own called "This Friendly Earth" (which I killed rather than submit to censorship of my scripts) and a program that went for a year or two on WMAQ in Chicago, "Philosophers in Hades," eventuating as a book with the same title. The nature of this latter program was lurid enough to excite interest but not of a hue which naturally made it directly helpful in politics. (It was a sort of Round Table broadcast from Hades, interviewing the ancient and honorable dead, aired on earth over the "plutophone.") All radio appearances, and there were many, helped more or less to make a shy, introverted philosopher into a public figure.

It is perhaps fair to surmise that without radio and my many-sided contacts with it, I should not likely have got into politics. Once in, however, my life there deserves an independent word. It deserves, indeed, more than a word. In consequence of its importance in my life, let, then, the word on politics overflow now into a chapter all its own. The narrative on politics will take me beyond the University of Chicago but never beyond gratitude and affection for the place which finished my formal education and gave me a start in the life of action. I may risk a story which helps to tie these two lives together.

The story is of a sidelight to the foregoing campaign. The voice of Alexander Woollcott (of "Town Crier" fame) and mine got mixed up. Hundreds of people wrote accusing me of being Woollcott under a thin disguise. It got to be a sufficient scandal that I invited him to take one of my broadcasting periods, I coming on immediately after; and we kidded back and forth. Then I got bushels of mail (he hogsheads) declaring that we two were one and the same.

Even after the campaign was over, he wrote me that wherever he went lecturing, people still accused him of being "Tom Smith of Texas and Illinois." "Come on out, Tom Smith, from behind your whiskers; we know who you are!"

Finally, Woollcott asked me to appear on his popular program and help him shed "the old man of the sea," me myself. We did the tent scene from *Julius Caesar,* he of the great girth ironically taking the part of Cassius, of the "lean and hungry look." The confusion persisted until his death. My prideful reward came the night of our Shakespeare broadcast, when immediately after the broadcast I was introduced to a banquet at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, Paul McNutt presiding: "The next voice you hear will be that of Alexander Woollcott, but the brain will be that of T. V. Smith."

It was meant to flatter, and I was flattered by what was meant.

The Philosopher Turns to Politics

I HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT that politicians abased themselves and their art more than is necessary in approaching the public, both in getting votes and through the subsequent engineering of consent in legislation. My loose, not to say off-sided, relations to my Party in Chicago had the advantage, one advantage, of yielding me the freedom of a maverick. Particularly favorable to me was the new medium of radio, for I already had a rather widespread reputation as a "radiorator," through the Round Table; and on this national reputation I could trade for more freedom locally. "Calling All Patriots" was one radio speech which my Chicago Party published at its own expense, and gave wide circulation. "Hizzoner: the Congressman at Large" was another experiment in the medium, more innovatory than the former. It is indeed fair to say that I had as large a radio audience as any politician in Illinois, at least by the time I left state government to go to the national scene.

BUT I EXPERIMENTED ALSO with the older media: oratory and the press. A pamphlet which I hoped would send me to Congress, and which I dare say did more than its part, was titled "Let Smith Do It." This effort yielded thousands of dollars' worth of advertisement, simply because it was different. It is perhaps worth sampling here, as it unfolded the same theme page by reiterated page. The pamphlet was a "throw-away" which, however you threw it, left staring you in the face the bold impertinence: "Let Smith Do it." [*Reproduced, pp. 75–79.*]

There was, too, a report to my constituency having some of my briefer and more pungent speeches ("Echoes from Springfield"—*not printed at state expense*). "I'm only an ignorant man and philosopher," I began, plagiarizing my well-known by-line on the University of Chicago Round Table, "but I can smell a rat that's rotting, can see fun in the foibles and promise in the vices of men. Moreover, I can at times hear clearly sounding my country's call—a call more exacting than the clamor of criticism and more intoxicating than sweet voices of praise." So it said on the cover, with my picture!

In this pamphlet was also a speech (or it could have been an anonymous editorial for the *Chicago Daily News,* for which by invitation I sometimes wrote) in favor at a crucial time of an honest election law. It was titled, "YES, WE HAVE NO PERMANENT REGISTRATION TODAY." It began with a perfectly straight face, in a dry analytic tone: "Representative government on a large scale is an achievement of last century." But perhaps it is worth quoting in its brief entirety to illustrate what a scope there is for any wry talent in the political field.

YES, WE HAVE NO PERMANENT REGISTRATION TODAY

Representative government on a large scale is an achievement of last century. The latest extension of the suffrage has formally fulfilled the maxim that each citizen should count for one and has furthered the theory that no citizen should count for more than one. The latter it has furthered but not fulfilled. [*Continued on p. 80.*]

"LET SMITH DO IT"

Let T. V. Smith Do It:

Go to Washington for you as a Democratic Congressman-at-Large

Smith's for Prosperity

Smith's for prosperity for the businessman—and so against monopoly.

Smith's for prosperity for the farmer—and so for the principle of the "Ever Normal Granary": who produces plenty for others should not himself be penalized for it.

Smith's for prosperity for the laboring man—and so for perfecting the National Labor Relations Board: "the law and order way" of making democracy "democ" for workers at work.

Smith's for adjusting conflicts among these three groups in the spirit of national unity and for the sake of a rising level of life.

Smith's against Depressions

But when depressions come—as with the rain they have come on just and unjust alike—Smith's not against doing something about them.

Smith favors doing something about depressions before they come, while they're here, and after they're gone.

He favors the policy of Government's taxing less and spending more when times are hard but spending less and taxing more when times are good.

This policy will make times less hard when they are hard, and make good times more likely to be lasting.

* * * * * * * * *

LET SMITH DO IT: Help make prosperity permanent by making it self-supporting

Smith's for the Golden Mean of Give-and-Take

Smith's democratic as well as a Democrat, devoted to the Middle Way of Live-and-Let-Live and practicing the high art of just compromise.

He believes that a nation divided into Farmers, Laborers, and Businessmen may yet be united through patriotism.

He holds that justice spells for all groups duties as well as rights, for each group rights as well as duties.

He believes that farmers have as much right to government subsidy as manufacturers have to tariffs—and only that.

He believes that until monopolies can be cured, government must safeguard business against Business no less than it safeguards Labor and Agriculture.

Smith believes it the business of government in each generation anew to right the boundaries of privilege: life to all, health to all, wealth to all who win it worthily. This is the Golden Mean of American life.

* * * * * * * *

LET SMITH DO IT: Lift a voice in Congress for this democratic way of life

Smith's for Less and Better Legislation

Smith's for Legislative Reorganization—to unite political sagacity and scientific intelligence for the good of the Nation.

He's done something about this.

Bruce Barton (the Man Whom Everybody Knows) went to Congress to repeal a law a day—and didn't do it.

Smith (a Man Concealed by a Name) fathered but one bill in four years as Senator at Springfield.

But what a bill!

That bill is now a law, functioning in Illinois to furnish legislators with the facts they need when they need them. Citizens will be hearing from this body, the Legislative Council.

Bruce Barton (from Wall Street) has fulfilled without promising.

Smith believes that Main Street can overmatch Wall Street in Washington.

* * * * * * *

LET SMITH DO IT: Practice birth control of bills in Congress

Smith's for More Women in Public Life

Smith believes that women are human: he knows that they are adroit.

He thinks they are entitled to their share of fun out of politics.

He urges that they bear their equal share of political responsibility.

He thinks they should contribute to the City, the State, the Nation, their knowledge of economical housekeeping—and much more.

Smith wishes for and—the women being willing—would work for equal numbers of women and men in public offices throughout.

He would see women ambassadors, more women in the cabinet, especially in posts connected with welfare and with war.

> Smith suspects that women are more peaceful than men while peace is possible but more deadly when peace with self-respect proves impracticable.

He would welcome a woman Supreme Court Justice, though he could not countenance packing the Court with pulchritude.

He believes that there ought to be somewhere a proper woman candidate for the Vice-Presidency now, and soon one developed for the Presidency.

Smith knows that women are good for politics; he believes that politics is good for women.

* * * * * * * * * *

LET SMITH DO IT: Help more and better women into politics

Smith Admits That He's a Straight-Shooter

He's not a Yes-Yes man.
He's not a Yes-But man.
He's not a But-Yes man.
He's not a Oh-Yeah man.
He's not a No-No man.

Smith's a plain "Yes" and "No" man: meaning what he says and saying what he means.

When Smith tells you "Yes," he means Yes; when he tells you "No," he means No; when he tells you "Maybe," watch him—as you'd watch others.

* * * * * *

LET SMITH DO IT: Say what you mean in Washington

And Another Thing about Smith:

He's in favor of abolishing the office he seeks—Congressman-at-Large.

He knows that if justice prevailed in Illinois, there would be no Congressmen-at-Large.

He knows that when Illinois is districted according to its present population, his office will disappear.

Smith is himself author of a proposal now before the Legislative Council to facilitate this re-districting.

But Smith's in favor of justice, even if it means a lower office, or a higher office, or no office at all for him.

Elect a man to office who's willing to rise or fall with Justice.

* * * * * * *

LET SMITH DO IT: Represent for you the Spirit of just representation

It has remained for machine politics to fill that maxim to the full.

If each one counts for one, what about the voter absent from the polls on election day? Somebody must vote for him, otherwise he will not count for one; and if he do not count for one, then those who are present and vote will each count for more than one.

What about citizens who have died? Is not death tragic enough in the course of nature without our making it worse by the artificial withdrawal of every function from the deceased? The state which he has helped to make goes on perpetuating his influence in ever widening spheres. Let somebody vote for the dead. That enables each of the dead through devoted friends' performing the suffrage rites still to count for one, and thus prevents the living by virtue of mere survival to count for more than the dead. Machine politicians have displayed real ingenuity and deep natural piety in thus providing for continuing representation of many who, though dead, yet vote. Veritably, representative government is not without its growing point when its theory can be thus fulfilled in letting each count for one, in preventing any to count for more than one.

The final ingenuity, however, of living politicians is of an order of subtlety that really rates as metaphysical in its creativeness. The non-existent voter—should he too not count for something? Whether we exist or not is no fault or virtue of our own. Why, then, should a prospective person and a potential citizen be counted out merely because there happens to him the accident of not existing? Our own chance to vote is the function of that same accident, happening to us in reverse. Rendered full of sympathy by this realization, rather than penalize with disfranchisement those whom nature has punished with non-existence, why not give choice spirits—oftentimes better than ourselves—a break, whether they have ever existed or not? Exceeding mercy has been indeed shown again and again by ward heelers to such voters in search of existence. For the sacred moment of the balloting Non-Being, as the metaphysicians say, has put on being; and disembodied spirits have in precinct after precinct, right here in our friendly Chicago, achieved the immortality of a peek at existence through the necromancy of political polling.

The democratic principle of each to count for one and nobody for more than one has, then, at last been brought to its highest potency by machine politics in Chicago. No party deserves more credit for this advance in principle than does my own. For the present Democratic Party in Chicago, officered by men who seek no other reward than the giving of patronage and the grabbing of contracts, playing this part in creating new forms of democratic assent has become the political patron of the dead, the proxy on election day of the ill and the absent, and the practitioner of the metaphysical black art of making the non-existent appear in proper precincts of every worthy ward in Chicago.

Yes, we have no permanent registration today.

There was the two-tone booklet, in purple ink, paid for, and that gladly, by the Greek community (which always turned out, and indeed "shelled" out, almost to a man for me). I was, they said, their "Plato." The title of the pamphlet, "Smith the Wise," sounds a little too presumptuous even for a politician, who is allowed some leeway for bolstering his ego; but it was the title given an article on me for *Collier's* by Robert McCormick, of *Collier's* staff.

The magazine graciously allowed me to reproduce the article and to use their cover in minature. To fill out the pamphlet, I put the best light I could on my frequent absences from Congress (lecturing for pay!) by claiming as a justification of my being "at large" that I was the Illinois ambassador of good will *to the nation.* The dossier of my travels, the lectures I gave, the articles I wrote, the radio appearances I made, and even the books I published were all catalogued as being an honor to the state I represented. Most people have little comprehension of the energy that goes into public life. It may help the general understanding if I summarize here the list of my activities covering about a year and a half. They were busy years; they were fatiguing years; they were glad and joyous years. I published three books the year I left the Illinois Senate for the U.S. House of Representatives, one or two books while in the Illinois Senate and two or three during the two years in Congress.

The Promise of American Politics, from Springfield, was dedicated to a dozen or so senators: "Fellow-Politicians, at once the hope and the despair of the American people." Reversing the usual order, I put the dry material in the text and the lighter material in the footnotes. Never, I think, was a book more read for its footnotes. My speeches (in the footnotes) were designed to spell out what dry political principles mean when they run afoul of political practice. "It is a law of nature," says Plato, "that it is easier to hit the mark in theory than in practice."

One book that came out while I was in Congress resulted from the first annual Abraham Lincoln lecture, given in Cooper Union, standing where Lincoln stood for the famous declaration which speeded him to the White House. Titled *Lincoln: Living Legend,* it proclaimed that men live by their dreams, embodied in their folkways and folk heroes. Lincoln, the real Lincoln, was "a non-existent man."

Then there was the small book called *The Legislative Way of Life*—delivered as lectures at Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, the literary foundation from which Churchill, the next year, would sound his tocsin against the imperialism of communism. I sought to do in this book briefly what a Congressional colleague had done in four large volumes. Congressman Luce called his great work *The Science of Legislation.*

There was, during these years, a textbook or two (I couldn't let my professional responsibilities and opportunities lapse, for all the excitement of politics). There issued the second edition of my first book—I called it the "Congressional Edition"—*The Democratic Way of Life.*

Then, finally, there were the Taft-Smith radio debates, published under the radio title, *Foundations of Democracy.* With reference to this last book, I always felt sorry for Alfred A. Knopf, the publisher, for the book was a publishing flop. The Gallup Poll had estimated our radio audience at five million, so we seemed to have plenty of reader potential. But the debates were issued weekly in pamphlet form, and this apparently had skimmed all the cream off the market for further literary demand. With the publication of these debates, my secretaries reported a new friendliness in Senator Taft's office force. When I asked the cause, my right-hand man—Tom D. Toberty—said that he'd let me guess the cause by telling me when the new attitude manifested itself. It was, he said, the day the Associated Press carried a quotation from me (in debate at Estes Park, Colorado, with the general counsel of the United States Chamber of Commerce) to the effect that if the country had again to suffer a Republican President, I could think of no more able, no more devoted, and no more patriotic partisan than the Honorable Robert A. Taft. He possessed the human stuff of which greatness is made.

I have always loved oratory. I grew up on it in the Southwest; I have fed upon it in later years; and I have written on the subject. I honor oratory with a niche of its own in the arcade of communication. It is neither prose nor poetry; it is *oratory*. Prose exists to clarify, poetry to beautify, oratory to persuade. Honoring oratory as I did, I saw no reason to think that oratory was a dead art; I was always willing to experiment in forms of persuasion, and especially in "radioratory."

I was driven to strategy by my lack of natural assets for oratory. I had to make up for in ingenuity what I lacked in power and resonance. What I had was much better adapted to radio than to the stump. My voice was highly impure, and for that and other reasons was almost wholly lacking in carrying power. It was not without persuasive appeal when heard, and it was a memorable voice if for no other reason than its poverty. I always used the radio, if possible, or in the field its equivalent, the beloved loud-speaker. I doted on aids that better voices disdained.

An experience one night at Galesburg, Illinois, shows how effective even the most traditional oratory can be when used to the hilt. My close campaign colleague—Louis E. Lewis—was a man without learning but with a good voice and a shrewd sense of effect. He usually worked the crowd up to a historical climax, ending with the then magic name of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The night in question there were two Civil War veterans, from a nearby home, sitting together on the front seat. They both were leaning forward on their canes to compensate for their deafness. They were entranced by the oratory of Lewis. He worked them up, step by step, from Jefferson through Jackson, from Wilson to Franklin Roosevelt. He dropped his voice and added in an effective off-key: "If you won't have Roosevelt, you *must* take Herbert Hoover!" This dishonorific name was more potent than that of the Devil. The veterans, letting their canes fall simultaneously with clattering echoes throughout the hall, exclaimed with one voice, and quite beside themselves: "No, mister, no! Not *that*!" The audience was convulsed, but at the same time not a little affected.

I had, however, as I say, to make up with strategy what I lacked of this kind of oratorical power. I made a speech at Joliet, Illinois, titled "Down with the Bosses! Up with the People!" This rang round the state, to the discomfiture of the Kelly-Nash machine in Chicago. If my memory serves me at all well, we printed and distributed more than 100,000 copies of that speech. It was adorned with well-chosen phrases, abounded in irony, and was nowhere lacking in the pungency of satire. These issues can come to seem very important in a political campaign, and no exaggeration quite appears to measure up to the solid realism of an opponent's iniquity.

I recall another occasion when I needed to rely on virtuosity. I spoke last in a long row of candidates. The hour was late, near midnight, and the audience (more than likely a half-captive audience, whose presence was demanded by party bosses) was tired and bored, with more and more of the usual thing. When my turn to speak came at last, I said slowly and feelingly:

> My name is Smith, T. V. Smith. I'm running for Congress as a candidate at large. I want the job very much. I'll tell you why I want it, *real* rather than merely "good" reasons. I want this job because of the pay. It yields $10,000 a year. I've been a schoolteacher all my life and never got pay like that. True, I'm spending half the salary to get the job, but that still leaves $5,000, good pay for me. I want it, too, be-

cause it's an easy job. The local Congressmen handle local business at Washington, and your U.S. Senators handle the all-state business. That leaves no duties for me as Congressman at Large. I'd like a well-paying job without any duties. I dare say that every one of you would like little work and big pay. If any one of you has a chance to get it, I'll help you; but since I'm apparently the only one here who has any chance at the job, I want you to help me.

I want the job finally, because I'm a *smith.* Smiths are of many kinds, but all are workers of hand or brain and all are down-on-the-ground folks. I'm a *word*-smith, but that still leaves in the family a worker of the mouth, a good kind of worker to have around when politics is the business. If you'll look at the telephone book you'll see that we Smiths outnumber any other clan. We don't have our proportion of Smiths in public business in Illinois. I am, indeed, the only Smith on either ticket. There has not been a Smith in high office in Illinois since Frank L. Smith, and he was kicked out of the U.S. Senate for corruption. He was—a Republican. Is there any other Smith in the audience tonight who's a Democrat and who has a chance at this easy and fine-paying job, congressman at large? I pause. I see none. I hear none. What do you say, then, that you elect a smith at last, this Smith, T. V. Smith, to congress at large?

Nearly everybody was awake by this time, and not a few were amused at the effrontery of the candidate. I got a good vote from that constituency. Speeches do sometimes, though not always, make a difference. I got an even better vote from a Republican constituency in western Illinois as a result of chance and strategy conspiring in my behalf.

I was invited, at the height of the campaign, to a church sociable in a country community almost wholly Republican. The Democratic County Committeeman, who met me at the railroad station, had insisted that I accept the invitation. I was chagrined at having to waste a whole evening on a small crowd, and a Republican crowd at that.

We finally reached the meeting place. Some sixty farmers and their wives were there, listening as a local candidate held them in the palm of his hand. I hoped that he would continue until

I could get the hang of his appeal and hitch my wagon to his rhetorical star. But seeing me arrive, he said that he'd retire in favor of the speaker of the evening, Congressman at large Smith. He had just wheeled to sit down when the County Committeeman asked him to introduce me. He could hardly refuse since the small audience had plainly heard the *sotto voce* request. He whirled back to the assignment.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began somewhat apologetically, "You heard the County Committeeman ask me to introduce Congressman at large Smith. I know little to say about him since, like you, I've only just now set eyes upon him. Perhaps," he added diffidently, "you'll let me tell you a story."

The audience brightened up at the off-chance that they might hear something diverting. They did.

"Once upon a time," he began, in an easy, bedtime manner, "there were three bulls: a big bull, a middle-sized bull, and a little bull. These bulls were dissatisfied with their pasturage, and banded together to institute a New Deal, and to improve their lot."

By this time the farmers sensed something in their idiom and were giving close attention. He continued:

"The bulls pushed their way through their pasture fence and started down the road in search of better grass. They went a mile or so; but the day was hot, and when the big bull saw some tolerable grass, he broke through the fence and bellowed to his comrades that they'd stop there. The middle-sized bull bellowed back, however, that he and the little one would try their fortune farther on down the road. Another mile or so and the middle-sized bull had had enough of the heat, pushed his way into a pasturage, and called to the little one that it was good enough, so they'd stop there.

"The little bull, however, had thoughts of his own, and he bleated back that he'd go on alone and try for even better grazing." By this time not only the farmers but even their wives were bending forward for the punch. I, too, was wondering what the upshot was to be. The orator, sensing all this, went in for the kill.

"The little bull," he continued easily, "went mile upon mile until finally night overtook him. He pushed his way through a fence, found some tolerable grass, and so decided to stop right there." He let his voice fall as if to end the story, and gestured as if to sit down. Pretending to be apologetic about the keen disappointment of the audience, however, he added deprecatingly: "That's all there is to the story, folks—save the moral: *a little bull goes a long way*, Congressman Smith!"

The suspense of the audience broke into smiles, and then they rocked with uncontrolled laughter. It seemed an unconscionable time before there was quiet enough for me to begin. But where begin, and how? All was lost unless I could attach myself to his train. There came back to me from childhood, as sometimes will, the beginning lines that, could I but recollect them in proper sequence, might save the occasion for my candidacy. Since there was nothing else promising to do, I ventured to begin, hoping to God that memory would see me through. I stepped gingerly on the thin—how thin!—ice:

> Molly had a little ram as black as a rubber shoe,
> And everywhere that Molly went he emigrated, too.
>
> He went with her to church one day; the folks hilarious grew
> To see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew.

All had grown quiet again, and the farmer audience was preparing to hear another animal story. If only memory would feed me the dim lines!

The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passions rise,
And gave him an unchristian kick between the sad brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle, the deacon followed fast,
And raised his foot again; but, alas, that first kick was his last.

For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back, about a rod 'tis said,
And ere the deacon could retreat, it stood him on his head.

Now the minister had often heard of using kindness to subdue.
"Ah, ah, my little ram," said he, "I'll try that game on you—

"To obey is better than sacrifice and to hearken than fat of ram."
So coming from the pulpit down, said, "Rammy, rammy ram, best
sheep in this town!"

The sheep quite dropped his humble air and rose from off his feet,
And ere the minister could retreat, he was beneath the hindmost seat.

As he shot out the churchly door and closed it with a slam,
He named some California town; I think 'twas "You-be-Damn."

The tour de force worked—but don't trust your luck too often or too far! I got through the introduction and was heard patiently to the end of a long and serious speech. I made it a point after the election to look up the results in that precinct, and it appeared that I had my reward! It is one of the exciting things about politics: there are surprises. It's never too early to begin using your wits, and it's never late enough to quit using all your energy and intelligence. Meantime, there is work for all your moods and rewards for all capacities.

I would not have the reader think that I was always successful. But my failures are not worth recording. No failure, that is, save the last. I was not returned to the House of Representatives. Otherwise I would have gladly spent my life there. I loved the work; I respected my colleagues; and I believed, with a deep passion, in the practice of politics. Not only was there never a dull moment, but there was never a time in which one was not doing something significant to, for, or against somebody.

I did not risk (almost certain) defeat by running for re-election to the senate of Illinois. I had made myself sufficiently a nuisance to my Party that they would have spared no effort to see that I was not returned. I knew what I was doing, and I never expected to be re-elected to a post. I stayed in politics as long as I did only because I could appeal to a larger constituency that might neutralize the opposition I had created. I had made up my mind to be genuinely independent, and to act without regard to re-election (except only that the reputation for independence is itself at times in high "regard" for re-election!). I went around not merely accepting challenges, but tempting fate at every corner. It was not that I thought this the only honorable thing to do. I had political friends who acted far differently and yet I esteemed them. I did not think my course alone honorable, not then—and far less now. I respected even my bosses, though I tempted them to do their worst.

I was amused, but not impressed, by those who deprecated politicians and despised politics. Nor could I, as an independent, accept their well-intended "Oh, that we had more independents like you in politics!" I had to reply instead, "You wouldn't like the result—our political system can support only a few independents like me."

Good people are always saying that a politician ought to live politically as if each day were his last. Not being wholly dependent on politics for a living (I could always in defeat fall back on my schoolteaching job), I was in a position to try out this counsel of perfection, and I decided from the beginning to give it a run for my money. I was aggressively independent with my party bosses, much beyond the call of independent duty.

I had been in the Illinois Senate hardly a month when my Party boss, Ben Lindheimer, asked me to vote for an increase in the sales tax. Rather, he didn't ask, he *told* me. I replied that I was pledged against it, didn't believe in it, and, in short, wouldn't vote for it. He promised me then and there that I'd never be returned to public office. I said mildly, "So far, Mr. Lindheimer, you've been as good as your word. But roll up the curtain of the future and make it absolutely certain that my career will end with this vote against the sales tax, and then watch how I vote."

He "told on me" to Governor Henry Horner—not only another of my bosses, but my friend as well. The Governor was in a position where he *had* to get the sales-tax measure, and mine was the vote he needed. He called me in and started to tell me that I had to vote for the measure. I caught him just in time to interrupt with this presumptuous advice: "Governor, I was born in Texas, grew up on the frontier, and have never been told by nobody to do nothing in my whole life. If I were you, I'd not try to begin today!" He bit his tongue and didn't say it. Nor did he ever invite me to the Mansion, or confer with me, or show me any attention, though I was his senator. That is, he never did while I was in the senate. When I wanted to run for Congress and could be useful to him in his own fight against the Chicago machine, as well as make way for a dear personal friend of his (and mine) to succeed me from the Governor's district—it was James Weber Linn—Horner called me before his caucus, reminded me how uncalled-for independent I had been, took me on his ticket, and added wryly, "For God's sake, Smith, please don't make any speeches *against* me while you're running on my ticket!" (And as a special concession I did not.)

I was bad enough, but not as bad as this thin-skinned judge thought. I almost restored myself to his good graces in that successfully finished campaign. When the Governor broke down under the strain, he asked me to rush across the state and speak in his place at the wind-up of the hard-fought battle.

I liked Governor Horner, and, were it to do over, I'd be a better team member, with him as my captain. He, as leader, deserved better than he got from me. But I had the courage to try out a certain course of action that I had set myself to, and I did not swerve in independence from the accidental beginning to the premature ending of my political career. To try, that was something worthwhile in its own right.

But let me not seem to suppose, what I do not suppose, that had I been less independent, I would have lasted longer in public office. I don't think I would have, and I wouldn't have had a tenth of the fun. Causation is not simple in politics, and effects are hard to credit with accuracy.

I was defeated for re-election to Congress not by what I had done, or had not done, but by an avalanche of public opinion which no private virtue could have withstood. It was scandals in my own Party (including a typhoid epidemic in one poorly managed insane asylum) with which I had little to do, except to have cried out against them: scandals and an overdue return of Illinois to its ancient trackage, the Republican Party. I have every right to be proud of the personal showing I made against these two factors. Roosevelt had been carrying Illinois by a million votes. In this election he squeaked through with a hundred thousand majority. The candidate on my ticket for governor, a highly honorable man, lost by four hundred thousand votes. I had an unimportant office, but it was everywhere accepted that I was stronger than my Party when I lost an all-state and an inconspicuous office by only fifty thousand votes. Mine was an honorable, if early, demise.

I had the satisfaction, meantime, of knowing that I had carried my independence to Washington and had stood firm under big-term pressure. I liked Roosevelt, but I didn't like the tactics to which leadership had reduced him. "Must" legislation didn't go over with me in Washington any better than it had at Springfield, Illinois. I never went to the White House on even ceremonial occasions, though I had easier access to Roosevelt than most new members who go to Congress. I was not going to put myself in a position that invited pressure. I was all-obliging when anybody asked me to help as a peer. But they had to say "please," if not, indeed, "pretty please." I remember working all night long to help on one of Roosevelt's speeches when Tommy Corcoran appealed to me in a pinch. But I couldn't be ordered by anybody, not even by Tommy Corcoran, to whom I was indebted more than to most.

Harold Ickes may be more than half-right in his "psychoanalysis" of me in his *Secret Diary*. The reader may decide that when I have finished this story, which is required if one is to judge whether what Ickes says be fact or not. My previous personal relationship with the "Old Curmudgeon" was limited to two contacts in Chicago. On the first occasion he asked me late in the day, somebody else having apparently failed him, to help him hold a crowd to hear Hiram Johnson in his famous radio address for Roosevelt in the campaign of 1932. Ickes and I almost alone, and together, held ten thousand people at the Aragon ball room in Chicago for two hours. Ickes thanked me profusely and gave me then my share of credit for what was admittedly quite a feat. The other occasion was at a great civic dinner in Chicago in honor of Ickes, who went to get from Roosevelt some minor post and ended as Secretary of Interior. He then also gave me credit for a good speech, which I closed with these words: "Mr. Secretary, we, your fellow-townsmen, have gladly accorded you honor here tonight. I want to summarize our friendly feeling by reiterating our advice."

I then, ironically, advised him to do all the things which he must not do. And I concluded by saying, "When I look at the cut of your jibs, I do me think that you'll not do it; but you can never say that we haven't told you how to be the greatest Secretary of the Interior since Albert Fall" (who was then languishing not in the Secretaryship, but in a federal prison). Mr. Ickes liked the speech and generously said so, both publicly and privately. That was the sum total of our relationship in Chicago; and he was in my debt, not I in his.

Our relationship in Washington was hardly less limited. I did go on the Public Lands Committee at his request; and my wife and I had one Sunday dinner with him and the new Mrs. Ickes, at his farm in Maryland. Then came the third contact. Ickes called me up and said he had heard that I was for Clifton A. Woodrum, of Virginia, for majority leader, as Rayburn moved up to the speakership upon the death of Bankhead. I replied that I was. He said, as if it settled the matter, "But we are for McCormack, of Massachusetts." I said that I didn't know who "we" were. He retorted that he was speaking for the President. I reminded him that I was in the legislative, not the executive, branch of government, and was quite capable of managing my own vote. He banged down the telephone receiver, but not until he had declared that I had never done anything he wanted me to do, and that he was through with me. Upon this background, then, he wrote, to be published much later (*The Secret Diary of Harold L. Ickes,* Vol. III: *The Lowering Clouds, 1939–1941* [New York, Simon and Schuster, 1954], pp. 334–335), these lines about me, much to my amusement though not to my amazement:

> Smith is one of those impossibilists who can't yield even on a matter that is purely technical. He is the professor-plus in public life. There is no doubt of his intellectual ability, but the trouble is that he is so sure of himself and so confident that he knows it all that no one can talk to him. He knew that I was speaking for the White House in suggesting that McCormack was the best man for the majority leader. I explained that it would create a bad impression for the majority leader to come from the South and pointed out the strategic advantages in electing McCormack. But he was as obstinate as a mule. In a purely party matter, like this, unless there are strong moral reasons why he could not go along, I am frank to say that Smith ought to welcome a suggestion from me because he would not be in Congress if it had not been for me. I think that this is the third time I have made a suggestion to him, either directly or indirectly. I suppose that he is one of those men who instinctively rejects any suggestion from a man to whom he is under obligation in order to prove how independent and free from control he is. I am not likely to bother him again.

Well, he never did bother me again, as indeed he never had aided me, so far as I knew.

Whether the Secretary was right or not about my motives, he was not wrong in assessing my attitude toward him. Defiance of him was not a very hard test of my independence. But there was a man whom I did like, and from him was to come the real test of my independence.

After the telephone conversation with Mr. Ickes, to which I have just alluded, I told my secretary it was the next call that I dreaded. Sure enough, within the hour, Tommy Corcoran called from the White House, saying that he had a personal request to make of me. I asked him not to make it on a personal basis, acknowledging that I was indebted to him for being in the House and that it would break my heart to turn him down personally, on a matter where my answer had to be negative. He was civil but cool with hurt. I said that while I had to say No to what he had in mind, I might be able to help him in a different way and, if so, I would be the most pleased of men. I asked him then if he was not greatly interested in having the question of the majority leader resolved before the holidays. He replied that it was so, that the Administration had votes enough at the time to elect McCormack but did not know what the division of votes might be after the recess. I assured him that I too was in favor of clearing the matter up promptly, however the decision went, and would help in getting a prompt decision. Corcoran almost embraced me over the telephone, and hastened to give me a list of Congressmen whom he wanted me to talk to. My course may seem devious to some, but political matters are not usually simple and are not recommended to the simple of mind.

The truth was that I knew, as well as any, that Woodrum had not a chance and that McCormack would get the post. But I thought it honorable to let the world know in the only way at my disposal that John McCormack was an ignoramus, butchering the King's English in the House of Representatives. Moreover, he was so narrow and professional a religious sectary that, had he been a Protestant, he would have rightly passed as a bigot. I had nothing against him personally but took no pride in his public appearance. I felt like apologizing to the world for the magnificent House whenever he rose to speak. Woodrum, on the other hand, a self-made man like myself, made me proud to belong to that body whenever he rose to speak. Who got what, was a power decision; who was worthy to get what, was a moral matter. I did not propose to abase my conscience.

Corcoran's way of handling public matters was to me clearly superior to the Ickes' way. Whoever approached me civilly, as

Corcoran always did, was never turned away, at Springfield or at Washington (though he might be turned down). If I needed to learn the lesson of modesty and accommodation, I had already learned it the hard way from a man who, partly for this reason, became my lifelong friend, State Senator James O. Monroe. For this story I shall have to go back to my days in the Illinois Senate.

Monroe and I were the only Democratic source for getting the aforementioned sales-tax measure passed promptly enough to yield immediate money to avert public disaster. But Monroe was the Senate's strongest opponent of the whole sales-tax idea. There was no doubt in anybody's mind, not even mine, that the bill had to pass. Miners were camped in the galleries of the Senate Chamber, their wives and children sleeping on the floor, because relief money had been cut off and there was no place to go. Monroe was opposed to the bill in principle, with much at stake in his political life. My own opposition represented the luxury of pure principle. I could vote for it and survive in politics. Monroe could not survive an "Aye" vote. There was no justice in expecting Monroe to commit political suicide in the unavailing premises. His name came before mine on the lethal rollcall. He passed. I voted No. The jig was up for Monroe. He met it like a man, with a sober little speech of this order:

> MR. PRESIDENT: every man in this Senate knows how I stand on the sales tax, how I stand and why. You all know that I am against it on principle, it being an income tax in reverse. I have fought it from the first day it came before us. I have promised my constituency that I would never vote for it. It is not only against my principles, therefore, it is death to my interests as well. People from my district can walk across the Mississippi bridge and make tax-exempt purchases in St. Louis. My merchants suffer from the competition, and would never forgive me for making it heavier. If I vote for this measure, I cut my own political throat. You know it and I know it. I do not wish to die. Mr. President, I think I know the difference [glancing at me] between a theory and a fact. Illinois is today confronted with a

fact, a sad fact, and an ugly fact [glancing to the galleries]. Mr. President, I vote Aye!

Amid the general gratitude, I rushed to congratulate Monroe. He disdained my outstretched hand. "Keep your lily-white hand to yourself," he said, walking away.

"Don't be like that, Jim," I pleaded.

"All right," he said, wheeling around and taking my hand. "I'll not 'be like that.' You're new here, and think that a man can always afford the luxury of pure principle. I'm experienced and know better. I'll let you get by with it this time; but let this be a lesson to you: Principle is a luxury which not all can afford."

If I needed the lesson, as I have said, I had it. Never again would I be self-righteous, even if it was my lot to be righteous.

But even my righteousness, my high devotion to principle, was more an experiment, as I have said, than it was any ironclad devotion to duty. I know as well as any—and I do not remember the time I did not know—that politics is a game of compromise in which every man must act like a sport and refrain from trying to exact the impossible of anyone.

The truth was what would have escaped Ickes: that I acted more on esthetic than on moral grounds. I shall subsequently make clear that I would and did make compromises that harder men quailed at. I was not always the professor-plus type, but was such only when dealing with men like Ickes. Perhaps I should be ashamed to say this, but when should one be ashamed of the truth? The truth is that I disliked Ickes. I disliked him because he was an egotist. I disliked him because he was a fanatic. I disliked him because he was a sadist. Otherwise, he would pass, an "honest hatchetman."

Though I had gone on the Public Lands Committee largely to be Ickes' man, and to furnish a vote in crucial issues in his direction (which I as a conservationist approved), his methods offended me deeply. The very first meeting of the committee, which he had begged me to join, was preluded by his right-hand man's coming to my office to "spill the dirt" on a witness who was on the docket to oppose the bill. I asked what the man's private life had to do with the merits of the bill. The middleman was embarrassed and said that Mr. Ickes wished me to indignify the man's testimony by blacking his personal reputation. I declared that this wasn't my way of doing business and that I'd have nothing to do with such skulduggery, not even in behalf of a good bill.

I admit that I carried the matter of principle to extremes, especially where I was opposed to men like Ickes. But I wanted to test the possibility of political independence and was prepared to pay the price if the principle failed me. That I never got to know, for reasons adduced. But I did have the satisfaction of carrying the test further than most men can carry it.

I got out of everything else when I got into politics, so that pressure could not arise from conflict of interests. For instance, I unjoined all the organizations I had belonged to. I proved that independence could be achieved and maintained, but not by all. Somebody must give the "aye" votes if we are to have a public policy and are to get ahead with the collective business of government. Most must pay the cost of independence boasted of by the few. The "good" men owe acknowledgments to the "bad" men who support their goodness. For every Smith there must be several Monroes, and the Smiths had better know it.

Reverting from principles back to persons, I have always been grateful for my association with one set of men whom I met through political activity but whom I came to know beyond partisan politics. About the time I was elected to the state senate of Illinois, the State Legislators Association was rising into influence and prominence. It was organized and promoted on Rockefeller money by a former state senator of Colorado, Henry W. Toll. Toll had a vision, to which he stuck with pertinacity, that such an association could go far in raising the level of state legislatures. It put out a magazine called *State Government*. Toll was an impressive figure of a man: amiable, low-tensioned, and never in a hurry. He seemed to enjoy the scenery along the path of life so much that it didn't greatly matter whether he reached his goal or not. This meant in politics that he ordinarily reached his goal.

The example, the successful example, of state legislators getting together voluntarily in a national organization—that, or a similar need—prompted other state officers to do the same. So there arose the associations of State Attorneys-General, State Treasurers, etc., and finally the Governors Conference. Rockefeller backing was influential in getting all these, and other voluntary associations, together under one roof, "1313" as the building came to be called, from its location on 60th Street, just across the Midway from the University of Chicago. Another association, the Public Administration Clearing House, functioned as a sort of holding company for all the other associations. The executive secretaries of these more than a dozen organizations were men of vision and enterprise. Louis Brownlow, a commissioner of the District of Columbia under Woodrow Wilson, became the first director of the Clearing House. The inimitable "Louis!" I maintained good relations with all these organizations, enjoying the generous personalities of the secretaries, and the younger men and women who grew up as apprentices in an enterprise so vast; but my closest relations were with Senator Toll and the legislators' organization. It met every other year or so in a general assembly. It was my type of organization, and I came early to be a delegate from the Illinois Senate. One year I was chairman of the Board of the Council of State Government, the same year that Governor John G. Winant was president of the Council. I came to know him well, and Governor McNutt, of Indiana. Both these men were stalwarts, of very different kinds. They were both extremely able, McNutt full of ambition and prowess, and Winant quivering with sensitivity and devotion to the common good. I afterward, in London and elsewhere, joined the group dedicated to seeing Winant become President of the United States. He was not of my party, but party meant little in the face of the massive virtue of a Winant—the most Lincolnesque man and mind of his generation.

I grieved over Winant's death, though not over the manner of it, which I guessed to be heroic. He had done the best he could to help rationality prevail among men, and his best was simply and finally not enough. So he, like the ancient Stoics, opened the back door of life for himself.

Toll called forth the best men into public life and called the best out of the best. I counted him a lifelong friend. When his maximum talent had made itself felt as an organizer, he stepped out of his own organization in favor of Frank Bane, a superb operator. Toll, indeed, did me the honor of thinking of me as his successor. I was not personally interested in the job, but treasured what the organization was under him and what it became later under the hand of Frank Bane. It came to have no need of Rockefeller money, the states supporting it liberally as an organ needed in their interrelationship. The whole Clearing House enterprise was one of men working into vast usefulness under far-sighted philanthropy. It proved that much goodness can pay its own way if given a chance to demonstrate its virtue.

What Was I Up To in Politics, Anyhow?

It is not unlikely that many readers of the previous chapter on politics have been asking themselves the question which I now pose in the title of this one. Politics, even though disliked and deprecated, is an enterprise which Americans do not wish to hear others—especially foreigners—speak of too disparagingly. I know I may seem to some to have been dealing lightly with serious matters. A few may even have thought me a cynic. Well, cynical about a few things, perhaps; but never about politics. Never, ever, cynical about that. The game is too interesting, the outcome too important.

Let me now look full soberly at the business of politics, a business which, I admit, has animated my dreams since childhood and has deeply affected all my adult years. I do not apologize for recapitulating here what I have, perhaps more than once, already articulated. But I wish now to make closer connection than is usual between theory and practice, between the ideal and the real.

MY FUNDAMENTAL CONVICTION is of the vast differences between men. Men are different from top to bottom; and it is in terms of their differences, not their likeness, that we are able most safely to define them as individuals. On the moral side, men are indeed the same in having consciences—but they are very different in the consciences they have. Almost as a matter of definition we can say that the more intelligent men are, the more they will differ about more things; and the more moral and earnest they are, the more store they will set on their differences. These two together add up to the necessity of politics as a method of engineering consent, in order that goodness and intelligence may not cancel themselves out.

This is no newly hatched doctrine about human nature: it is the view, rather, which chiefly animated our Founding Fathers and which underlies our Constitution. The very first sentence of the Bill of Rights is predicated upon the warfare which always seems to exist among religions if something heroic is not done to neutralize pious animosity and to denature self-righteous aggression. Congress shall make no law which either prescribes or prohibits individuality in religious beliefs. Why? Because religion is so important and differences in its name are so great. Religion affects public policy adversely unless each man is allowed his own belief without let or hindrance. Lesser conflicts permit accommodation, but the crucial importance of religion invites, yet does not easily permit, the accommodation of compromise.

The Fathers had learned this the hard way. Not only were they students of history, and so knew the frequency and the bitterness of religious wars, but also they were observers of the Colonial scene, in which religion was playing the same divisive role in America that it had played in European history. It is enough to vivify the American conflict over religion merely to recall the titles of three pamphlets which (in)dignified the religious conflict between John Cotton, Puritan, and Roger Williams, Baptist. They were both earnest and learned men of God, both educated at Cambridge University before they came to the colonies. Once here, they ran afoul of religious differences so deep that Cotton drove Williams out of Massachusetts. Williams appealed to the British Parliament in a pamphlet significantly titled, *The Bloody Tenet of Persecution for Conscience Sake . . .* Cotton responded in a pamphlet titled *The Bloody Tenet of Persecution for Conscience Sake Washed and Made White in the Blood of the Lamb . . .* Then Williams replied to Cotton's response in a final pamphlet lengthily and cumulatively titled, *The Bloody Tenet of Persecution for Conscience Sake Made More Bloody Still by Being Washed and Made White in the Blood of the Lamb . . .*

One does not have to go much below the surface of such polemics to see that Cotton is arguing that there cannot be significant differences in conscience: either you have my conscience or you have no conscience!

Many of the Fathers could foresee the same eventuation in America that they had seen in Europe unless intelligences be allowed to differ and unless an acknowledgment of honesty be granted as readily as it was asked. They had not all thought the matter out fully, but they had all got far enough to see that if religion was to be a constructive instead of a divisive and lethal force in society, it must be limited in its reach. Church and State must be separated to save religion from political compromise and to save politics from religious fanaticism. The benefits were not one-sided, they were mutual.

The lesson, with its moral of tolerance, prevailed not only in New England, but it was heard more blatantly there. It prevailed also in Pennsylvania, in Georgia, and indeed in Virginia. Madison sought to further in Virginia Jefferson's principle of religious toleration; but he was balked by the religious themselves until circumstances made each sectarian body afraid that it would be victim of discrimination unless it yielded to the separation of power and piety. Jefferson's principles did prevail through Madison, but only because they enabled him to play sectarianism against sectarianism.

The issue was larger than religion, of course. The final therapy was homeopathic. It was the conflict of provincialism and of every sort of partisanship cured by a dose of the same. The eighteenth century was the period of the Enlightenment and it believed in "the perfectibility of mankind." This meant that men were such that Reason *could* prevail. And this large belief, when spelled small, meant that men, who were often swayed by passion, were yet capable of disinterested judgment. Men might honestly differ at the beginning but not at the end of honestly sustained argument. If differences persisted, somebody was not as honest as he should be. This discrepancy between the theory of disinterestedness and the fact of partisanship troubled the best of our Fathers.

It was precisely because of this discrepancy that Washington was so worried about "faction" (fanaticism). In his Farewell Address he gives the subject disproportionate space (nearly a third of the total linage). The theory called for disinterestedness; but the facts were indicative of partisanship, and the course of events was heading toward the embodiment of bias into conflicting national parties. Washington did not see how democracy could operate through parties nor how it could survive the freezing of narrow spirits into unyielding organizations. Jefferson himself was never able fully to allow that Hamilton was both as intelligent and as honest as was he. And yet this twofold admission would appear a minimum requirement if a democratic polity is to be operative.

It was this discrepancy which made standard the belief that a republic must be restricted to a small area. Citizens would, through face-to-face confrontation, minimize differences and could develop a like-mindedness to facilitate the engineering of general consent. Rousseau stressed this requirement of smallness for arriving at a "general will," in which he thought he believed "the pluses and the minuses" of conflict would cancel each other out, and leave what was the same, what was common, and what would be universally accepted. Still, belief in the "perfectibility of mankind" was too generally remarked to need argument, and the conflict of this belief with what appeared to be the facts of human nature was everywhere regarded as the problem of republicanism.

There were several cures for the discrepancy, several kinds of reparation for the outraged faith in man. One was Thomas Hobbes, and our Fathers were not unaffected by Hobbes. He believed that man is not perfectible, is incapable of being disinterested; he is always selfish. The only way to prevent individualism from ending in anarchy and partisanship in revolution is power enough to force men to be what they ought to be. His one-sentence reply to all his critics shows them self-condemned by their own records. His critics charged: "That (I) I made the civil power too large, *but this by ecclesiastical persons*; that (II) I had utterly taken away liberty of conscience, *but this by sectaries*; that (III) I had set the princes above the law, *but this by lawyers*." (Italics mine.) "Q.E.D." Hobbes might have written, following this fell blow. But against his factuality lay the ideality of his critics: If man is not as a matter of fact *disinterested*, he nevertheless as a matter of his own ideals *ought to be—and can be*. This obligation itself is a felt fact of human nature and must be accounted a basis for joint action.

When the theological *argumentum ad baculum* was added to this argument of moral oughtness, man became disinterested through fear of the hereafter, if not of present power. The theological sanction which Hume and Bentham candidly used makes possible a widespread democracy of fear, even though, as with Calvin at Geneva, smallness of constituency always eased the felt strain of civic righteousness.

It was Hume, the skeptic, who was destined to break wholly out of the bounds of the diminutive and find possible a large society which still might operate democratically. With credit given where credit is due, I turn from Hume, the author of the doctrine, to James Madison, who took Hume's thought and turned it to practical account, even "radical" account, for it was Madison who thought that without postulating disinterestedness we could still build a wide-extent republic. Men are roughly what Hobbes held them to be, but they may become roughly what Jefferson says they are.

Madison saw, in line with Washington's fear, that partisanship is an adjunct of human nature and that political parties would have to be indulged. The cure therefor—and there is a cure—is worse than the disease. "The cause of faction," he says simply, "is *liberty*. . . . Liberty is to faction what air is to fire." The only way to get rid of faction is to make men slaves. If free and intelligent, men will have their own ideas about everything; and, if free and honest, they will stick up for their individual convictions. Madison went further and saw clearly that this variety applies as much to human conscience as to human intelligence. To make clear that I am not reading my own philosophy back into Madison, let me recall some crucial sentences from No. 10 of his famous *Federalist.*

Admitting that property interests—the conflict between the "haves" and the "have nots"—is the most ready basis for party division, he goes on to generalize the point: "So strong is this propensity of mankind to fall into mutual animosities, that where no substantial occasion presents itself, the most frivolous and fanciful distinctions . . . as well of speculation as of practice . . . have been sufficient to kindle their unfriendly passions and to excite their most violent conflicts."

We may hazard on our own this note on Madison's strong statement: that if the extremes to which partisanship will carry men need any further demonstration than what happened in the very convention which formulated the Constitution which Madison was then recommending for adoption, it would get documentation with certitude in recalling that men differ, radically and crucially, even about what distinctions *are* "frivolous," what "fanciful." Thomas Jefferson, for instance—Madison's friend—thought that the beliefs which the orthodox of his time regarded as conditions of eternal salvation were fanciful in conception and frivolous in application.

As to the very existence of deity, for instance, Jefferson, himself a deist, wrote: "It does me no injury for my neighbor to say that there are twenty gods or no God. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg." Therefore (to his young nephew and ward, Peter Carr), this shocking advice: "Question with boldness the existence of God; because, if there be one, He must more approve the homage of reason, than that of blindfold fear." And as touching the nature of deity, trinitarianism was to Jefferson a semantic fraud. He called it, with disdain, "a Platonic mysticism, which no man can understand, nor therefore believe: three are one, and one is three; and yet . . . the one is not three, and the three are not one."

So much for the sacred Christian doctrine of the "Blessed Trinity"; but as for Calvinism, the prevailing form of Protestantism of the time, Jefferson concludes with severe impartiality of stricture: "It would be more pardonable to believe in no God than to blaspheme Him by the atrocious attributes of Calvin. . . . He was indeed an atheist. . . . His religion was daemonism."

Jefferson's example surely represents the zenith of human pathos, the very nadir of any hope for fundamental agreement among even thinking men: that not even the "fanciful" can be so defined as to distinguish it once for all from what is everlastingly true, no matter what. Yet it was out of this Slough of Despond that our Fathers found a way. The star which they followed—under the prompting of no one more than of Jefferson—was a talisman not too bright, but unwavering even in its dimness. It guided the Fathers to this magnificent distinction: thought is one thing and action is another, and the two are so disparate that each requires a rule of its own: for *thought*, toleration without limit; for *action*, as much freedom as can be agreed upon. And we may add a third, an intermediate rule: for *speech,* enough freedom to reach agreement about what in the field of action is permissible and what in the unlimited field of thought may compensate for the toleration which must be allowed odious doctrines.

It is clear what the ideal is, but it is also painfully clear what mighty obstacles there are to realizing the ideal where men cannot agree in thought, much less on common action. But it was in this dark hour that Madison discovered in Hume, and clarified in *The Federalist* papers, what seemed to be the fact that if you enlarge the domain, you lessen the tension in disagreement; for, as Madison goes on to argue, tensions will wear themselves out against tensions, and sects will quail at the difficulty of communication with other sectaries. This latter point—in an age before radio, before telephone and telegraph, even before dependable post—was weighty. Shay's Rebellion might capture a county or two and might even make a state or so uneasy, but it exhausted its fervor before it could lave the shores of all the thirteen colonies. Remember, too, the way in which agrarian zeal has subsequently arisen in the Middle West and broken itself on Eastern conservatism before it could become law at Washington. The difficulty of communication works for lessening the effectiveness of radical thought.

But it works also for heightening the chance of getting good representation in the legislative process. The more men to select representatives from, the greater the chance of getting able representatives; and the more interests each represents, the less likely he can become the voice of a narrow clique. Through ingenious arguments Madison makes it appear, in his own words, that "by passing public views through the medium of a chosen body of citizens" (rather than as in a "pure" democracy) we "refine and enlarge the views through a chosen body whose wisdom may best discern the true interest of their country, and whose patriotism and love of justice will be least likely to sacrifice it to temporary and partial considerations. Under such a regulation, it may well happen that the public voice, pronounced by the representatives of the people, will be more consonant to the public good than if pronounced by the people themselves convened for the purpose."

But enough of the text. Suffice it to say that this is what I thought I was about when I went into politics. I thought that I was apprenticing myself to a process which constituted man's only alternative to disorder and violence. The fact that in my youth the matter took the form of Yes or No to communism (as a principle) was but an accident of time and place. Before I left adolescence I had got clear on its merits the theory which made me immune to communism or any other idealistic short cut to human agreement. Democracy had (by which I mean no body of doctrine, but the compromise process itself), had, I say, become to me a religion, the very and adequate Holy Spirit which could prevent good men from crucifying good men on the cross of narrow conscience.

And I put it this way purposely; for I had got clear in my youth not only the natural and inevitable disagreement among men but clear also the much harder fact: it is because men are "good," not because they are "bad"; it is because men are "intelligent," not because they are "stupid" that they differ and that each one sticks up for his difference. I do not remember when I got this matter clear, but it had been clear long enough to mature in a book published in 1934, the year I was elected to the Illinois Senate. *Beyond Conscience* begins with the thesis that "civilization lies somewhere beyond conscience. Where it lies and how, it is the business of conscientious men to inquire . . ." While that book was issuing from the press, I was on my way to Prague to defend the democratic thesis and way of life against Nazi totalitarianism.

I went into politics, as I have said, not to save the world but to save my own soul. I had to participate in the difficult process of reconciling the adamant differences between men who thought they were better than each other, and each other better than I. There were two matters, yea three, which I was to get clearer through participation in politics: one was that variety of beliefs is not only inevitable as a means but also is good as an end of life. I was, as I matured, to follow Jefferson in converting a "necessary evil" into a "positive good"; a second matter was that I learned how much fun, indeed how much more fun than I had imagined, participation could be; and a third was the discovery that coercion (at least the threat and the fear of it) has a role larger and more positive to play in the engineering of consent than I had foreseen. A word upon each of these will complete the story of what I thought I was about (both initially and eventually) when I entered the arena of active and partisan politics. The following discussion will also make clear why (contrary to the experience of many "liberals") my morale was always very good and my spirits uniformly high.

I learned that compromise is not only good for something but is also a good in itself. In childhood I had heard many a sermon on the text "How good for brethren to dwell together in peace." The preachment, yes; but I had seen little of the practice thus prescribed. I saw that most religious people could not compromise, though I did not see all that was involved. The world of politics seemed to me, as viewed from a distance, a thing of greater breadth and health than the church. I thought it grand that politicians, after berating each other in public, would fraternize in private as if nothing significant had happened. I came to admire the kind of man who could jump many gaps in order to be a man among men. Not that I saw much such conduct, but I read constantly such books as were available; and I, who had seen early the necessity of compromise, came to feel that the political way of life produced and rewarded better character than the (sectarian) religious way of life. (My childhood experiences of sociality were restricted to these two elite groups.)

I went into politics well prepared to like the participants in, as well as to indulge fully in, the practice of compromise. I have said elsewhere that I had to go into politics to learn a simple but most important lesson. That lesson I shall spell out in the final chapter. What I here say is the gentler thing, that it is good to practice the art that unites men.

Jefferson had already given the classic statement for my discovery. The Sage of Monticello was to ask first in his famous *Notes on Virginia* whether uniformity of belief is possible or attainable. Looking about him and backward through history, he had to answer No—that "millions of innocent men, women, and children, since the introduction of Christianity, have been burnt, tortured, fined, imprisoned; yet we have not advanced one inch toward uniformity." He went on to say that the only practical result of the contrary-to-fact insistence was the deplorable consequence of making "one-half the world fools, and the other half hypocrites."

Then, inevitably, must the previous question be obtruded, the question of the ethics of such insistence: "But is uniformity of opinion desirable?" And once the bold question is put, there comes courage to make the honest answer, which Jefferson proceeds to give: "No more than that of face and stature."

Men had gone to all exertions to get what, once had, was seen not to be worth having. Variety is not merely something to be put up with, "tolerated"; rather, pluralism is the path to superior value. The discovery of this by Jefferson—and its communication by him to me—were red-letter days of my life. It made not worth the doing so many things that one supposed before had to be done. It freed the human spirit not only to tolerate but to enjoy.

Now politics, where this insight got embodiment, came to have an esthetic rather than merely a moral dimension. No longer did one have to mature his virtue on resentment and aggression, but he could now enjoy his enemies. Many a time I have listened to political colleagues, with mouth half-opened in admiration of their diatribe, only to be shocked with the realization that what they were saying was against me, and that presently I was supposed to reply to the oral indictment. Replies, however, against such esthetic background are vastly different replies from the argument of a fanatic, where loss of face is intended and pushed. There is an esthetic aspect to politics which enables the participants to turn the knob beyond the left ear, as it were—and by such simple magic to change the venue from the harshness of morality to esthetic intrigue.

To answer specifically my own question which titles this chapter, it was this that I thought I was up to in politics. I knew that I was in for compromise. I had seen the inevitability of it as good sportsmanship from childhood. But this chance at such rewarding cooperation was what allured me to, and rewarded me in, the roomy life of partisan politics. I liked the business of getting catharsis from aggression by extroverting what was on one's mind—and then going out to play a game of golf or have a drink with one's foe. This way, one could come back to the fray next day with a clear slate, and a clean feeling.

I was to learn not so much about the practice of this gracious fact of the political life as about the reasons for it. I came to see that much of the easy mutuality arose from the fact that in legislative bodies nobody is indebted for his presence there to anybody else there. It is the people back home who send one and to whom one is alone responsible. This enables representatives to be entirely nonresponsible, even playfully irresponsible, toward one another. Such recognition makes it possible for one to enter upon the enjoyment of his *find*: the finding that nonresponsibility begets mutuality of response. Where nobody is responsible to anybody else, all alike can be treated as partners in play and enjoyed to the full as personalities. And what a galaxy of personal variables one finds in any legislature! That is what I was about, that and the practice of the accommodative life of compromise.

Coercion plays a role in effective persuasion. This third point is a matter not so easy to state, and yet important to understand: the role of force, and especially the fear of force, in the engineering of consent. In general, and rightly, we contrast coercion and persuasion. But they are not as mutually exclusive as they sound, especially when they are given the easy alliteration of Might and

Right. It will do us no harm to put the matter lightly to begin with:

> Might and Right are always fightin'.
> When we're young it seems excitin':
> Right is always nearly winnin',
> Might can hardly keep from grinnin'.

The truth seems to be that both Might and Right play a role in cases of hard consent. "The switch," says the parent, "is also a persuader." When the choice is between two goods, that's easy. And politics sometimes travels that path of ease. Where the choice is between an easily identified evil and an obvious good, the choice is still an easy one. Politics, however, had best be defined as a choice between evils. And where neither option is attractive, then consent comes reluctantly and grudgingly. In the nature of such a case, compromising means the giving up of something one wants. No reasonable man will, or should, yield save for a consideration. One deserves an "anodyne," as Jefferson put it to Hamilton in asking the Capitol for Virginia in return for votes from Virginia to pass the Debt Assumption Bill.

Always in the background, though fortunately far back in most cases, is the knowledge that force belongs to the majority and a minority must conceive its rights in terms of its power. Any minority must be modest in demanding rights when it is inferior in strength. The harder the case, the more negative becomes the consideration: fear of the consequences which might follow refusal to make the sacrifice involved in compromise. We all know what it is to choose in the light of circumstances, but circumstances which we wish to High Heaven did not prevail. They may, indeed, become such that we prefer to die rather than compromise. This will illustrate the area in which consent and coercion come closer together than our easy contrasts allow.

To reduce this element of the arbitrary, even if it does not reach to the proportion of coercion, is correspondingly to ennoble life itself.

In the large, this is what I thought I was about in politics. Sir Henry Maine gave us an institutional formula in saying that civilization is progress from status to contract. Socrates brought us to the same end, individually speaking: "The uncriticized life is not worthy of man." I thought, beginning with the liberal man, to make such men harmonious enough to constitute a liberal society. We all know that beauty in character derives in part from harmonious functioning of faculties and potencies. The only way to get institutional beauty is to have men know what they are doing and to do it in consideration of each other. Goethe has Faust exclaim, before such social landscape:

> . . . . could I but stand
> With a free people, and upon free land!
> Then might I in such moment of delight
> Say, "Linger with me, thou that art so bright."

I thought I was communing with such spirits of the past as these in preaching, and even more in practicing, the high art of compromise. Certainly a society which can contain its irreconcilable conflicts can compose those hardly reconcilable, and can enjoy on a permanent basis the conflicts which advance consent—such a society would spell out in letters of gold the path of the just, which is a shining light that shineth more and more toward a perfect day.

All this I thought, and think, I was up to in politics: making morality possible where anarchy or coercion would otherwise prevail; gilding duty with the sheen of beauty; transforming conscience into something very like *noblesse oblige.* The central role in all this of the art of compromise is well expressed by a high-minded politician of our time and place, Charles P. Taft (*Christianity and Crisis* [December 1953, printing]):

> I would state as the decisive issue in a growing world of increasing density, and increasing opportunity for friction and evil: How does a person either as responsible follower or leader, adjust his conscience

to the requirements of team operation in the face of complex issues and proliferating organization?

This is the problem of compromise, from which the churches have shied like a horse at a whirling piece of paper.

I have been speaking of principles that lured me into politics and sustained me there, and especially of the principle of compromise. I found also that I was letting myself into a larger world of persons than I had known before. I liked, and came to like more and more, the political type. It will not be inappropriate here to elaborate with a few examples this world of persons.

First among helpful personalities was a man who always spoke ill of, though acted well toward, the enterprise. The name of Clarence Darrow will often recur in these pages. He tried to keep me out of politics, warning me that I already had a job at which I could make "an honest living." However, he'd hurry me along if I must get in, to do so while he was still living and could help me. Once I took the plunge, he put all his salty wisdom at my disposal. He left his request with the leaders of more than one minority group (where his influence was strongest) that they were to help me when he was dead and couldn't.

Darrow introduced me to Senator Richard J. ("Dick") Barr, Republican boss in, if not of, the Illinois Senate. Barr was a man of strong, if speckled, reputation. There was no speck, however, on his loyalty to friends; and he made me a lifelong friend. When later the Senate had his picture painted, and his City of Joliet gave him a testimonial dinner, he would not let the celebration proceed until I promised to go back to Illinois (from New York) and make the unveiling address. What a legacy Darrow bequeathed me in Dick Barr's constant and steadying advice! I never took important steps without consulting him.

Charles E. Merriam was another stalwart friend and supporter. He had been my teacher at Chicago and was my lifelong colleague. Widely experienced in politics, the adviser of presidents from Theodore Roosevelt down, he put his wisdom to use in keeping a live tradition at the University of Chicago of active participation in politics. I went to him for advice as to how I could get into the state senate. He advised me to consult Professor James Weber ("Teddy") Linn, friend of then Governor Henry Horner. A telephone call to Arizona set in motion wheels which months later landed me in the state senate from Governor Horner's district. Many things happened in between, and Merriam and Linn were always there to counsel me.

Linn became my successor (though in the lower house) when I moved on to Washington. He was a gruff man with a tender heart who specialized in friendship. When after the election I asked him to visit the Capital as my guest, he declined, explaining that as long as the Governor and I were feuding, he could not visit either of us. I believe he honored his joint friendship by keeping social distance on both of us. His heart of gold proved, I am afraid, his undoing. His lovely wife begged me not to encourage him to enter politics, saying it would kill him. I scoffed at the idea, protesting that I had thriven on the hardships and that he was tougher than I. Time proved her wiser than I. He took things much to heart, gave his all and died in office, beloved by foes as well as friends.

Teddy Linn was not Jane Addams' nephew for nought. I carry a precious remembrance of both of them in the inscription he wrote in my copy of the story of her life written by him: "To T. V. Smith, who works in his way, as Jane Addams worked in hers, to the same great end—of understanding."

It was gallant company, this University of Chicago group; and the name of Charles Merriam is written on every page, all the more now that Robert E. carries on in distinguished fashion for the father. It is a tradition climaxed by Professor-Senator Paul H. Douglas, a pillar of intelligence lighting the whole of our national scene.

Gallantry in politics is not confined to the Democratic variety, nor is it found only in one's own Party. As witness to this, let me include a letter (used here with permission of the author) from the gracious Honorable Clare Boothe Luce, who is far from being a member of my own Party.

June 16, 1949

Dear Professor Smith:

I had my radio turned on Monday night—a rather unusual circumstance—and I happened to overhear your debate with Roger Baldwin and Fowler Harper.

Naturally I agreed with you. But that is not why I am writing.

You provided a model—an exemplar, a paragon—of how a debater in public forum ought to conduct himself—particularly "in the clinches." You were calm, generous, fair, humorous, very well-informed. And YOU stuck to the point: what is *more,* you forced your opponents to do so.

As one who has often been worsted in argument while espousing the better cause, I hope not to forget your conduct.

Congratulations!

Cordially,
Clare Boothe Luce

One of the great *faux pas* of my time in Washington illustrates gallantry in diplomacy, which is only politics made ten times harder. The story has to do with the last ambassador from Free China.

It was in 1938 that I was elected to the House of Representatives as congressman at large from Illinois, an office that is an anomalous kind of politics. This "at large" type of representation arises either in states which have only enough population to entitle them to one national representative, or in more populous states where, for whatever reason, state legislatures refuse to provide, or delay in providing, new districts for the additional representation to which a growing population entitles them. A candidate for the office of congressman at large must, of course, canvass the entire state, and thus he takes on a larger load at election times than do the congressmen from regular districts. I lived in the University of Chicago district, which I had been representing in the Illinois State Senate; but now I threw myself upon the electoral mercy of the whole state as candidate for congressman at large.

By this increase in electoral load hangs part of the story I am telling in honor of the Chinese ambassador to the United States. The other part derives from habits of self-help formed in my youth in the then pioneer state of Texas. I had never had a secretary. When I early saw that I was destined to go the route of the indigent professorate, I guessed that I wouldn't likely ever be able to afford a secretary; and so I took pains to train myself to become my own secretary, mastering the typewriter and achieving a certain proficiency in shorthand. All the years up to my election to Congress I had taken pride in serving myself, menially.

Congress, however—well, that was something else again. Representatives were furnished two secretaries at the time (three before I left Congress), and, faith, we needed all that aid, and more! By the time I reached Washington, my office was half-full of mail and telegrams. This was big business to me, and I was too proud to let the secretaries run me. I asked them to declare with me a moratorium on all social activities until we were on top of the job. Both the day and the night shift went to strict duty.

By the time I had dug out from under the mail, was beginning to get the hang of the complicated Rules of the House, and was becoming useful in the committee system, I was entangled in the national radio debates with Robert A. Taft, who was as new in the Senate as I was in the House. For thirteen weeks, as I have mentioned earlier, we represented our two parties, pulling each other's hair over everything from the philosophy of the Founding Fathers down to the latest "foibles"—as Taft considered them—of the New Deal. I was barely keeping my head above the stormy waters of verbal pull-and-haul when one day a secretary from the Chinese Embassy called on the telephone to invite me to tea some days later.

To my secretary I said somewhat irascibly: "You know I'm not accepting social engagements until I'm more seasoned at the main business." And I turned to resume preparation for the upcoming Taft debate. My secretary hesitated and then asked me if I wouldn't be good enough to talk to the secretary on the telephone. I had learned to respect his reticences, and so said: "Well, if you think it important, I'll make an exception and go to this tea." He thereupon accepted the invitation for me.

Before the day for the tea came, the Chinese Ambassador had to go to the hospital. He presently returned and the invitation was renewed. But again he had to cancel because of illness. At length, it was issued again, this time for dinner.

The day arrived for the dinner; my secretary, knowing that I worked late, reminded me as he left at 5:00 o'clock that I was invited for 8:00 o'clock, that I was not "to dress," and he dropped the remark in leaving that I was the only guest for dinner. It seemed that the Ambassador wanted to talk to me privately. This should have aroused me from my own preoccupations, but it didn't. For, to tell the truth, my mind was so engrossed with Congressional business and so absorbed in the Taft debates that I never really engaged it with the Chinese dinner.

I worked on until 7:00 o'clock and then started home, beyond the Chinese Embassy, to put on a clean shirt. Half-way home I put my mind, for the first time, on the evening, and realized to my dismay that I didn't even know who the Chinese Ambassador was! I was so stricken by this belated discovery that I actually pulled my car to the side of the street and debated whether I hadn't best return to my office and dig up the information. I decided, however, to brazen it out, reflecting that when one is the only guest, he doesn't require the name of the host. Anyhow, I said to myself, in case of need, I'll look in a book or something when the Ambassador's back is turned. Little did I reckon with events.

I was met at the door of the Embassy by a dapper Chinese gentleman, the Ambassador himself in person. He had dismissed the servants for the evening, with the exception of the one who served dinner; we were to have the evening together and completely alone. He welcomed me like a long-lost friend; and after several smooth drinks, which I couldn't identify save for their potency, we were treating each other like long-lost brothers, though to me he was an utter stranger. I guessed, however, that he sensed my disorientation, for he reminded me of where we had met, though I couldn't recall that we had ever met.

The meal was as good as the drinks, and by the time the dinner was half over, we were fraternizing like no diplomat's business. The meeting ground turned out to be this one thing we had in common: both had come from a world of scholarship to public life without adequate preparation for the stresses and strains which we met. And so we had many a *faux pas* to recall and much to share in merriment. He professed himself to be a scholar lost in the devious field of diplomacy, and as a professor of philosophy I certainly was out of my depth among the politicians. Each was empathizing with the *faux pas* of the other and identifying himself with the other's plight. At length, the Ambassador told a particularly good story on himself; and, now replete with food and animated with drink, I pushed my chair from the table and said: "That is so much like me that I feel as though I had made that blunder myself. I'm so complete an introvert," I went on, "that I never meet people if I can avoid it. It's not that I don't like people; I like them too much. There's hardly a man living whom I'd go around the block to meet in person. I'd listen to him on the radio; I'd read his books; but as for personal confrontation, that's just not my dish."

He was nodding his head vigorously that he was the same way.

"But," I said confidentially, "there's one man in the world I'd go across the continent to meet, just to shake his hand and talk with him for half an hour."

"And who, pray, is this prodigy?" he inquired innocently.

"It is," said I, "your distinguished fellow-national, the great Chinese philosopher, Hu Shih."

Adorning astonishment with the barest trace of a smile, he said simply, "I am Hu Shih."

The ball was over the bleachers. I couldn't say, "Of course I know who you are; I was only kidding." He saw that I didn't know, and I saw that he saw.

So accepting the situation for what it was, I intoned more to myself than to him (thanks to Robert Browning and to a convenient memory):

Ah, did I once see Shelley plain,
   And did he stop and speak to me?
And did I speak to him again?
   How strange it seems and new!

But I was living before that,
   And also I am living after;

Thereupon, without a moment's hesitation, that great man, in perfect English and with matchless magnanimity, quoted the remainder of Browning's "Memorabilia"—and added, "Your apologies are complete."

Of such things are my memorabilia.

A Roving Professor

Though from 1922 to 1948 my job was at the University of Chicago, and my professional residence there, I traveled widely in America on a teaching mission which outran that job. Mobility is, indeed, one of the attractions of the teaching profession. One's vacation time (and it is generous in higher education) is his to do with as he pleases. There is a traditional expectation that one will spend his vacation in professional self-improvement, but there is no accepted definition of the terms of that expectation, and nobody to "police" the expectation itself. One may teach for extra pay, at his own university or elsewhere, as opportunity offers. He may loaf. He may do research or write. While the University of Chicago has never had a sabbatical plan, either on whole or half pay, it has had its moral equivalent. It was possible in my day to "store up" vacation time beyond the ordinary quarter a year, taking several vacations together. I went to Europe in 1927 for nine months on full pay, six months being vacation and a quarter in between which I had earned by teaching extra.

In describing the various ways vacations can be spent, I am speaking in general rather than in particular. I myself never felt that vacation time belonged to me. I never needed more than a few days' rest, at that; and I thought I ought tangibly to improve myself for the job or enlighten the world from my leisure. While I never thought of myself as a "scholar," and so did not call what I did "research," I nevertheless gave back in writing the best I had, seldom letting a vacation pass without a book finished or one well begun. My first book, *The Democratic Way of Life* (1926), was largely written at an old, hardly habitable, farmhouse in the North Woods of Wisconsin, where my wife and I and a very young son were "camping out," awaiting the long-delayed construction of a cottage. The feeling passages in it on childhood were written while my son crawled around the "study" floor, exploring and sensitizing me to the wondrous world of the cracks.

It was not primarily in summer vacations, however, that I did my "roving." I discovered early what some seem never to learn—that to go elsewhere to teach is itself a vacation, both in diversion and in economy of time. A visiting professor is not ordinarily expected to do committee work, into which many teachers sink much of their time. One can ordinarily give such courses as he will (for instance, those along the line he is writing about or would like to write about), and this leads to concentration of the abundant time he has at his disposal. It does not always work out as well as it once worked out for me at Syracuse University. I went up there long ago to help the Maxwell School of Citizenship institute some work in social ethics. I had a small class, as was anticipated: two students, indeed, a girl and a boy. The girl had a car. So this is the way we arranged matters. I wrote my lectures in toto (a book I was doing), and furnished a copy of the lectures to each student; then once a week, in the generous girl's car, we three would drive to some shady place in the lovely Finger Lakes region for a discussion of what I had written as well as of other books they were reading. This gave the students the best I had, and, in addition, the excitement of being in on writing a book, co-authors as it were. And of course it gave me my leisure with no more distraction than the excitement of discussing with eager minds the ideas of the book.

The complaint one often hears from college teachers that they cannot find time to further their research or finish their writing nearly always reflects a lack of strategy or faulty habits of work. And, we may as well admit it, many teachers spend more time explaining to themselves or others why they are not writing than it should take to do the writing itself. Whatever faults I have had as a teacher, that is not one of them. I have often said, with more truth than humor, that I like so well to write that I'd write whether I had anything to say or not. One need not carry it that far; but habits of work, including skills like typing, are more important than any talk of what one is going to do. Habits set you down and put you at the job.

But the "strategy" of which I wish to speak is that of being a visiting professor. I have had more than my fair share of this, and I was always grieved when I was not able to accept visiting professorships. Apart from briefer sojourns of summer teaching —Columbia, Texas, Syracuse, with lectureships at Reed, Pomona, Claremont, Yale, Denver University, Princeton, Colgate, University of Hawaii, Queens, University of Kansas City, Ohio University at Athens, Wisconsin, Oklahoma, Florida—I have taught either for a semester or a whole year at Florida Southern, Stephens, Barnard, Cornell, Tulane, Illinois, Texas, and the University of California at Los Angeles. Some of these appointments were on vacation from the University of Chicago, some on leave of absence. In addition I have done television series at Syracuse, Iowa State, University of Pittsburgh, and Stephens.

When I transferred from Chicago to Syracuse in 1948, I entered upon a period of even more ease in arrangement. I had always intended to retire gradually, and thus lessen the shock of the transition into "leisure" ("The Leisure of the Theory Class," as the *Saturday Review* titled an article of mine on retirement). When I returned from military service in 1945, I dropped to two quarters of teaching on the same pay I had been getting for three quarters. My thought was that by the time I was sixty, I would drop to one quarter—and then by sixty-five I'd be so nearly retired that I'd hardly notice the difference. My plan worked out to the same end but by a somewhat different means.

When I went to Syracuse it was, generally speaking, on the understanding that I would teach only one semester a year, or half-time. The other half-year was mine to do with as I pleased. Since I had pretty well written myself out, I pleased for the most part to teach elsewhere for additional pay. One half-year I taught at Florida Southern, which had given me an honorary degree while I was yet in Congress; and another half-year I taught at Tulane, which gave me an honorary degree at the end of the time. I separate these two from the half-year at the University of Texas because of the unusual arrangement at both of them. I was paid not so much to teach as to represent the institution "at large." Tulane University offered me—"free of charge," I believe—in its name to any Southern educational institution that desired me to lecture. And Southern colleges were not slow in recognizing a "bargain" when they saw it. Though I reported at the Tulane campus each week for two or three hours of lecturing, the remainder of the time was spent off campus, reaching all the way from the Rio Grande Valley to Florida. My wife and I averaged driving more than a thousand miles a week during the entire half-year; and the amount of laryngeal liquidity which I spilled in the name of, and I hope in honor of, Tulane was something to behold.

I recall on the heaviest weekend giving eleven lectures to two or three colleges in the same region. The theory on which

Tulane had got the money for such a roving professorship was that it would inspirit Southern education. I hope it did. I certainly renewed my sympathies as a Southerner and deepened my compassion for the South's predicament, especially in regard to the race question. On this matter the South has gone faster than I could ever have expected. However far that is, the educated ones of the South in sense and sentiment have long since gone all the way.

The older New Orleans I did not much care for, other than to look at it with historic curiosity. But the present New Orleans left me most hopeful of the future, and the educators in and around Tulane put me forever in their debt as touching both respect and affection. Tulane is a better university than it gets credit for. I was privileged as the visiting professor of philosophy to write an introduction to Tulane's then beginning "Philosophical Studies," in which I argued for recognition of New Orleans as a cultural door opening to the fascinating and growing world of South America.

At Florida Southern College the arrangements were similar, except that there I was not formally teaching at all; and there my outside lecturing in the name of "Florida Southern" was confined to the state of Florida. But I bedewed the state with the best I had, speaking to realtors, ministers, high schools, colleges, and whoever else offered hospitality in return for cordiality.

During both these half-years of being a professor at large, I was reminded of, and made anew grateful for, what politics had done for me in the way of stamina. The political way of life is exacting enough at the best; but when the worst comes in the form of election year, the politician has or develops stamina almost beyond the limits of endurance. To campaign four times over a large state like Illinois, as I did in getting (and losing) the seat of congressman at large, is strenuous enough in theory. In practice it is fantastic. It meant traveling two or three hundred miles a day by car, in all sorts of weather, making from three to ten speeches a day, being constantly feted on the one side but constantly importuned on the other by poor people who thought you could help them (when mostly you couldn't). Even while academically "barnstorming" in Florida, I kept saying to myself over and over: "But compared to politics, this is the leisure life." Indeed I have long known, and known with gratitude, that politics makes any ordinary drains on human energy and stamina seem mild. Ever since the political days, I have been able to do twice as much as the ordinary professor and still feel that I was only coasting along. Thus did the Professor at large profit from his double, the Congressman at large.

The half-year I spent at Texas was easy and delightful. Save for an occasional incursion into the North and East for a radio or television appearance (this aspect of activity I have kept up, wherever I am), or a lecture appearance, I spent my time on the magnificent campus of my alma mater. Many old colleagues, my own professors, were still there; and many, many of my own Chicago students were now professors. My wife was an invalid, now approaching the last stages of her illness. But hospitality could and did easily overflow the bounds of entertainment, and in this spirit of hospitality we bathed ourselves. As usual, we bought a house with the extra money, that being the moss gathered by these two rolling stones. And as usual, we said as we left the beautiful city of Austin and the cordiality of the alma mater of both of us: "Let's retire at this place." But the nation is peopled with places to which we were going to retire, on a little real estate more likely than not the earnest of our (temporary) devotion. As daughter and son of Texas pioneers, our joint motto was William Vaughn Moody's concluding couplet of "Road-Hymn for the Start":

> God, who gives the bird its anguish, maketh nothing
>   manifest,
> But upon our lifted foreheads pours the boon of endless
>   quest.

The excitement of going to new places was more than either of us could resist. And the rewards were more than we could feel that we deserved. I think both of us—certainly I did—stood in constant awe of our good fortune. The roving gave me free time to write, by releasing me from committee work or from the more routine responsibility of helping to run a great university. By the time they found what a good committeeman I was, what an accomplished administrator I could be, we were ready to move on, to love, if not to conquer, new fields!

Before returning to the more conventional life of a professor at large, let me comment on experiences at two colleges for women: Barnard and Stephens. This is all the more called for since, except for these two experiences, my life has been with coeducational institutions.

The Barnard half-year (1948) was in response to an old friend, William Pepperell Montague, who kindly wished me to succeed him upon his retirement. Considering how much I owed to him and how much I loved him, I couldn't do less than try out the proposition. The half-year did not persuade me to accede to his generous thought, but it did enable me to see women's education at something like first hand. I reacted—especially at Barnard—against paternalism—or should I say maternalism? I regard colleges, on the moral side, as agencies to break home ties and toughen students to adult, impersonal relations: how to live alone and like it. Jane Addams expressed my view of Barnard in her youthful report on Rockford Seminary (from which she refused to be graduated until it toughened up its philosophy of life). She said of the then dean: "She does everything for the love of God alone, and I do not like that."

But let me not single out Barnard. While teaching there, I made it a point to visit other colleges for women: Vassar, Mount Holyoke, Connecticut College for Women, Wellesley, and Sweet Briar. Sweet Briar I was most surprised at and most enjoyed. President Meta Glass seemed a much more tough-minded person than most and sought to beget in her young women an attitude toward life more realistic and mature. And I liked the sense of humor in particular which I found in President Sarah G. Blanding of Vassar. In a playful moment, after she had written me as to my subject, I replied that I'd discuss "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle Wrecks the World." I got what was coming to me by finding that very subject printed for the audience and hurled at me when I was later introduced to speak. I was as proud of myself for getting out of it as of her for getting me into what I had of course never intended.

The Stephens semester (1957) was more innovatory. It was closed-circuit television. I gave two lectures a week, twenty minutes each, from the studio to nearly a thousand girls in the classrooms throughout the campus, they being broken up into small groups with a professor to each classroom. As soon as my voice ceased, the professor, without intermission, began discussion with the students. I then visited this group or that to see what tips I could get for the next lecture. So far as anybody could see, the routine worked well enough. The faculty voted by a large majority to continue the innovation on their own time. I liked it because it kept me from too much personal contact with the students. There was this one embarrassment, however: the girls knew me intimately after a few lectures and treated me on the campus as if I had the same advantage as they.

I have never learned to like television as I do radio. Radio is an introvert's paradise; but television is Big Business in the studio. It does have many compensations, however, and I prize it over and beyond my temperamental squeamishness. This is perhaps as good a place as any to remark my growing use of the medium. I have several television kinescopes that are now going the rounds. It is a queer feeling to run upon yourself, here, there, and yonder, without notice. One of my films which departed from "sweetness and light" has, I believe, been removed from circulation on the ground of being vulgar. It *is* vulgar, beautifully vulgar. It has to do with our first experience as military governors in World War II. It will hardly offend anyone who has traveled in Mediterranean lands.

It is the story of our occupation of the island of Lampedusa, and of an Italian-American sergeant whom we left in charge. He called the inhabitants together and told them to embrace the Four Freedoms—and cease defecating in the public highways.

They returned presently with a complaint: he was forcing down their throats freedoms which they'd never heard of and didn't give a damn for; and he was taking from them a freedom which they prized, they and their forefathers before them. This registered on the sergeant. He scratched his head and told them to ignore the Four Freedoms for a while but to quit committing nuisances in the Plaza. They went their way again and with one accord struck their own peculiar blow for freedom in the Plaza.

The moral is drawn by the historian in the *Saturday Review*: People disagree over what constitutes freedom, and some may despise what others treasure with their lives.

Let me return now to the more conventional life of a professor at large. This further discussion has to do with a whole academic year as visiting professor of philosophy in the Sage School of Philosophy at Cornell (1930–31), with a half-year each at Illinois and UCLA, followed later with a half-year at both Barnard and Stephens.

Cornell was significant, among other reasons, for maturing in me the commitment to politics, of which I have already spoken. Other universities came as gracious "tapering off" from politics. One of the hardest things about politics is getting out of its chores after you've been kicked out of its responsibilities. One contracts so many debts of friendliness (and of duties) that after he is out of office he must make up in graciousness what he lacks in power. Few people understand a politician and even fewer believe him when he says that he's sorry but he cannot do anything for them.

I was offered a permanent post in the Sage School of Philosophy at Cornell, better in both recognition and salary than I had, or hoped to have, at the University of Chicago. This was a post I would have liked to accept, for intangible reasons as well as the honor and salary. I had a tremendously interesting and rewarding year there as visiting professor. I met and became intimate with Carl Becker, and this was reward enough for several years. I do not recall how the friendship came about, but presently I found myself lunching once a week with Becker and the other friend he seemed closest to, Professor E. R. B. Willis of the Cornell library staff. It is a little remarkable, considering that both Becker and I were inclined, like true introverts (we had lunched together often for one summer at Chicago without really getting acquainted), to avoid making friends. It is perhaps the more remarkable in that Becker, though himself a philosopher in the large and generous meaning of the term, did not seem to me to have much use for philosophy in the technical sense of the term. He put his dubiety jocosely in the inscription he wrote in my copy of *The Heavenly City of 18th Century Philosophers*: "Dear Smith, I know this is not history. I hope it is philosophy, for else would it be moonshine. Or do you think the distinction oversubtle?"

Becker was a gentle spirit, shy and sensitive; he had a subtle mind, and a style worthy of the greatest subject matter. To have known him gave a roseate touch to my academic experience. Knowing him as I did and treasuring him as I must, it was a source of great satisfaction that through Professor Willis, my daughter-in-law, Charlotte Watkins Smith, got access to the Becker papers and became a biographer of Becker.

Becker was, then, one of the rewards of Cornell University. Another, on the lighter side, was a professor of geology who told me of his trouble with the Board of Regents. Shortly after completion of the new geology building, situated on the gorge where Lake Beebe drains over the dam, he was talking one day about faults in the earth's structure, and said, for instance, that if there were a fault beneath the building, they might wake up one day and find themselves in the gorge. A student reporter who had not been quite awake dropped his doze at the information that the building might slide into the gorge. By the time he got the story adumbrated, it made a scary headline, reflecting on the architect, the president of the University, and the official board. Before the story was reduced to sheer hypothesis, the professor said that his job had been in jeopardy.

"Why on earth did you say such a thing?" I jibed him.

"Oh," he replied, "you know how it is: I was just chinning along!"

I don't know where the colloquial expression comes from, but since that time it has stood for me as the perfect example of irresponsible talk—"just chinning along!" There is much too much of it in the professorate, though not more at Cornell than elsewhere. If any difference, I should guess less at Cornell than elsewhere. There is a scientific atmosphere, a tradition of responsibility at Cornell which I linked with Andrew D. White, who, with Ezra Cornell organized the University and became its first president. I asked, for example, two or three dozen scientists with whom I lunched from day to day what percentage of their time they estimated to be spent in serious thought, and how much in idle daydreaming. Though their estimate of responsible thought was, I guessed, twice too high (judging from my own experiences), they averaged as low as 25 per cent, an estimate which I took as honoring their honesty.

But what pleased me most about Cornell was its general philosophy. It will not be recalled by many, but is cause worthy of repentance, the all but downright persecution the early Cornell underwent because of its secularity, as one might say. I would myself describe it otherwise, as witness a story.

At the inauguration of the new chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh (1957), I sat in a somewhat darkened room beside a younger delegate, who introduced himself as from Cornell. I exclaimed:

"Cornell, the best university in America!"

"You are a Cornell man?" he naturally surmised.

"No," said I, "but I wish I were. Both my children went there, and I myself once taught there."

"May I inquire," asked he, "why you rate the University so high?"

And then, not knowing the function of the man to whom I was speaking, I put both feet into my mouth, as the word goes, "Cornell is the one great American university which has never let 'religion' get in the way of the *spiritual* life."

Characteristically, he tapped me on the knee, saying, "That's good, that's good—I'm Professor Glenn Olds, in charge of the affiliated religious work at Cornell."

Hard thereupon followed an invitation from him which in conscience I was bound to accept, to lecture there on an enterprise of comparative religion.

All of this is but my way of saying, and perhaps somewhat extending, what Andrew D. White had said in a book highly influential on my undergraduate growth, *The Warfare of Science with Theology*. In this book, carefully distinguishing between religion and theology, White showed, or thought to show, that wherever religion has been in conflict with the spiritual life, religion has always been wrong. Which is to say, swinging free from White, that the spirit of man is bigger than any of its products. Whatever has been created by imagination out of human wonder is product of the spirit; and imagination, curiosity, is the very process of spirituality. Belittling is any view of life which does not find room for all its ideal enterprises.

Religion is one of these, but only one. Science, beginning in wonder; art, beginning in contemplation; politics, beginning in sympathy—these and all the great enterprises of man are process and product of spirit. This whole is larger than any part and more valuable than all its parts. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Chicago—all these began as church schools and have had to outgrow their past in order to confront their future creatively. All of these carry stigmata, not to say traumata, of the painful past. Cornell had the good fortune to start free and so to have saved all its energies for growth in freedom.

This history may or may not have been causally connected with the other intangible factor which endeared Cornell to me. I refer to the sturdy individualism which prevailed in the days when I taught there. These were the days before "the organization man." Each professor taught what he wished in whatever way he desired, setting his classes at whatever hour he chose. This was at times hard on students, but it gave the student heavy compensation for any inconvenience it caused him. It gave him confrontation with a Man when he did get to the classroom. There was maintained, too, at Cornell a formality which is somehow required to keep friendliness from sinking into fraternity. The symbol of this precious individualism I thought I saw everywhere, especially in faculty meetings. Colleagues never addressed one another by name, but by title: "The Professor of History," for Becker; "The Professor of Philosophy," for Cunningham.

That Cornell has maintained this tradition I doubt. Indeed, I fear that organizationitis has found rootage there as it has borne wry fruit elsewhere in American life. But what of this spirit has been lost measures the decline of Cornell from the high plateau of its founding and from the intervening hilltops of its honorable history. The spiritual life implies a mastery of categories and an uninvidious utilization of them all. Goodness is not to be subsumed under Beauty, nor Beauty under Truth; but all alike and equally are to be made autonomous to the enrichment of the spiritual life. The Texas of my undergraduate years and the Cornell of my middle life stand for me as the liveliest symbols of what human life can be when it is highest and best.

My half-year at Illinois came about when I was defeated for Congressman at large in November, too late for me to return that semester to the University of Chicago. I had a leave of absence for the year, for which I did not care to ask abbreviation. Moreover, ever since my days in the state senate, where I nominated myself informally to be guardian of the University of Illinois, as formally (by virtue of being chairman of the proper committee) I was guardian of the teachers' colleges of the state, I had been solicitous of, and an admirer of, the state university. I gladly accepted, therefore, an invitation to become visiting professor for the second semester of that academic year 1940–41. In order to get money at that late date for my salary, the University had to do some scraping. My salary was divided between two departments and as testimonial to the double spring of my succor, I became professor of education as well as of philosophy. From my connection with the College of Education arose an incident which shows how human academic people are, even those at the very top of eminence.

The dean of this college was a colorful man, indeed something of a stormy petrel, albeit an intelligent and energetic administrator. When I saw him in trouble it was my natural instinct to go to the aid of my new "chief." But he was always in trouble; and I learned new caution, not to say prudence, from an incident involving him. During my absence of several days from the University, another of my friends—himself an enemy of my dean and a force in the University—got up on a chair to interrupt a faculty dance and to announce to the learned dancers that the dean was an s.o.b. This created quite a stir. Somebody had to go to the Dean with it (himself absent from the dance). By the time I returned, the University was astir, sides were forming, and the war was on. (Academic wars can be more strident than most.) As a more-or-less outsider, as a friend to and an admirer of both the principals, I elected myself to become peacemaker. I went to the professor who had thrown down the gauntlet, pressed him to realize how serious it was to divide a great university over personal matters, and put it to him squarely:

"We've all been drunk, and understand how such things happen. Why don't you go to the Dean and tell him you were drunk, and are sorry for what you said?" His reply was so human that it needs no further comment:

"I know I was drunk, and I'd be inclined to do what you suggest if it weren't for the further fact that now I'm sober, and the Dean is still an s.o.b."

The other memorable experience I had at the University of Illinois as a professor at large had to do with the radio and one of America's most colorful personalities and beloved poets, Carl Sandburg. One of my courses was broadcast daily from the classroom, over the University station, WILL. Carl Sandburg was then living on Lake Michigan across the lake from Chicago, where his wife ran a goat farm while he managed cosmic affairs through poetic clairvoyance. Carl got into the habit of listening to my broadcasts—and setting me right by a stream of postcard instructions.

Poets are wonderful people to have abroad in the world, but they are not always the most rational people to have as public censors or as private mentors. Sandburg had long essayed both roles with me. While I was in politics I never knew what posture to assume upon meeting Constituent Sandburg. Depending on the latest speech I had made or the most recent roll call of mine which he had inspected, he would be a marvelous friend or an influential enemy. Now luckily I was out of politics and could answer him with impunity (not that I didn't do it, though with punity, while in politics). I always replied to his tirades, some of which were as friendly as others were hostile. But I was an avid reader of whatever Sandburg wrote (my staff at Washington gave me his rich volumes on Lincoln as a birthday present), and much preferred his esteem to his enmity. With the poet, all's well that ends well. After the course was over and the political days were receding to a niche in treasured memory, I took a nanny goat over to his farm to be bred. I saw working near the barn a shabbily dressed workman who, upon further and closer inspection, turned out to be the rustic poet himself.

He greeted me with friendliness, and then gave fruit meet for repentance. He not only took me for a drink of cold goat's milk, but sent me away with the accolade which I had never heard so put before: "You're as good as a deacon in our church." (William Allen White, "Sage of Emporia," clothed the same approbation once on his porch in Emporia in an expression which also I had never heard before nor have I heard it since: "You've got money in my bank.")

On the Pacific Coast, I spent a half-year at UCLA; and at the University of Washington, though not a half-year, a short term as visiting lecturer. The only memory I have of the Los Angeles experience, except that of several unusually good students (one undergraduate writing, "Compromise is the highest good and the lowest evil of the political life"), is life in the San Fernando Valley and the drive back and forth over the Sepulveda highway some thirty miles. I never failed to get inspiration from that thirty-odd-mile drive, nor failed of further inspiration in climbing the foothills of the mountains, when the school day was done. Under the joint inspiration of boulevard and mountains I wrote a textbook, published in 1948, titled *Constructive Ethics with Contemporary Readings* (later abbreviated as a paperback, *Constructive Ethics*).

I must say a further word about this textbook, since so few others have ever mentioned it. (Like one of David Hume's books, "It fell stillborn from the press.") It was not royalties, nor even the hope of royalties, which commended the book so heavily to me. It was the doctrine of the book, which seemed to me to need clarification and emphasis, and the opportuneness of time and place. The time was immediately after World War II, the place was the United States of America as only then expanded into a worldwide role.

In the Army I had been concretely impressed as to something I had always known abstractly: the tremendous difference in morale that a single individual can make, especially in closely geared hierarchies. As I have previously said, a proper commander can make a proper unit, and, alas, vice versa. I wanted to praise the joy and efficiency of personal responsibility; and I wanted to do this at a time when only patriotism could furnish the field for such responsibility. As America took up a cosmopolitan role at the periphery of our military victory, I bespoke a white heat of love of country. I hoped that a time which so obviously required a new dedication to our role would render the role emotionally acceptable. It turned out more nearly the opposite. Soldiers were tired of patriotism but were willing in peacetime to become "organization men" from motives of prudence.

The "doctrine" to which I have referred was connoted in the adjective of the title, "constructive." All ethics is constructive in a way, but this book was to be constructive in a larger sense. In my purview room was to be found for all points of view. Any ethical doctrine (or religious, for that matter) which has stood the test of time, and has been seasoned by historic testing, is legitimate and, in general, is as good as any other. This would have meant to a cynic that none of them were any good, all being bitten by the tooth of time and corrupted by cultural relativity. But I meant something entirely affirmative. They are all *equally* good, and all *very* good. Truth to tell, each great doctrine borrows from all others until nothing is left out of use. Each furnishes the vantage of a different point of view, but from this pluralism of approach there issues a monism of views. No great system leaves out much, if anything, which any other system contains. If this be true—and it seemed to me, back from a worldwide mission, to be observably true—then it is of the highest importance. And the importance was matched, as I have said, by what I thought its opportuneness.

Be that as it may, the book was adopted by few colleges and universities, and had little influence on the teaching of ethics in the postwar generation. I do not remark it in order to make public tears seem appropriate. I agree with Spinoza that regret is a vice which wisdom can ill afford. Moreover, I have always been inclined to think, when I discover that everybody is out of step save me, that I am but marching to my own time. My own thesis involved the belief that others, from their standpoints, would take up, at least by osmosis, what of value there was in my system. And I suspect that that *is* the way it has worked in this case. Nothing worthy of influence is ever wholly without influence.

While I was on the teaching assignment at Los Angeles, and was finishing the ethics textbook, I was offered and accepted two academic missions which afforded diversion and gave importance to my remaining life. The one was to Syracuse University, to give the inaugural address at the installation of an old friend, Paul Appleby, as dean of the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs. The other was to give the inaugural address at the installation of Dr. Raymond Allen as president of the University of Washington. Let me speak of the latter first.

THAT INVITATION to the University of Washington opened lasting windows of personal pleasure and professional wisdom. On the personal side, it led not only to a rich acquaintanceship with Dr. Allen but also a fine friendship with the President's wife, Dorothy Allen, an ideal wife for an able president. (I have always called her "Dorothy D.," the "D" being both simply and brazenly for "Darling." With all her efficiency, she is also that.)

My relationship with President Allen could have gotten off to a bad start if he had not been a big enough man to overlook a mishap. I warned the inaugural committee that I would speak extempore and suggested that if a copy of the speech was likely to be demanded, a steno-typist should be on hand. This suggestion was not followed. So I supposed the speech was to be for the occasion, not "for the ages." There was demand for it, however, much demand; and the University later requested a copy. Upon my declination, they requested with urgency. But I stood my ground. As remarked elsewhere, the idiom of speech and the idiom of writing are so diverse with me that it is with painful pleasure that I make the conversion either way. But this was only half the story. The other half I could not give as a reason, and maintain my reputation for modesty. The speech was on the role of poetry in the life of imagination and action. Most of it *was* poetry. I love poetry and can read it so as to bring forth its meaning. Most people cannot read it at all. I was not willing to make mediocre through general incapacity what had been a distinguished performance. I thought I owed to the University, as well as to myself, not to let them debase the coinage of deference. Some did not understand and did not accept my "stubbornness." Allen accepted, whether he understood or not. Dorothy both accepted and understood.

But this was the beginning, not the ending, of the Allen relationship. President Allen is, by training, a medical man, and this makes all the more remarkable the kind of academic person he is. I was to find out his peculiar qualities under circumstances that were also strained.

Some years after he took office, and while his University was investigating communism within the faculty, I went to the West Coast on a lecture tour. I had not kept up with the investigation at Seattle, so little indeed that I thought it was long over. Allen asked me to lecture at the University and I accepted as a matter of course. I told him that I'd like to lecture on communism. (I had just finished a public debate on the subject at the University of Chicago with a West Coast organizer of the Communist Party, and was both hot and ready.) Instead of "wising me up" or "telling me off," Allen, with a gesture so deft I didn't get it, let me come on out to lecture on communism in a community rent with dissension at an hour when the final showdown before the Board of Regents was imminent (in determination of how many, if any, of the professors were to be fired for Party membership). I was chagrined when I got there and found what I had got myself in for. Visitors ought to be silent in family quarrels.

Instead of suggesting that even at that late hour I change my subject, President Allen took my breath away by asking whether I'd like to have a public debate with one of the men up for dismissal as a Communist. Dr. Herbert J. Phillips, a philosopher, had written Dr. Allen a letter saying that I ought to divide the time with him, since obviously mine was not to be an unbiased, matter-of-fact account of Communism. Allen showed me the letter approvingly. I had never known a president like that, one willing to pour oil on already blazing water. I expressed disbelief that he meant the suggestion. He replied simply that Dr. Phillips had not yet been convicted, that he was indeed still a member of the faculty with all his rights. I declined to advertize Phillips by sharing time with him, leaving it to the President to provide some other audience for him. This was all the harder for me to do because, as I have said, I was "loaded for bear" (and I do mean *bear*) from my Chicago debate. I was all the more glad that I did as I had done, however, after listening to the speech which I stayed to hear Phillips make before the Board of Regents. His speech was utterly uncalled for, since he had an attorney who had done all that was requisite, and all his rights had been respected.

But Phillips wished to be heard, and was heard to declare, substantially, that the Board now had the power and would of course persecute him; but tomorrow he'd have the power, and then they'd get what was coming to them. And this from a man who had been accorded every right and most of the courtesies of a democratic tolerance and indulgence.

But let me catch up with my story. I stayed around to see the trial through. Many universities had the problem of what to do about Communist Party members on the staff. But President Allen was the first academic executive, I believe, of national stature who had openly taken the position that Party membership, where proved or, as with Phillips, admitted, was itself enough to disqualify from a faculty devoted disinterestedly to truth. I was asked by the New York *Herald Tribune* to report the trial. This gave me access to hearings that were not public, and confirmed my belief that President Allen's position was right. He and I subsequently defended the position from New York on the radio program "Town Hall of the Air." I may add that his position came to be the one generally adopted, if not always by the professors, by the American college and university presidents. Allen and I later served together on a commission (1956) which, through the march of strident events, has long since ceased to be top secret: "The Eisenhower Commission on Behavioral Research." It was a pleasure for me to see in what esteem the President of the nation held President Allen and with what patriotism and proficiency Allen functions as a morale agent with other men.

THE SYRACUSE MISSION, also deeply pleasant, was destined to have more institutional significance. It led to my leaving the University of Chicago after more than a quarter-century and taking up new duties. "Go West, young man" was reversed in my life. Paul Appleby, not an academic man, had been made dean of the Maxwell School, one of the most significant American centers for studying citizenship and public administration. He wanted me to give his inaugural address. Difficult as Syracuse is of access from Los Angeles, I could not graciously decline. Not only had Paul and I been friends since the New Deal days at Washington, but I had been a friend of the school since its foundation more than a quarter-century before. I had known its first dean, William E. Mosher, had taught on his early faculty, and had often visited the school to lecture before both faculty and students. My work in politics, state and national, had sensitized me to the importance of graduate work in public administration and had re-invested with dignity the undergraduate work in citizenship training. Appleby had been commissioned to rejuvenate the school and was coming from a distinguished career at Washington as (at various times) Under Secretary of Agriculture, Under Secretary of State, and Deputy Associate Director of the U.S. Budget.

After the ceremonies were over and my address, on "Citizenship: Classic and Contemporary," had been given, the new Dean asked me whether I wouldn't come on and join in the work which lay near both our hearts. I replied that I had a job which engaged my imagination and challenged all my energies.

"I've heard," pursued Appleby, "that you and your President don't get along well."

"So far as that is true," I replied, "it is reason for my staying at Chicago rather than for leaving. To tell you the truth, Hutchins is one man out of ten million, and I'd rather argue with him for a week than to agree with any other president for a month. Hutchins only needs stout but sympathetic opposition to be a model president, and I propose to keep giving him both kinds."

Appleby, wily dean that he already was, changed his tack, and asked simply whether there was anything I wanted that I didn't have at Chicago. Put like that, of course, I had to admit that Chicago wasn't heaven. But when Appleby pushed me to name what it was, I hesitated, stumbled, and he helped me to fall.

"Do you have all the salary you think you deserve?" he pried.

"No. Who has?"

"How much do you think you ought to have?"

I screwed up my audacity and named a figure almost twice as much as I was getting at Chicago.

He replied, to my utter surprise, "I think we could afford you that." I was thrown off balance in the play at bargaining. I say "play," for I had no earthly thought of leaving Chicago, and certainly not in order to go to Syracuse. I knew that financially Syracuse was a poor university, nor was it first class throughout. He returned to the prying tack, helping me to recall any other lacks in my life.

"Do you have as short hours as your writing requires?"

"Well, no, if you put it baldly, like that."

"What hours *do* you teach?" Hutchins had just enabled me to say: "Eight hours a week for two quarters a year."

"And what would you like?" he continued.

"Six hours a week for one semester," I replied brazenly.

"I think that could be arranged," he remarked to my further surprise and to the beginning of my alarm. I had not been serious, and yet I was receiving serious answers to questions that might come to require serious thought.

"Is there anything else?"

"Yes," I said, in full knowledge that this would rope him off. "I began my teaching under the title 'Professor of Poetry.' I quit that in discouragement over the poor job I was doing at a great enterprise. I've always sworn that I'd return to poetry if I ever got wise enough to teach it. It's perhaps now or never. Meantime I have been both a student and practitioner of politics, and all the years I have been by title 'Professor of Philosophy.' I want to synthesize my three endeavors by finding out how they are related. In short, I want to be 'Professor of Poetry, Politics, and Philosophy.' " And I added: "I've told Hutchins that if he wants to get rid of me, he should get me that kind of roving professorship."

Inquired Appleby, "You can't get that kind of job at Chicago?"

"No," replied I, truly. "Not at Chicago or anywhere else. Such spread does too much violence to the departmental system. Chicago is the freest of all places, but not free enough for that."

"I don't know that it could be done at Syracuse," said the Dean seriously. "But I'll find out. If so, and if the other two conditions can be met, will you come to Syracuse?"

Serious now, but still not too much alarmed, I replied simply, "Yes."

Within a short time, the Dean telegraphed me that all was arranged, and when could he announce the appointment? The English and Philosophy Departments were agreeable, and my influence on a thousand freshmen a year in citizenship was waiting to be claimed. I still wonder that Syracuse could do it; but they not only promised me the sun and moon but delivered me the stars after I got there. I always marveled at, but never lived to regret, the audacious business of pulling up roots at Chicago where rootage was deep and wide. My wife was happier at Syracuse than at Chicago; my children, who were away in school, liked the place when they came home; and when we moved to the country and established an estate, "Four Winds," we were all more than content.

To work under Appleby was a pleasure. To work with Stuart Brown was a reward, and to be received cordially in my old bailiwick of English literature was to me delightful deference. (I may add that I still was not wise enough to do justice by poetry, but to try was itself not without reward.)

Why did I go? I hardly know. I was tricked into going. But why, *really*, did I go? Well, I was still tricked into going—but willingly tricked. I went partly because of Hutchins, but not much for that reason. I went partly because I was out of politics, but still had to waste much time in being gracious to people who had been kind to me, but whom I now could little help. I hadn't enough energy to get back into the forty-eight-hour-a-day business of politics. To leave Illinois would break those ties and ease the strain. I went to Syracuse partly because I was in the way of the advancement of my quiet friend and beloved colleague at Chicago, Charner M. Perry. I went partly because the retirement system (and I had fallen behind my schedule of contributions during the war) was more generous at Syracuse (University's share of 9 per cent to the professor's 6 per cent) than at Chicago (where each contributed 5 per cent of the professor's salary). I went, finally and chiefly, because I was, and my wife was, adventurous. We went *to* Syracuse, let us say, because we were *from* Texas.

I learned later that one reason we could go on my tripartite terms was that I didn't want to be chairman of any of the three departments involved—indeed, because I refused to be head of anything but myself!

As men have little to do with their birth, so they have much less than they think to do with their subsequent careers. I would not recommend to others that they pull up such deep roots as I had at Chicago to settle elsewhere, and especially not after mid-life. I went to Syracuse with less than a decade left until retirement. I went on a dare, which developed into a duty, and expanded into a happy decade.

To pour the energy which hitherto had gone into politics into training a thousand young men and women to see in politics something which I felt, was exciting and rewarding. To work with a gallant dozen and a half of gifted younger teachers, to become "senior colleague" to all those "junior colleagues," from freshmen to new doctors; to be accorded deference on every hand, and that beyond my worth—all this was my lot and my happiness at Syracuse.

And let me say a final word upon the performance of a University which promised me so much. After I got there, I found that as a matter of course I was to be provided with a secretary (hardly to be had elsewhere, even by argument and with bargaining). The fact that I presently returned her in order to be, as I had always been, my own secretary, never diminished my gratitude or altered my pride in a University which gave more than it promised. At the end of my career the Department of Philosophy, always most cordial, though my major emphasis was in the Department of Citizenship, published a volume of essays over-honoring my philosophy, as indeed the Maxwell Graduate School had published a volume in my honor upon being inducted into my post. These two volumes—*The Three-P Professorship* and *Retrospect and Prospect*—constitute a symbol of my pride in the Syracuse years.

And, as if this were not enough, the University gave me recognition not often accorded by universities to their own, an honorary degree. I accused the Chancellor—the inimitable William Pearson Tolley—of doing this as a bribe to get me to keep two old friends of mine out of each other's hair as they got their honorary doctorates and shared the Commencement speaking between them: the Honorable Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Honorable Joseph Martin, Past Speaker and always prospective speaker of the House. Representative Martin told me later that there hung in his office a framed verse (and I believe Representative Rayburn could have told me the same thing) which I had composed in their joint honor and which the Chancellor asked me to perpetrate at a Syracuse luncheon which he gave in honor of them and other guests:

Mr. Sam and Mr. Joe

Mr. Sam and Mr. Joe,
They come as two, as one they go,
The weal of each the other's woe—
Mr. Sam and Mr. Joe.

Mr. Joe and Mr. Sam,
In public butt like any a ram,
But privately each is a lamb—
Mr. Joe and Mr. Sam.

One for the money, two for the show,
Three to make ready and four to go:
Whistle each triumph, but whistle it low:
Honorable Sam and Honorable Joe.

How yields this miracle of strife:
That two times two is five?
It yields when great men greatly strive,
When compromise is kept alive—
'Tis then that justice thrives.

To Dr. Joe and Dr. Sam our glasses now we
raise:

To each and both let us invoke unnumbered
  happy days—
That party strife may justice raise,
And sportsmanship grace all our ways.

Better than any deference I could pay those two stalwarts was the imaginative tribute paid me and my three-pillared post. For the inaugural occasion the Maxwell School invited a dozen or more eminent guests from outside the city of Syracuse and requested each of these to prepare a brief response to the query "What would I do if invited to become Professor of Poetry, Politics, and Philosophy?" The responses and my inaugural address were published in 1949 by the University under the title *The Three Syracuses and the Three-P Professorship*. I insert here the fable (pp. 31–33) contributed by Josephine Young Case, a poet of distinction in her own right, who functions on the day shift as wife of the President of Colgate University and on the night shift as a cultural custodian of literary America:

When the animals met together to talk about what to do with man and the earth, they first fell to quarrelling as to which was of the greatest importance to the human race.

"I, of course," said the horse, "it was I who dragged him from his primaeval state. Without me civilization would have died in the egg."

"Not at all," said the cow, "it is I who have nourished him. My importance has been increasing as yours has diminished. Without me his calves would die."

"But I am his friend," said the dog, "it is I who reassure him of the reality of love and loyalty. Without me he would despair and perish."

The cat did not care to argue, but when pressed she said, "It is clear that there is no claim equal to mine. For I am all that he admires and seldom attains—grace, relaxation, self-control, dispassionateness; and I am beauty on the hearth."

The wild animals said nothing, for they did not want to be of use to man. But what happened to him and to the earth was of importance to them so they had come to the meeting and sat in the outer circle listening. When the argument of the domestic animals became tiresome, however, the lion opened his mouth, and all fell silent.

"Let us discuss the question and not ourselves," he said mildly, "for neither man nor we will inhabit the earth much longer if something is not done. We all understand and admit the gravity of the situation—which is more than man can say. But we after all have the immediate testimony of our brothers from Bikini, and it is at their instance that this meeting has been called. It is characteristic of man to forget that the earth, which he plays with so lightly, is our home, and that our lives are unfortunately tangled with his. In the present situation it is clear that not only our domestic friends but the most remote of you others are implicated in this problem."

He paused to stare reprovingly at the antelope of Irak who were grazing at the outermost margin of the circle.

"Not the zebra of Africa nor the armadillo of South America is safe from the results of man's latest toy."

There were many answers, and the meeting lasted long. The wolves were in favor of concerted action for the use of force, and they were joined by the tigers and most of the wild carnivora. Their old-fashioned ideas were soon voted down, but others involving the use of economic pressures were discussed. The rats and mice offered to destroy food in great quantities; the deer and others of the divided hoof volunteered to devour all the grains. But there were others who pointed out that these measures would merely hasten destructive war as populations became hungrier and more frantic. The penguin suggested that all the cows in the world refuse to let down their milk until man agreed to peace; surely under this threat to his babies he would agree. But the cow rolled her eyes at the penguin and shifted her cud. "I think you do not understand the nature of cows," she said.

Nothing that the animals could think of seemed to lead definitively toward peace. Nearly everyone spoke, and although there was some wrangling the question had now assumed so true an importance in their minds that at the end, when their powerlessness became more clear, they fell into dispirited silence, broken only by an occasional discussion among the wiser or the rasher minds. The sun was low, and it was plain that no conclusions had been or would be reached.

It was at this moment that a newcomer walked from the wood upon the scene. In the low rays of the sun his smooth white coat shone golden and his hooves glittered as he moved. The light was reflected from the pearl-white surface of his single horn so that his head seemed to flash as he went to the center of the circle and opened his mouth to speak.

"I have heard your discussion," he said, "perhaps I can be of assistance."

They stared at him in silence. The dog moved nearer, sniffing. There was no scent.

"But," said the dog, his tail straight out and perfectly still, "but—you're not real."

"I know," said the unicorn; "perhaps that is why I can help."

A Hit-and-Run Orator

It has become clear enough, perhaps by painful example as well as by patient preachment, that oratory is to me an honored enterprise. It is not always and everywhere appropriate—not in the parlor, nor in the factory, not in a bank, and least of all in the boudoir. But where oratory is appropriate, it is highly honorable, and not without a certain utility in the world. I have never been able to disdain it. Nor have I ever been able to resist its undertow on my written style.

My love for oratory not only inclined me to politics but it compensated for much in the political life. Wherever there is collective life, there is oratory as a required supplement to communication; for it is not enough to make sense; we must also make sentiment in favor of sense. If we are to understand each other, there is a "feel" about the collective life which, if lacking, lacking also is the impetus to act together.

To put it another way, men working together constitute a new entity. Where two or three are gathered together in *any* name, there a new spirit arises in the midst of them. It may be good, it may be bad; but it is the precipitate of groupism. Now somebody must meet and treat with this new spirit. Let us call the spirit by its classic name, Demos. "The People" have been reprobated and they have been idolized; but, first of all, they must be recognized. A collectivity does not have to be a mob, though it may become one. It has only to be itself, something more than its elements all taken separately. Whoever does not recognize this new entity can never be a leader of it. Whoever recognizes, honors, and leads it, does so by observing the protocol which exists for honorable intercourse between all such metaphysical entities.

In recognition of it, one must raise his voice to the orotund; for it is no longer a tête-à-tête, but an audience. In short, a person must become a personage in order to meet another personage on the level ("Demos" in this case). And if they do not "meet upon the level," as the saying goes, they will hardly "part on the square." The orator is the intermediary who meets Demos face to face and gives and gets the message. "Of course I must follow the crowd, for I am their leader," said the diffident politician.

In this ambivalence lies the danger, as well as the virtuosity, of oratory. The inflation of a person to a personage is at first not intoxicating. Indeed, for many it is at the first distasteful, even painful. (It's easy, as the maxim goes, to make a speech, but it's hard to try to make one!) But the effort, if well met, grows on what it feeds upon and presently one has lost the lancet (sense of humor, modesty, etc.) through which deflation from personage to person is accomplished. Then the personage takes over, like a demoniac possession; and the now chronic speechmaker goes about shouting in the parlor if not soliloquizing aloud in the woods. As Kipling says,

> And when the cattle lowed at twilight-time,
> He dreamed it was the clamour of lost crowds,
> And howled among the beasts.

Man, the individual, is not built on the scale proper to maintain such pomposity; and so to surrender permanently to the temptation to be puffed up is veritably for the person to lose his soul. One sees this frequently not only from the rostrum and the stump, but from the pulpit as well. The latter debacle we may call Theogoguery, as the former is called Demagoguery.

But the fact that this temptation sometimes leads the person astray and destroys his integrity as an individual does not argue against its necessity but only against its abuse. Its use concerns us the more. And its use is to recognize the creative impetus in the crowd, to gratify the urge toward collectivity, and to direct the vast new energies of the crowd in a way which persons themselves can approve as furthering the conditions of their own growth and inner satisfaction. In some such imagery have I now and then tried to state to myself the relation between a leader and the collectivity which must be led or desperately feared. If Demos does not meet Orator, then Demos runs amuck because he has not "met his match." I once wrote for the *New York Times Magazine* a comparative account of the four great orators of World War II fame: Hitler, Mussolini, Roosevelt, and Churchill.

But this is to start the subject too high. The stuff of oratory is humbler than the orotund, though that marks its zenith. It is made up of words, spoken words: "In the beginning was the Word," and not merely in the beginning, as we shall see.

Let me catch here the echoes of a speech I once made in the Illinois Senate on the freedom, and the joys, of speech:

> Half the fun of life is in flowing freely at the mouth. This liquidity of oratory may be but a bubble at the tea table, rising to a babble befor the liquored bar and striding to a bickering before the enrobed bench. It may be the whispered retinue of sweet nothings—all important, say the poets, in the high art of making love. It may rise to a nobler gushing from the rostrum and the stump. It may become an avalanche of foam and fury in the presence of hardly suffered wrong. In whatever form the flowing flows, the heart is eased of fulness so that it may enjoy itself to fulness once again and back again. . . .

Half the rewards of all silent days arise from talk projected or from talk remembered. . . . As in the beginning so in the ending, there is the word. The *word* remains and abides.

Newspapers are but talk still sticky with ink; magazines talk when the ink has dried; books, talk canned in decorous code and preserved against hours of solitude and silence. Our meditative musing is but free-wheeling talk, and our most cogent thinking, talk rehearsed in private against the happy hour when the stage will once more be ours. Talk is full telltale of our simian ancestry, chattering among the trees; talk is full commemorative of our human heritage, sharing sense through sound; talk is faintly predictive of our fairest clairvoyance, in some romance-grounded after-gloaming of perfect understanding. Meantime, orators live fullest who talk best.

All this is prologue to the role that oratory has played in my own life. It has been not only quantitatively important but also qualitatively. My practice has been chiefly of the hit-and-run variety. This is distinct from the oratory of the preacher or the lawyer or even of the politician. Each of these orators, in different degree, has to orate at home, to the same crowd. This lays a burden of continuity upon the orator, and requires him to meet new occasions with new material. His is oratory with full responsibility, if we may so describe it. The other oratory is more fun. President Robert M. Hutchins, in his Chicago days, once said to me, as he returned from Texas redolent with new deference: "I've got to get invitations more than a thousand miles from home; within that radius they've heard my speech." This consideration is not generally as inhibitory as it should be, but it does cast a shadow over the best orator.

Indulgence in the ancient art has been easier for me than for those more circumscribed by geography. The sky has been my limit! I have had a field as large as the nation (including Hawaii). Unless I doubled back on my tracks, one speech would do for all occasions, if the speech was sufficiently flexible and strategic. And even when made at the same place, but in different years, it could be largely the same speech—especially if advertized under different titles. Those who think the same speech would bore even the orator do not know that oratory is an art which feeds upon its own growing perfection. If one has his speech memorized, so much the better: he can then give full attention to the perfecting of tones, cadences, and gestures (the last, however, I have mostly eschewed since a speech professor of mine once said that when I made a gesture, it reminded him of nothing so much as a cow on the stage!).

The better the speech, however, or at least the more memorable it is, the greater the risk in repeating it. People love speeches repeated until the grooves are worn smooth, but they don't like to get caught loving the repetition. I have given some speeches that were remembered for years. I shall speak of them when I come to discuss the content of oratory.

I started the business of public lecturing as soon as I began to teach at the University of Chicago, 1922. Indeed, I left Texas on a wave of oratory, as it were, having read an eloquent paper deep in the Bible Belt on the unstrategic subject of "Psychoanalysis as a Substitute for Salvation." This gave sanctimonious ministers, I was told, something to orate about for some weeks. In Chicago my early fee, if any, was twenty-five dollars. But my progress, money-wise, was rapid through a mostly fortuitous circumstance. Early in my career, I got dragged into a debate with the famous attorney Clarence Darrow, then at the height of his power. Little doubt some better-known foil had failed the occasion. That's what almost any opponent was—a foil to give Darrow a chance to exhibit his forensic prowess. He alone was enough to draw a crowd anywhere in America, but the semblance of a dog fight never did any harm to the pull of public occasion. Darrow was generous with his time, though first and last he made a good deal of money in public lecturing. The fee, however, could be scaled down, or dispensed with, if the "cause" appealed to him sufficiently. I shall speak elsewhere of debate as a form of oratory. Here it is enough to indicate that in a single afternoon Darrow made me a public figure throughout Chicago, and presently throughout the Middle West. It was fame-by-association.

This debating with Darrow did not continue very long, for a reason that I hope was honorable to both of us. The difference between us on great metaphysical issues (which he preferred to debate) was so small that we got ashamed to take the people's money for shadow boxing. Our traveling act, however, continued long enough to lift my fee to a hundred dollars. Perhaps something like half my public appearances until middle life were "benefit" performances; but when I did get paid, it was at a rate which, for a professor, was remunerative. To tell the truth, I never felt that I was worth more than a hundred dollars, regardless of what the market was made to bear, or bore.

A columnist in Chicago told this story on me—a good story whether he could vouch for it or not. He reported that I replied to a query as to my fee: "I'll lecture two hours for a hundred dollars, one hour for two hundred, one-half hour for three hundred, and four hundred for twenty minutes or less."

There's good sense back of the story. Any orator can drool along for two hours with little pain of preparation and less tension in delivery; but for a short speech, it requires care and all-but-memorized delivery. Very frequently I got more than I thought I was worth, for the scale was flexible and in our society one tends to charge what the traffic will bear. I remember once getting hoisted by my own petard. A women's club asked me what my fee was. Knowing it was a wealthy club, or thinking so at least, I replied that I would lecture for the maximum fee they had paid in the last five years, plus one dollar for my pride in being better than most! I was hardly permitted to look my gift horse in the mouth when I got a check for fifty-one dollars. Things tend to even themselves up, however. Not long ago, I was awakened by a long-distance call, again from a women's group, asking me to give a lecture I had not the slightest intention of giving. I hated to say No to this organization, so I said No obliquely. Thinking to price myself out of the market, I said I'd do it for five hundred dollars. And I did.

Whatever was asked or paid, it always struck me as awesome, and still does, that people would pay money, good hard cash, to hear another guy like themselves get up and publicly tell them what's what. It was this wonder at the whole enterprise which kept me from taking Will Durant's advice to Darrow and me: "Charge every nickel you can get." Neither Darrow nor I was ever inclined to follow such counsel. As it was, however, by accepting one or two public lectures a week, I supplemented my professional salary some years by as much as a third. Many of us college teachers found it a way, and some of us an easy way, to increase our income and to extend our influence.

I never deprecated our practice; whatever the motive that leads one to teach, that same motive is differentially involved in public lecturing. I treasured the opportunity to teach grown men and women; I worked at the job; and I had pride in the performance. It may be put down as a boast, if the reader will have it so, but I never spoke in public without the consciousness of having something to say worth the listening. I did not speak, ever, unless this was so.

And that applies to women's clubs, too. I make the point because I have heard lecturers who took money off women and gave them in return nothing but disdain. I could never do that. Women constitute, by and large, a more intelligent and appreciative audience than men—especially than men's so-called "service" organizations.

I have made it a general point to avoid such clubs as Rotary or Kiwanis, not primarily because they pay little but because they allot too little time to develop any subject of importance. According to Douglas Woodruff's funny book on America—*Plato's American Republic*—Socrates addressed the Business Men's Luncheon Club of Hootsville, Iowa, on his lecture tour of the United States. There he was allowed twenty minutes to present a "slap-up" talk on the place of liberty in the life of the state. When he demanded time to develop his discussion, he was deserted by his hearers, who felt it was time to hurry back to business. I don't think I've spoken more than a dozen times, all told, to such men's groups.

Another group I have had little to do with, but for a different reason, is churches. My mission has been not to the saved but to the lost. I am not disdainful of religion, nor am I opposed to what the churches are doing. But they cultivate a type of mind —soft-shelled, credulous, dogmatic, idealistic—which I have thought it my duty as an educator to combat. So it has seemed to me fruitful to observe a division of labor between us, to lessen misunderstanding. When I say that "he who doubts not is fossilized already," I am subject to misunderstanding; and when I say that "the Golden Rule is good, but only for goldenhearted people," I am subject to distrust. I frequently offend people with whom I prefer to work in peace, and social distance is the best protection against this.

When such distance is mutually maintained, I find cooperation easy with religious people, especially with the newer and less orthodox groups. I gave, some years ago, the "Ware Lecture" at Boston before the American Unitarians, and I occasionally speak before the "Ethical Culture" societies of America. At Brigham Young University I am usually introduced as "Brother Smith," a courtesy I am happy to return. One of the best places to lecture, outside of Brigham Young University, is Principia College, the Christian Science college at Elsah, Illinois.

I was called recently on the long-distance telephone and asked to give the installation "sermon" for a Unitarian minister at Denver, Colorado. When I demurred with, "Why, man, I ain't even been saved," the caller replied, "It isn't necessary in this case." I had then to find another excuse. For, as I have said, it avoids trouble all the way around if the religious and I work different sides of what after all may be but the same street. At any rate, I have been surprised, and often touched, at the number of ministers, especially younger ministers, who make me their confidant on matters of faith and sometimes treat me as father confessor on matters of morals.

I did undertake once to reform the hymnology of a congregation (of the Disciples of Christ) presided over by a colleague at the University of Chicago, E. S. Ames. Since the orientation was secular, I didn't see why we shouldn't take the democratic theme of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and make music around that. The hymn was set to music and was, I believe, sung at times in the church. It follows:

O Church of Ours

Freedom calls us to be brothers in thy lofty company.
Her ancient voice our fathers stirred in lands beyond the sea;
The weight of creeds they tempered, and we their bonds outgrow.
We sing of thee, O Church of Ours, that bids us live and know.

Within thy walls, O Church of Ours, we meet on common plane,
The pride of life is humbled, and we share the human gain.
From thy holy sanctuary, O Church of Souls Set Free,
We draw us each his long-sought draft of rich Equality.

In thy healthy freedom living, O Church of Those Who Share,
We feed on holy manna, we breathe celestial air.
In our fellowship unfolding mysteries of grace we see,
For man meets God, O Church of Ours, only in Fraternity.

Chorus:

In thy liberty abounding,
Equal comrades let us be;
By our praise forever sounding,
Bless we thy community.

I did not notice then, nor have I heard since, that my innovation worked phenomenal improvement.

I have spoken well of women's clubs as receivers of oratory.

Yet I have not specialized on them. I have not had to specialize on any one group. Demand for oratory has been much greater than my supply of time. There is one group, however, which I never willingly turn down. That is the various War Colleges of the United States. For many years, indeed since World War II, I have every year been invited by most, sometimes by all, of these aggregations of senior officers (colonels and up) of the various armed services. Not because I know much about the military life but because I know enough to put with deep relevance to their somber business some knowledge of politics and the whole cultural enterprises that make up the democratic way of life. Outside the National War College at Washington (and I except it only because in it all the services are represented), I do not know which one I prefer. I find able, eager, dedicated patriotic men at each college: Naval War College, at Newport, Rhode Island; Army War College, at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania; Air War College, at Montgomery, Alabama; General Staff War College, at Leavenworth, Kansas; Armed Forces War College, at Norfolk, Virginia. The government pays hardly more than expenses for such lectures. But money is not an item, not even expense money, when such an opportunity arises to serve the enterprise of defensive war—and most of all the high cause of constructive peace.

The diversified demand upon my oratorical time has freed me not only from any one type of audience, but it has freed me also from what many lecturers find burdensome: the service of agents, who charge from one-third to perhaps two-thirds of the lecturer's fees (depending on the prestige of the agency and the amount of traveling expenses assumed). I have had little to do with agencies, though what little I have had has not been unpleasant. I have never given an agency exclusive disposition of my time, save only when I wanted to make a tour, say, of the Pacific Coast and had to husband time and travel-money by tight-geared sequences.

It's quite a business, the retailing of oratory; and I have been tempted at times to build myself an agency, beginning with my own billings. There are many tangible rewards, and not a little private fun, in being a traveling salesman of ideas. I recall an amusing experience at Omaha, Nebraska, in my early days of lecturing.

I went out, I believe, as pinch-hitter for somebody else. It was winter and my train was so delayed by snow that I rushed from the train to the banquet hall, where the audience was waiting. It was a serious occasion, and I had prepared a serious address for a thousand businessmen, along the line of business ethics. In order to put the matter in perspective, I had memorized a few opening sentences. "Gentlemen," I began, "a hundred years from now we will all be dead." The audience tittered, then laughed, and finally roared. I was dumbfounded: men laughing at the common and certain prospect of death. My next sentence, also serious, but climaxed the comic situation. I saw that all was lost for a serious address. Surrendering as fully as I could to what I found, I rode the tide of merriment for half an hour, wondering between paragraphs what had happened, of which I was the victim. I had to rush from the rostrum to catch a returning train, but I did pick up on a back row of seats a dodger and put it in my pocket.

As I stretched out in my berth, I remembered this dodger, and pulled it out of my overcoat pocket. On it was my picture, exuding merriment, and the printed words told the story: I had been billed as a humorist without my knowledge, and had become a funny man without my consent. That audience was determined to have its money's worth.

This but points up one aspect of the venture involved in oratory. It is easy for the orator to assume that he begets all the effects, whatever they be. He more easily assumes that he is the cause if the effect is good; if not, something went wrong. But the truth is that whether the effects be good or bad, the orator is but a part of the cause, and not always a main part.

I was called once on the telephone and asked to come to At-

Photograph reproduced from The Alcalde, *May, 1929*

1. T. V. Smith, professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago, lectures on democracy at the University of Texas. "The hope of humanity for emancipation is in secularization, such as would be found in a university of the ideal type."

Photograph from Collegiate Digest, *1937*

2. Knights of the Round Table. Smith points a warning finger, signaling Stuart Meech to abbreviate his remarks. James Weber Linn (right) awaits his opportunity to get into the discussion.

3. More knights. Jerome G. Kerwin, Harry D. Gideonse, and Smith (left to right), around the lunch table where “all things were debated and nothing ever settled.”

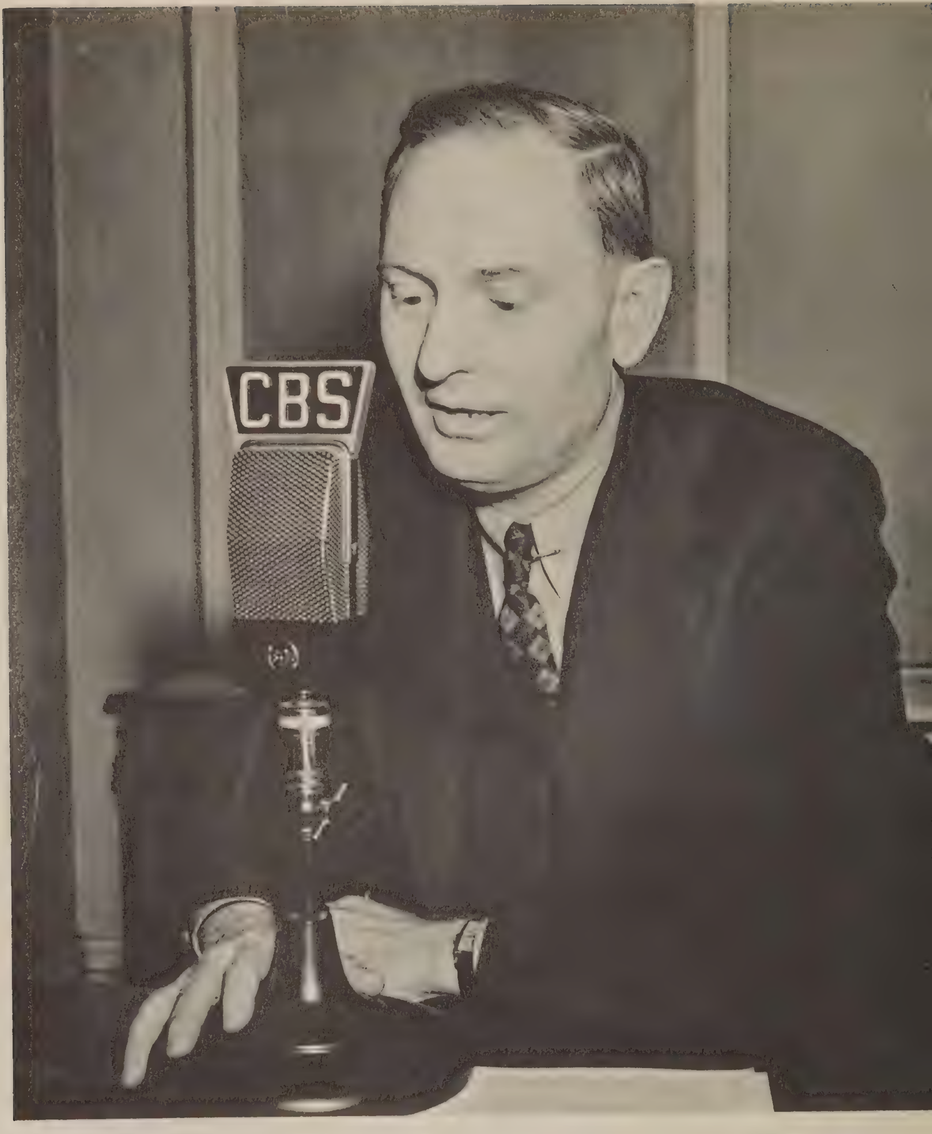
Photograph by Chicago Daily News

Photograph by Chicago Sun-Times

4. Left, Charles E. Merriam; right, Percy Holmes Boynton. Boynton participated in the first Round Table program. "We had friendly meat to eat together which our competitors and imitators knew not of."

Photograph from CBS Program Book, *March, 1939*

5. Smith and Robert A. Taft during their debates before an estimated audience of five million listeners. "He possessed the stuff of which human greatness is made."



Photograph by Hoosier Sentinel, *April, 1940*

6. “I could not let radio alone.”

Photograph by Chicago Sun-Times

7. “Let Smith do it.”

8. “I went into politics not to save the world but to save my own soul.”

Photograph from New Orleans Times-Picayune

9a. Smith, guest professor of philosophy at Tulane, and Roger P. McCutcheon, dean of the Graduate School. "I was always grieved when I was unable to accept visiting professorships."

9b. "Four Winds," 125-year-old estate of the Smiths in Syracuse, New York. "We indulged our roving spirits with the fancy of colonizing all points of the compass from it."

Photograph from Chicago Daily News

10. Carl Sandburg, Smith's self-appointed gadfly. ". . . he managed cosmic affairs through poetic clairvoyance."

11. Smith, Sam Rayburn, and Joseph W. Martin, Jr., on the occasion of their receiving honorary doctorates from Syracuse University. "The weal of each the other's woe—Mr. Sam and Mr. Joe."

Photograph by United Press International

12. Clarence Darrow and Smith, 1932. "In a single afternoon Darrow made me a public figure throughout Chicago, and presently throughout the Middle West. It was fame-by-association."

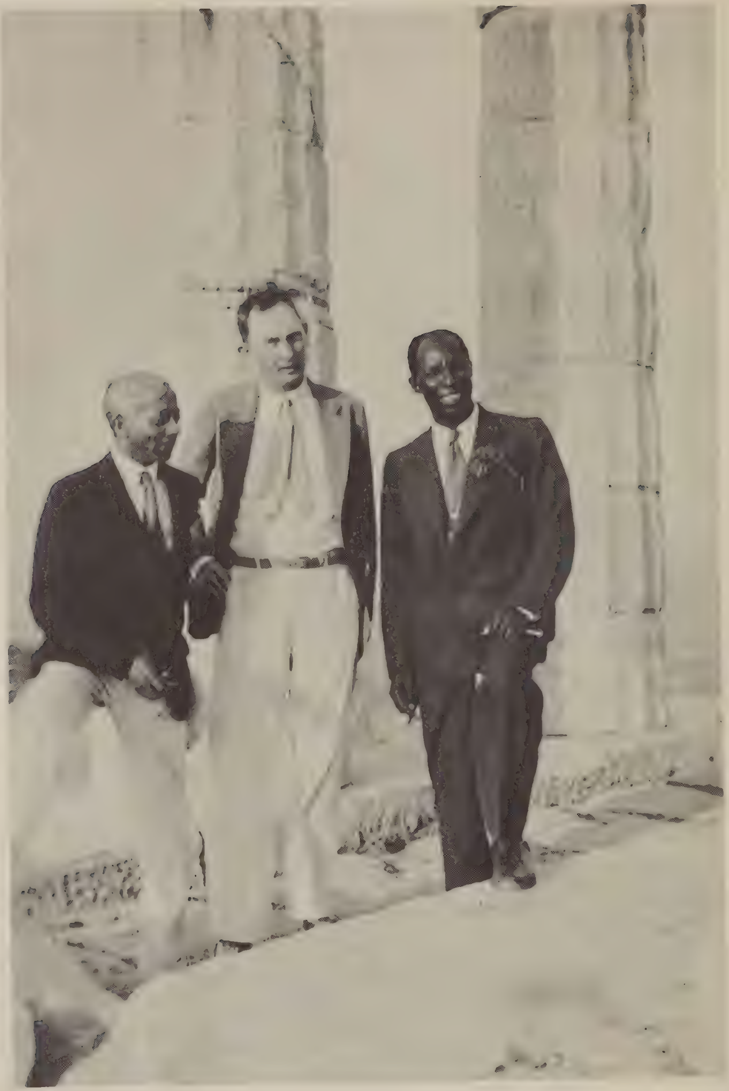
Photograph reproduced from The Alcalde, *May, 1954*

13. These two were seldom parted. "Many a time have I companioned with my typewriter (my constant support) throughout the night in hotel room or Pullman."

14. Smith headed the Ministry of Education in Italy during the Allied occupation. "We used our temporary power to dethrone the will to power of those conquered and to open opportunities to meet in them the will to perfection, which sometimes sleeps in the best of us but never quite dies in the worst of us."

Photograph by Signal Corps, U.S. Army, March, 1946

15. U.S. Education Mission in Japan. (Smith is second from left, standing.) "A singular race, the Japanese people . . . a people still courteous in defeat and curious in the direction of self-improvement."



16. Alain Locke, Smith, and an unidentified man (left to right). "He [Locke] introduced me to a thousand coves of culture."

lantic City to substitute before a national school audience for President Conant of Harvard, who had just been dispatched to England on a war mission. I acknowledged the honor but demurred at the responsibility. I had no time, I explained, to prepare a speech. I'd have to leave Chicago at midnight the night before, and would have to appear on the platform disheveled, and without sleep. I was urged to come on, nevertheless. I did, and did arrive with the raveled sleeves of care unknit. Governor Stassen had finished delivering a written speech, which had not been electrifying. U.S. Education Commissioner John Ward Studebaker was in the midst of another written speech, far from exciting.

I was introduced shortly without so much as a note to speak from, though not without the most careful preparation the time had permitted. I had not been a minute out on the ocean of sound until I felt that this was "it": the glorious occasion in which all the agents of oratory were cooperating to produce an oration: the orator, the occasion, the subject, and the audience, all working together.

To test my hunch (though it needed little confirmation, save the observable fact that thirteen thousand school superintendents and principals listened for an hour and a half with not a soul leaving the room), I counted the invitations received: twenty-seven in a month from seventeen states—to give the same address for pay! Such sheen so seldom shines that one had better be modest in the hour of resplendent success.

The form my oratory has often taken, if I may be allowed the reference, is debating, the genre that got me off to a good start with Mr. Darrow. I beat him out of his argument by identifying myself with his cause, and then showing how he applied his doctrine to cases at law. I have already mentioned that my debating was a rebound activity from failure at my first love, oratory as such; and I have also explained what is my objection to debating: it seems such a poor way of getting at truth. A part of the same is to overstate your case (on the theory, right enough, that your opponent will understate your case). From overstatement and understatement, correct statement is supposed to follow. It is an ancient claim, with lawyers and such disputants.

> BOSWELL. I asked him Dr. Johnson whether, as a moralist he did not think that the practice of the law in some degree, hurt the nice feeling of honesty.
> JOHNSON. Why no, Sir, if you act properly. You are not to deceive your client with false representations of your opinion: you are not to tell lies to a judge.
> BOSWELL. But what do you think of supporting a cause which you know to be bad?
> JOHNSON. Sir, you do not know it to be good or bad till the Judge determines it. It is his business to judge and you are not to be confident in your opinion that a cause is bad, but to say all you can for your client, and then hear the judge's opinion.

Honorable though debating be, it is not an exercise which I have much enjoyed. Comparatively, however, I have always been good at it. A roster of those I have debated with would confirm as objective, I think, this self-assessment. I give samples, beginning with Clarence Darrow: Hon. Robert A. Taft, both by radio and by public confrontation; Reinhold Niebuhr, Will Durant, Norman Thomas, Scott Nearing, Bishop G. B. Oxnam, Preston Bradley, Frank Knox, Glenn Frank, Harry Elmer Barnes.

My success grew in part, I think—I hope—from a subconscious effort to correct the injustice that debating does to truth. I have always tried to understate my own case and to give a better statement of my opponent's case than he himself can give. This always puts an opponent off guard and an audience at ease. "Outfair" him, as my attorney nephew, Robert O. Smith, has it. It probably helps also to account for something else: the fact that I have made many (temporary) enemies of debating partners. I think most men resent magnanimity from the enemy. Frank Knox got angry with me on a Town Hall Meeting of the Air, but, after second thoughts, did debate with me in person back in

Illinois. It was a women's group, all dressed up fit to kill, Knox with his tails; and he fell off the platform! A woman and I helped him to his feet, but the fall put him at a disadvantage in that it made a comic character of him. Norman Thomas refused to shake hands with me after a public debate at the University of Chicago. Will Durant told a friend in Texas that I was the damndest foe he'd ever seen, that every time he led me up to a point, I'd quote a poem. And it took Reinhold Niebuhr a long time to be friends with me. I had other accountings than theirs. To put it plainly, I had a habit of *preparing* for the debates. It takes work as well as strategy to state your opponent's case better than he can. Most men, finding themselves off-sided to their own argument, will recriminate that you've done 'em dirt. Let me illustrate.

Will Durant, as I have indicated, laid his dissatisfaction with me to my irrational tendencies (quote a poem instead of face a fact). But the truth is that I outwitted him, by preparing much better than he for the debate. In reading up for the encounter, I noted that he had shortly before published in *Harper's* an article under the title of our debate. Guessing that he would not take the trouble to prepare anew for our meeting, I took advantage of his sloth. I, speaking first, told the audience in advance the main points Durant would make—and gave them in advance an answer to each point. "Thus will you be prepared against his subtlety and eloquence." To tell the truth, Durant's sole preparation was to have his own article on cards before him and to read off the points one by one. When he gave the first point, the audience nodded their recognition to me, remembering the answer to it that I had given. When he made the second point, they laughed; and with the third point they roared. No wonder Durant angrily turned his back on me when I approached him following the debate. I understood his loss of face; but I hardly blamed myself for being better prepared than he, or for having taken advantage of a helpful strategy.

Darrow was much more resilient. He knew how to take advantage of situations as they developed. In truth, Darrow had the strength I have already attributed to myself. Surprised at my opening attack in our first debate, Darrow admitted that the argument was ingenious and was new to him. He confessed that he ought to reply to it and would perhaps do so if he had two weeks to study up and think it out. "But," said he disarmingly, "I don't have two weeks; I've gotta talk, and gotta talk now. So," he concluded smoothly, "I'll just go on and make the same old speech on this subject which I have often used before, against the freedom of the will." His audacity took the audience's breath away, and got him out from under the weakened position. Durant could have done the same had he been more resilient, or more resourceful, or (I suspect) more respectful of an audience.

The Niebuhr debate was much the same (though he and I lived to become firm friends). At the time I first met him, Niebuhr was so far to "the left" in politics (though, as he said, to "the Right" in theology) that he was willing to deny the proposition: "That there is Hope in Gradualism." I guessed that Niebuhr's pessimism was partly theological and for the rest largely histrionic. I determined to smoke him out, passing along the modest word to some of his theological friends that I was going "to mop up the ground" with him. As usual, I read all the books my adversary had written. His then newest was the volume titled *Moral Man and Immoral Society* (1932). I spoke first, and laid it on layer after layer that man is as immoral as society; that indeed there is no hope for men, individually or collectively. I marshaled not only the theologians but the philosophers, the dramatists, and the poets to show it. I sat down, having obtruded that inky picture.

Mr. Niebuhr admitted that he was on the spot, that he had come out to Chicago to be the pessimist, but that I had defected my side and come over to his. He felt impelled, he said, to redeem man's honor from my attack and to show the audience how extreme I was. This is what I had sought to elicit. So, in rebuttal, I smilingly apologized for the stratagem but hoped the audience would forgive me for having smoked out Mr. Niebuhr, the make-believe pessimist. Now we could all agree that there is "hope in gradualism."

Niebuhr didn't like it, indeed grew moderately profane (for a theologian) as we walked out together. But his anger wore off and I have lived to profit from his friendship and learn from his wisdom. (He is the one American theologian to whom I can listen with both ease and profit.) But in his case, as in that of Durant and others, I could not hold myself responsible for predicaments that opponents allowed themselves to get into. If, however, I were to try to tell the whole truth, I would be inclined to admit that where everybody is out of step but me, there may be something wobbly about my own gait. I have been driven toward another, and not so honorific, an explanation of my debating tactic by observing the number of perfectly intelligent and honorable men who have taken exception to my way of debating. I made too many enemies to hold myself innocent.

The explanation which I now venture is that my conception of myself as "underdog" long outlasted the fact. A man who sympathizes with the underdog, and especially if he feels himself one of them speaking for the rest of them, will prepare himself better, will neglect no strategic consideration, and will push every advantage that he finds. He owes it to his cause. When, however, a man becomes an overdog even though he still speaks for the underdog, he will be expected to be a good sport and himself not only to practice but even to initiate *noblesse oblige.* I began life highly insecure. I did not early feel myself the equal of men I debated with; but I believed in my cause and respected myself so as not willingly to lose face in public. I became, long before I recognized it, the equal of most and the superior of some men I measured swords with. They resented in me tactics which did not seem to them called for. It is enough for an equal to win; he need not and he must not insist also on the other man's losing.

In this mood, and indeed with some such thought as this, I easily forgive any anger I have aroused against myself—any, that is, save that of Norman Thomas. He, too, became an overdog who acted like an underdog, and never has learned better. He is a dogmatist, and something of a bully, albeit with the years mellowed in both roles. His not to find, but to bestow, the truth. If all that I say against him be true—and that is too much to expect—I lived to see him properly requited.

In a public debate at the University of Chicago, "they" packed the galleries, I thought, with young socialists, and not only stole the show but almost got me hooted off the platform in my own bailiwick. I was mean to him that night, proposing to make him Commander of our first American Expeditionary Force to Europe in the oncoming World War II, with Robert Hutchins as his Colonel. This because Thomas posed as a military authority, as Hutchins was in general a know-it-all. My revenge came the day of Pearl Harbor. Thomas, Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin, and I were debating on a national radio chain, the Senator and I warning of the imminence of war and pleading for preparedness, Thomas ranting before the microphone that there was no danger at all to this nation. Hardly had he finished his asseverations of our safety when our debate was interrupted by the announcement of the Japanese attack on our Navy at Pearl Harbor. Verily I say unto you that Thomas had his comeuppance. But I will say in behalf of both Wiley and me that neither of us twitted him. We needed not; the sad facts deflated all his factitious pomposities.

Speaking generally—for even the Thomas thing was long ago, and is softened in memory—I have not debated with men whom I did not personally like and who in general did not become (whatever they were to begin with) friends. This saves much jowering and feinting; it eases the path for humor, and smooths a high road toward, if never quite to, the truth.

Returning now from what might seem, though is not, a diversion, let us round up the life of a "hit-and-run orator." It is a very exciting life if one avoids the admitted danger that he will be turned into a chronic personage. If he keeps ready and handy some sort of lancet (a sense of humor is the very best), he may live his high moments as a personage and all his other hours as an authentic person. He may travel at other people's expense. He may share hospitality, or not, as he pleases. He may have the stimulus of new faces—and new places. He may grow under the excitement of discussion and the provocation of criticism in open forums. Many a time have I companioned with my typewriter (my constant support) throughout the night in hotel room or Pullman, trying to get ideas clear which have been revealed in open discussion as fuzzy. Thus have talks turned into books (or books turned into talk).

This art, however, of converting written to oral discourse or vice versa is more arduous than it sounds. With me at least, each has a peculiar idiom of its own. Writing is my favorite medium, and yet I write for the ear, never being certain of whether I am saying it or of what I am saying until I try it out on my ear. Still the organization and gait are vastly different. Public speech, like private talk, can be, and indeed had best be, somewhat discursive; repetition is permitted, if not actually demanded, in oral discourse; stories not only are acceptable but are usually accepted with anticipation. Written discourse, on the contrary, should be concise (for the reader can go back if he is in doubt), packed, economical. I have, for publication, boiled down stenotypes of public addresses to a fifth of the original wordage, to their great improvement; on the other hand, I have taken a page or two of ideas from a book and expanded them by illustration, anecdote, and poem to an hour's address, all the better for the "doctoring."

Let me illustrate. On pages 32–41 of one of my pocketbooks, *Live without Fear*, I have a threefold outline concisely put as "To solve, to resolve, and to absolve," or more fully: "To solve problems; to resolve predicaments which cannot be solved; and to absolve oneself from the paralysis of guilty feelings that don't do anybody any good." This can, in turn, become the outline for a discussion of science (where we can solve problems), of politics (where we can compromise insoluble "predicaments"), and where we can turn to wholesome account the humanities and the arts in the absolution of guilt. Hardly a book have I written that has not arisen from lectures, through this art of conversion; and seldom have I given a lecture that has not been a conscious clarification of ideas I was putting into a book or a discursive presentation of ideas which I had already got clear enough for the printed page. This double medium has enabled me, while seeming from the outside to be doing many different things, actually to be doing only one thing, and doing it the better for the variety of approaches.

The one thing which I have always thought myself to be about, since youth, was taking the profuseness of imagination and turning it to some ordered account, meantime enjoying for its own sake the surplus profusion. But the illustration which I have given as to method demonstrates, as I have earlier suggested, one of the penalties of excellence. If one projects an outline too clearly or too strikingly, people will remember it so vividly as to make its repetition undesirable. That very outline of "solve, resolve, and absolve" has proved so arresting that in many, many cases people will tell me that they heard me speak at such and such a place years and years ago, and then they will volunteer to tell me what I talked about: "to solve, to resolve, and to absolve." I have many times been surprised to see how much of the content of each point in the outline they have carried through the years. The country is not so big but that hit-and-run oratory must not sometimes sustain the weight of its own excellence.

There are ways, however, of avoiding in part the inconvenience of clarity and elegance. Change the subject! That same lecture becomes "Wisdom, a Many-Splendored Thing," or "Man's Threefold Wisdom," or "Three Ideas That Can Change the World" in any one of which the auditor with too good a memory can at least in a new and surprising context meet his old friends, "to solve, resolve, absolve."

However one's subject matter may be disguised, the very midway classification of oratory between prose and poetry is likely to lead to the suspicion that one has nothing to say. Otherwise, why does he not say it—if not in prose, then in verse? We have already submitted that oratory is neither, but something in its own right. If William Jennings Bryan's oration on the "Prince of Peace" had no prince in it and led to no peace at all, it would still be something, and I should think something worthwhile in itself. It's only when oratory deserts its own genius and claims to be something else, something which it isn't, that it deserves what it so often gets, disdain.

Bryan's daughter—Mrs. Ruth Bryan Rohde, herself no mean orator—and I drew the same cab in a theatre party on a rainy night in New York. We had only formally met that day as members of a national committee. Without any introduction at all, I began on the first sentence of her father's famous oration, "The Prince of Peace." She, without a word of comment, quoted the second sentence. I the third—and so on until at the door of the theatre, the dialogue which had begun without prelude ceased without postlude. The matter was never mentioned between us; and yet I am sure from that brief encounter in a New York cab we two, jointly and severally, carried and will carry to the grave a star of singular luminosity. Oratory is an art too noble in itself to be depreciated by claiming it to be what it is not. It is as George Santayana says of religion: it is bad when it ceases to be poetry and claims to be science. Oratory is bad when it forgets its own genius and claims to be either prose (in the service of truth) or poetry (in the service of beauty). It exists for its own sake, and serves (with great utility) the cause of collective action. I close this celebration of oratory with an example of the disdain which still sometimes attaches to what is not properly disdainful.

I had been invited by the Secretary of the New York Academy of Medicine to give the closing address to an international group of psychiatrists meeting under the (financial) auspices of the Rockefeller brothers. Why I had been invited I myself did not know, though I remembered that it was the second or third invitation I had had to appear before the organization.

The toastmaster was an eminent man of science and a retired university president. We had been introduced, but neither of us knew who the other was beyond that identification. He tried to get "a line" on me during the dinner, since he had to introduce me. Evidently the line was disappointing, since it led toward politics or poetry, and away from science. Nor did there seem to be any connecting link between me and medicine. He left the table to consult, I guessed, with the Secretary responsible for my being there in an anomalous chair. Their tête-à-tête evidently didn't help him much, for presently he rose to say:

> Gentlemen, I do not know how to introduce the main speaker. I have never heard of him before tonight. It appears that he is not a medical "Dr." He has been a politician, and appears to be something of a poet. What that has to do with us, I hope will appear. Myself troubled, I called the Secretary off a while ago to ask him why he had invited Dr. Smith to appear before an audience of doctors and scientists. He replied, as if it were enough—I can only hope it proves so—he replied, "He's a damn good speaker."
>
> On faith, in hope, and with charity, I present him as that: "A damn good speaker!"

Whether I deserved the epithet depends upon the way one takes it. People who think oratory a curse would not find in it a compliment. The reason why I could not be offended by the introduction must appear in the conclusion, since I have packed it into the premises: oratory is a utility, indispensable to man's collective life; oratory is an honor when elevated by skill into an art. I have tried to make it appear how difficult it is to get to function together all the elements that make a speech effective. Oratory is intricate business, but I hope I have made it appear to others as it has always appeared to me: a costly commodity worth all it costs.

THERE IS A DIVERTING TALE of two American orators: William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow, though to call their names together is to oversimplify their relation. Truth to tell, while Bryan was a master orator of voluminous euphony (his voice carried a mile or more in the open air), Darrow was a sort of anti-orator. He deprecated sound over sense, and made fun, in many a mannerism and with many a trick of the trade, of oratorical virtuosity. His favorite tool was the sledge hammer, not the rapier. His rivalry with Bryan went much deeper than externals of style. Their whole philosophies of life made one resounding clash, from Bryan's early triumph at Chicago to Darrow's late triumph in the famous Scopes's trial in Tennessee. It is around the latter that my story gathers.

Both gladiators were old men and both pretty well exhausted as the evolution trial neared its close. On the last weekend, Darrow went to the mountains to cool off and Bryan stayed at Dayton to be feted by idolatrous followers—and, incidentally, to eat on Sunday a Gargantuan meal, to which he was accustomed and for which he was famous. Darrow used to say to me (it was Prohibition times), "Bryan won't willingly permit you and me to lift a glass of wine to each other, while as the whole world knows he's digging his grave with his teeth." Temperate in all things (at least so, late in life, when I knew him), Darrow hated excesses and especially disdained every form of fanaticism.

A messenger came to the mountains to bring news of Bryan's death, adding in criticism of Darrow's harsh cross-examination of him: "Bryan died of a broken heart."

"Broken heart!" snorted Darrow. "He died of a busted gut!"

Many a sentimentality and many an oratorical pomposity Darrow pierced with his characteristic wisecracks. Telling, when I prodded him, of a reputed interview he gave the press upon the death of Calvin Coolidge, he confirmed the report: "I couldn't say anything good of Coolidge, for I knew nothing good to tell; I wouldn't say anything bad about the dead; I was afraid to say nothing, lest they quote me as saying something anyhow. So I said, simply and truly: 'Calvin Coolidge was the greatest man who ever came out of Plymouth Corner, Vermont!' "

And so he was—at least that!

But to return to my orators—and the tale which connects them. Bryan and Darrow are long since gathered to their fathers. As I write of them, I sit in the comfort of an old wicker chair which Darrow willed me—sit and con over the memory of many a melodious sentence of Bryan. They have both alike gone down to the "tongueless silence of the dreamless dust," leaving me sad and leaving the world poorer for the absence of their diverse sonorousness.

A Military Governor at Large

My life as a military governor was divided into three parts: Preparation, Perpetration, and Projection. The *Preparation* included the learning in World War I how it feels to be the underdog of military life; schooling for military government in World War II; and leisure in North Africa to clear the mind of pedagogical cobwebs. The *Perpetration* included the crucial year in Sicily and Italy, mistakes and mild successes; the month in London surveying the cultural conquest of Germany (with mission thereto declined); and the subsequent critique of military government in Japan and Germany. The *Projection* included the training of military governors for Japan, the German prisoner-of-war project at Fort Kearney, Fort Getty, and Fort Eustis; the first MacArthur mission to Japan, and the State and War Departments mission to General Lucius Clay in Berlin. Altogether my tour of military duty covered more than two years (excluding the civilian tapering off in Japan and Germany of a few more months). My work took me to all the great conquered countries. But now to each stage in order.

Preparation

The military-government experience was without substantial precedent in the life of the nation and was of course pioneer work for civilian officers like me. No doubt there has always been during and following every war the problem of keeping the civilian population under control. But it has been heretofore mostly assigned to the forces that did the conquering. It is obvious why this is not an ideal solution of the problem (General Benjamin Franklin Butler, Civil War military governor of New Orleans, was held up to us as illustrating one way not to do it!). Military men are trained to fight, not to govern. They are impatient with the side-line role and are too close to the problem from having engineered the conquest. (Nobody likes to clean up after himself.) Not only are they poor for the job, but setting them to it deprives the fighting services of men trained for, and required in, the fight.

Learning partly from the drain upon Germans because of their failure to win over their conquered territories in World War II, and profiting partly from the larger logic of our mission to liberate, the American government began early the study of the problem of governing friends as distinct from the task of controlling conquered enemies. To win a victory is one thing, to consolidate it is quite another. Knowledge of this distinction and concern for the resulting predicament led to the recruiting, for the armed forces, of civilians widely experienced in the complex business of governance.

A school was organized at the University of Virginia to teach (in four months) what in advance could be learned of the problems following conquest. I was a member of the fourth class (some two hundred officers) of that school, a class whose training was terminated midcourse by the imminence of our occupying Sicily. My class was flown in midsummer, 1943, over the South Atlantic to rendezvous in North Africa, so as to be close at hand when the conquest of Sicily was completed. Most of us recruits were past fighting age (I was myself fifty-three), and all of us were specialists of one sort or another in the art of civilian control. City managers were particularly in demand, and little less so was every type of engineer. We ranged in rank from captains to colonels, most being majors or lieutenant colonels.

With a background as betokened, we were given a foreground of specialized knowledge of the country to which assignment was contemplated, including language, laws, and customs of the people who were to be our war wards. The assignment of my class was first to Bulgaria, when the "soft underbelly" was the cynosure of strategic eyes. (I still carry around in my head a modicum of outdated knowledge about Bulgarian roads, harbors, and folkways.) Later we were shifted to Italy, as the Mediterranean campaign moved into focus. Our training was good, I thought, against a none-too-definite and none-too-firm an assignment.

For all the "preparation" thus provided, I was a misfit from the beginning; a willing misfit, but a misfit, nevertheless. I wonder that I was offered a commission, and I wonder more that I took it. I am so consummate an individualist that I have almost no organization sense. Channels of communication might as well be watercourses to me, something to jump over or swim through. To get things done in a close hierarchy, you need to know whom to go to, what gifts to bear, and how to effectively pretend that you require more of personnel and provisions than you often use. There is a "Parkinson's Law" of miltary personnel!

It was always a matter of surprise to me that Army organization, the most impersonal in nature, should be run so fully in terms of personal relations. A carton of cigarettes (and I temporarily quit smoking in order to have more to give away) or a quart of whiskey seemed to possess more logical strength than any table of organization in army logistics. I am not trying to reflect on anybody, but to portray how it was with me. I dare say there is a reason for it, as for most things that take customary hold among men.

Because a British air colonel had done me a good turn in a pinch, I was peculiarly exposed when one day he showed up at Salerno and begged me to take his adjutant off his hands.

"But," I demurred, "does he know anything about education, either as a teacher or administrator?"

"No more about either than about fighting—nothing, absolutely nothing!" he fairly exploded with negativity.

"Can't you get him court-martialed and sent home?" I suggested.

"You can't court-martial an officer in the British military for what he hasn't done, unless it be in dereliction of duty. This man's dutiful all right, but not worth a damn. He wouldn't be worth anything to you, either; but he'd do less harm in your organization than in mine. We're members of the same team, aren't we?" he said soberly.

He had a point there, but I was already "over" my organizational strength. "What's a little table of organization," he scoffed, "between friends and allies!" I reached for the telephone to call my operations office in Naples. I put the case before Lt. Col. Carlton Washburne.

"But we're already in excess of our table of organization," Washburne demurred; "and you say he has no pedagogical skills?"

"Worse than that," I confessed frankly, "he's a painter, a helluva good painter! He's painted the portrait of Bagdolio, things like that."

"But what's all this got to do with the Educational Subcommission?" he wanted—and was entitled—to know. I had a bright idea, though a little off the beaten military track. "We can't kick him out of the Army. I'll send him up to you, and you dispatch him to the Island of Capri and let him paint to his heart's content until the war's over."

"Is that an order, Sir?"

"Yes," replied I.

"It doesn't say that I've got to like it?" he reassured his conscience.

"No," I replied, "nor that I like it."

"Okay," he capitulated. "I hope our commanding officer doesn't find him there till the war's over," he concluded.

"And I hope I don't again meet this British colonel," said I, "either at war or peace, in this world or the next."

The military seemed to me a peculiar place, with mores all its own. Such ignorance as I had, and have, of it is, however, in large part curable. A good sergeant is as indispensable to the Army as a parliamentarian is to the Speaker of the House of Representatives. Such a sergeant lacking, a private, first class, who knows who's who and what's what, will do almost as well. Luckily I usually could find one or the other. (In this connection, I honor the name of Hugo Jaeckel, pfc.)

This brings me to my first item as preparation for military governance. A private, first class, has but one rank below him, and that is private *no class*; and there's nobody below that save prisoners-of-war or conquered peoples. To have been in World War I, first a private, no class, and then a private, first class, taught me how it felt to be at the bottom, whence all directions are up. To have been at the very bottom of the ladder is useful in estimating how much to exact and how little to expect in military life. My keen memory of that lowly status kept me, I am sure, from perpetrating on conquered civilians what I sometimes saw done to them, especially by the British.

What I deprecated in the British hardly prepared me for what I occasionally saw in our own forces. Before World War II, I lunched for some days in London with a retired medical British civil servant. One day he left the implication, in what he was saying of his practice, that he did not often use anesthetics in surgery upon African natives. When I expressed surprise, not to say dismay, that the great British Empire could not afford anesthetics, he quickly corrected me: it was not a matter of expense nor yet of short supply, but only that "the natives" did not feel pain like "white people." Whatever modicum of truth there might be in the premises, the conclusion puts one beyond the pale of civilized sympathy.

One of our American military governors so forgot the nation that he represented as to shoot several Italian civilians as the proper way to begin the governance of his province. Later he tried out the logic on me as his superior officer. "Why don't you talk big to those 'Wops,' as I do?" he demanded.

I replied in one sentence: "When I have the power, I needn't talk big; and when I haven't, I das'n't." The truth was—and what reflective man did not know it?—that in matters cultural (such as education) one never has the power to command what can only be persuaded.

I do not mean to prescribe softness in military operations. There is no doubt a time to apply the Iron Rule. But for the most part there is between the Iron and the Golden Rules, a middle ground—the Silver Rule: "Don't do unto others what you would not have others do unto you." I saw as a governor of Sicily that the only way to govern was to govern, beginning always with what you have at hand. Governing grows firm on what it feeds upon. One must command in order to get obeyed, but what is commanded had better be something that *does* get obeyed. Else and soon, all is lost.

My first act in Palermo was to turn my headquarters into a training place for Sicilian poll-takers with the undisclosed (to them) object of finding a few simple things the Sicilians were so in favor of doing that they'd obey even if I commanded them (commanded them without arms to back me up). The Sicilians are a hardy breed and take a mile (off Mussolini, off the Germans, off us!) for each inch left undefended. To say the least, and perhaps also the most, we got out of Sicily with our lives.

Such then—that I had been a private in World War I—was my earlier preparation for being a military governor in Sicily. My second preparation was, as I have suggested, that I was well trained. At Charlottesville, we were introduced to Army organization, to Army ways, and to one another. It was stressed, but none too much, that friendships formed in advance would be pure gold on the job. We were also coached, as I have said, in the Italian language and in Italian history, and we were given a minimum of regular Army discipline: in estimating needs, in writing orders, and in the handling of side arms. A general all-round toughening up filled in the interlude.

The third aspect of preparation was a period of some weeks in North Africa in which there was little to do, save to continue studying the Italian language and engage in made-work (mock planning for Sicily). Several hundred British and American officers, with proper complements of enlisted men, were dumped on one another there in the mountains in order to round off one another's corners. This meant everything from learning each other's language to getting used to each other's sense of humor.

One day at mess I told a British lieutenant colonel a little joke about an American VIP who was being sent on a mission to England with the vague assignment of "cultivating good relations." Pushed by the Press for a more detailed accounting of his mission, he replied that he was just going to fraternize with everybody he met, from the hoi polloi down. No response from my British comrade. Five minutes later, when I had written the joke off—after all, it was such a little joke!—the Britisher spat his food all over the table in uncontrolled laughter. When I asked, "What the hell?" he replied, "The joke, the joke, I've only now got the point—from the hoi polloi *down*!"

Another day at Tunis I was messing with a British officer from New Zealand. He was a farmer, had gone out a decade or so ago, and thought his new home was paradise. I encouraged him to elaborate upon it. He did. Among other natural wonders, there was a place, said he, in New Zealand, where you could drop your hook in limpid, clear water, see the trout hooked, pull it up, and then by simply doing an about face, could drop it into a boiling geyser—and eat it on the spot.

I inquired if that was the same place which had hot tea coming like a spring from under a rock.

"Did you say 'tea?' " pronounced like a long *a*.

"Yes," I said, 'tea,' " pronounced like a long *e*.

"No," he thought—"What *did* you say?"

"I said the same thing, tēa—teā—coming, it appeared, from some antediluvian deposit not of coal but of tea leaves."

"No," said he, now clear in mind but troubled in heart that New Zealand had been caught short in one excellence. "No, it wasn't *there*"; but he wondered where in New Zealand it was. Could it be this or that or the other place? And I had as pay for my joke to have to listen to him speculate half-aloud during the remainder of the meal *where* that could be!

I couldn't turn back; I feared to insult him if I went ahead. So there I sat, wishing to heaven I'd never started the guessing game. He hadn't the slightest inkling that he was being kidded. When overstatement intensified meets understatement diminished, little statement results from the sideswiping.

This interim in North Africa, though filled with tedium for most, was priceless to me. I turned over what few necessary functions there were to my British deputy, who loved to do desk work, kept to my billet (it would get up to 125° at noonday), and worked at clearing my mind of cobwebs about education in general and Italian education in particular. I had been given by this time strong intimation that I would be assigned the largest Italian ministry, the Ministry of Education. I was no expert on educational administration, and needed to make up my mind as to what we were about as conquerors and how we were to proceed in this cultural field.

Among the humbler items of my previous preparation was my personal typewriter. My comrades-in-arms thought me beside myself to make room for my typewriter when we were allowed only sixty pounds of baggage altogether. But I knew myself better than they did. It would have been no luxury to me even if it had taken up all my poundage. They admitted the point quickly enough in vying with each other to borrow my machine before the air voyage was over. Stationed as we were in a little Arab village in Algeria—with the musical name of Tizi-Ouzou—I joined one other American in demonstrating that morale could be made of desert air, with one's favorite medium of communication at hand. He was a painter who also knew that war is mostly "waiting." So he had brought along his tools of resignation: canvases, paints, brushes. Day after day he and I were as happy as larks, though idled like other men on the very threshold of action.

"Hurry to wait," the Army's quick call—
Gallop to pack, fire on the ball—
Run to the rendezvous, no time at all:
Only to wonder why waitings befall!

I am not an "egg-head"; but I am an intellectual in at least the sense that I cannot act with assurance save against a background of much more knowledge than is visibly relevant to the action. These weeks in North Africa were precious as I wrote and rewrote my ideas on education, thus providing the reserve of knowledge which I required. Once in Sicily, I didn't have to be working against myself, but only against the job. I had all kinds of educators on my staff, and many of them acted as if my only job was to keep them out of one another's hair—and to keep their isms out of Italy. I had learned patience in pursuing a direction; and I had learned that what's *gotta* be done had better be left undone for a season or so. Patience is propaedeutic to progress, and nowhere more than in education itself.

Indeed one reason, it appeared, why the largest ministry was assigned to me was not that I was an educator (special skills did not always mean much) but that I was a man of patience. The expectations of officers were fantastic at times. One thought we had only to call a mass meeting of Sicilians and set them to arguing in order to establish in Sicily the "Democratic Way of Life." Another declared that the establishment of Rotary clubs would about do the trick. (I shall have more to say about this officer shortly.) Evidently the Assignment Board had heard some weird answers to one of their standard questions: "What would you do if you were put in charge of so-and-so?" When asked the leading question, I replied that I had modest expectations of what could be done to or through the Italians. I would be willing, I said, to leave the Leaning Tower of Pisa lean. It had leant for a long while, I observed, and might go on leaning for quite a spell. I would be content, I concluded, to pull some of the poison ivy of Fascism off it.

Perhaps I understated our mission, but the air of relief which was made audible by the Assignment Board testified to the fact that many military governors were romanticizing their role beyond our war aims. If I may think of the Sicilian experience as itself major preparation for the governing of Italy (and this is the subsidiary role which the Sicilians are long used to), then I would indulge here a backward look to Sicily from Rome, as marking the transition from preparation to perpetration. The Italian association of university professors, as we would say, had me on the pan some months later for having violated sacred prerogative in appointing to a Sicilian professorship an Italian scholar who lacked some of the technical qualifications. Professorships are scarce in Italy and are highly competed for. And it is true that in the early days in Sicily the material was so scarce and the time so pressing that I had not always observed the letter of the law and the syllable of tradition.

Rather than criticizing me directly (a hazardous war indulgence), the national association put the Sicilian association on the carpet for not informing the *Colonello* of the American Army about usages and customs. It was bad enough for the Sicilians to be made responsible for my ignorance but it was worse still for them to be accused of culpable negligence. I shall never forget the fiery oratory with which Mario of Messina repelled both accusations at once. There was no need for me to speak when the accusers left shelter after his verbal fallout. I had occasion to be grateful more than once to Sicilian colleagues. The Rector at Catania, the first university to be opened under the auspices of freedom, was grateful to me, in turn, for rescuing him from the imposition on his faculty of a Catholic priest who was running all Catanian affairs with a high hand. He had even promoted himself to a professorship in the University without either the proper academic attributes or without any legal right under the Concordat which the Church had engineered with Mussolini.

And while I am in leisurely transition from Sicily to Rome, let me refer to another experience which was preparation for patience in further perpetration. A "county superintendent," as we would say, whom I had separated from his job for being a notorious Fascist, turned out to have thirteen children. This was relevant only to Mussolini's emphasis upon quantity. Reproductive prowess was hardly pedagogically relevant. That's what *I* thought. The Italian people thought different. The size of his family was quite something, indeed, to a people whose recent regime had rewarded it, whose religion involved it, and whose private pleasures sanctified it. I found it one thing (and permissible) to change the legal basis of scholarships from quantity to quality but quite another thing (and impermissible) to make the change suddenly without compensation. I bowed before the storm and gave the man in question another job such as would in part save my face and lull their rebellion. What cannot be done doesn't have to be done, not even in the wake of war. Public opinion governs, at some distance to be sure, but does eventually govern, regardless of the nature or the boast of the regime.

I put the matter and spirit to record in a letter written the

Minister of Education with reference to one Dr. Lelion Rossi, superintendent at Brindisi, who, on the face of the record, we were under pressure to fire:

APRIL 19, 1944

EXCELLENCY:

As regards the status of Dr. Rossi, Provveditore angli Studii, I have no present advice to give your Excellency, save by subsumption.

I

That he was a Fascist Party member there is no doubt. It is a fact that two of his books—*Popolo e civita'* and *Civilta Contemporanea*—praise Fascism and have already been ordered withdrawn from the secondary schools of Sicily.

He is reported by our Regional Education Officer, Captain A. A. Vessello, to be unsympathetic with the Allies and to have been recommended, by our Port Security Section at Brindisi, for removal from his office and for transfer from Brindisi.

II

On the other side, it appears that he does not fall into any of the political categories calling automatically for action against him.

Considering the longer list of apparently scholarly books which Rossi has written (and my own platonic eye lingers fondly on the title *Il Protagora*—trad. e note), it has occurred to me as possible that the two textbooks in question contained praise of Fascism in order to get published rather than being published in order to praise Fascism.

It does not appear that Rossi profited from Fascism, beyond his ability, either financially or professionally.

III

Captain Vessello reports Rossi as saying that "nothing would please him more than to return to teaching."

IV

Having said this much, I am content for the time to leave this case to your own conscience—and to the incidence of your government's general plan for defascistization which I hope will soon be fully matured and functioning. There is a limited satisfaction in acting punitively case by case, especially if the cases can be unambiguously identified. But there is much more utility against villainy itself, and deference to justice besides, in proceeding punitively along the whole front, and in proceeding evenly.

Whatever the reason may be, Puglie has lagged far behind Sicily and Southern Italy in dealing with Fascist office holders in and out of education. When this lag is rectified—and it cries for rectification—individual cases will no doubt get attention and resolution so as to stop the scandal created by uneven gestures at justice, scandal not only as between region and region but also as between man and man.

Touching Rossi as a case singled out now for our attention, I cannot but recall your Excellency's professional relations with him in the trying days at Brindisi when you on your side and I on our side were trying against all but insuperable odds to initiate a responsible government in Italy.

There is still room in the world, I hope, for such a virtue as *noblesse oblige.*

T. V. SMITH
Lt. Col., AUS
Director of Education

This letter marks the spirit of my perpetrations as I passed from preparation-in-patience. In the spirit of expecting no more from the Italians than we should have been able to do in their place, in this spirit I left Italy for England and in this spirit I returned (fortified by the approval of Gilbert Murray). The Leaning Tower we left leaning, as we moved from Palermo to Brindisi, from Brindisi to Salerno, and from Salerno to Rome.

PERPETRATION

Why I got called to England on a secret mission I did not know. The trip was round-about in those days: through Marrakech in French Morocco, by the Azores to Scotland (to keep from being picked off by the German planes from Portugal), and from Scotland to London. Light as to my mission began to dawn on me, however, when my plane was met in London by a former (University of Chicago) student, Lt. Col. William F. Stephenson. I hadn't seen him for years. I asked him at once why I was there.

"Because I sent for you," he replied.

"And what can I do for you, now?" I asked.

"You can direct education in 'conquered Germany,' " he volunteered. When he saw my face fall (for I hated the Nazis too much to be a just governor over them), he added: "If you don't want that job, you can be in charge of public information in the military-government installation in Germany, or something else you may want. Meantime, you can help us plan the whole affair."

"I have a useful job in Italy," I said, "one for which I have trained and one in which I can be valuable."

"But you want to be a part of the big show, of course," as if that settled the matter.

I couldn't then and there make it stick that I'd rather be an efficient part of a middle-sized performance than an inefficient part of a huge enterprise. He explained that he had "sold" me to the Charlottesville school, had sent me to Italy to get some experience, and now had brought me to England. "Who did you *think* was looking after you, anyhow?" I thanked him for his solicitude and kindness, and he in turn told me to stick around for a month; if at the end of that time, I still thought I should return to Italy, he'd arrange it. Well, I did—and he did.

Meantime, I spent a pleasant month with my old student and learned something about Germany and a lot more about Italy. To me, "the big show," it should now be clear, is not where the show is biggest but where it is best. I thought I understood the Italians; certainly I sympathized with their plight. Stephenson was as good as his word, however. After a month in London investigating the textbook problem for Germany, I flew back to Italy with my preparation rounded off and my readiness for administration ripe. It is fair to say that what I had resolved upon was confirmed by talks in England with the elder statesman, Gilbert Murray (who was well informed on Germany as well as on Italy). Hardly anything could have made me suffer a "loss of nerve," as he had expressed it long before, after companioning hours with that gentle spirit at his Boar's Hill home.

In the interstices of our conferences I came to know and to like Lady Mary Murray. She told me a story befitting her Quaker background.

"I said to some English girls flirting with American soldiers on the street in Oxford: 'You ought not to be carrying on with foreigners.'

" 'But they're not foreigners, they're Americans.'

"Then I appealed to the soldiers: 'How would you like for your sisters to be acting this way?'

" 'Why, our sisters do it all the time,' they replied jovially.

"What are we going to do about it, Colonel?" she said to me soberly.

"Nothing, Lady Mary, just nothing," I replied.

"But it stands between me and my rest," was the piety she spread over a little war scene.

Before I left for Italy, I saw the trailed-off bombing of London, and got such information as I could to take back to my British counterpart, who was eager (I agreeing) to head the "big show" in Germany. He had a Nazi-like temperament, and would fit in Germany, but was a misfit with the gentler Italians. I thought the Germans would get from him no more than they deserved. The real service, however, which I was able to do the cause of military government, was to call my student's attention to an American captain—John W. Taylor—still languishing in North Africa, who had, ready to use, all the equipment for Germany, linguistic and other, all qualifications save rank. And there was time for him to acquire the needed rank before the sadistic Britisher overplayed his hand (which he presently did, and so made way for my Captain by default).

When I got back to Italy, we had already moved, with the Italian Cabinet, to Salerno. Since there were not enough public buildings to accommodate us all, the operational side of our enterprise was in Naples, only partially recovered from our war wreckage and still subject to German bombing.

I commuted twice a week between Naples and Salerno. This had its disadvantages, roads being what they were and cars being in short supply; but it also had its advantages, especially when to my military duties were added cosmic complications, such as superintending the most violent eruptions of Vesuvius for a century. After having all the paint knocked off my car by falling volcanic particles, leaving it speckled like a guinea egg, I put in for shelter at Pompei, knowing at last how the ancients must have felt as they waited to be covered by ash and cinders. A dozen days like the worst day and we too would have awaited uncovering by future archeologists. On the really bad days of "fallout" I commuted around Vesuvius to the east and north.

Our "control" function was severely limited by what the Italians *could* do. (We changed the name as soon as possible from "Control Commission" to "Commission.") The country was in ruins, roads bombed, bridges gone, mail and all forms of communication interrupted, and the severe fighting advancing inch by inch to the north. Our plan was to stay behind the active lines, but this didn't mean that we didn't get bombed from time to time. While I was still at Brindisi, indeed, a much-needed and long-awaited supply convoy steamed into Bari just at sundown and in exact time for the well-informed Germans to swoop in and sink all but very few of our twenty-odd cargoes. That was a sad sight, to see go up in smoke and down in water what we so desperately needed. This event so affrighted our high command at nearby Brindisi—with ammunition enough piled on the dock to have blown military government, Italian cabinet, and all else to smithereens, that we (I should say "they," for I went only once) commuted down the heel of the Boot some two hours away in order to find a safer place to sleep each night. (I preferred minor risk to major discomfort.)

Under such conditions, little changed for the better when I arrived at Salerno and Naples from England; the best we could do was to do the best we could. And this best was far from good. Our chief employment was to wait out the slowly improving fortunes of war, keep the Italians behind our lines pacified as best we could (by distinguishing, for instance, between the "political" price of bread and the *price* of bread). Meantime, we were getting the Cabinet that we "controlled" used to the feel and art of governing. Our expectations had to be modest, as I have said, or lead to complete disillusion. It was during this tedious period that the saying was current among the Italians: "The British we respect, but do not like; the Americans we like, but do not respect." And we British and Americans were both inclined to quote from our common Scriptures: "Verily, we say unto ourselves that each of us has his reward."

But let me speak further of my own sector of responsibility, the Ministry of Education. Our governing forces were deployed to match the organization of the Italian Cabinet, much as it had been under Mussolini and before. It varied somewhat from time to time in number of posts. My responsibility, for instance, was early at my request reduced from "Monuments and Fine Arts" merely to "Education," the former being a war and immediate job, the latter being a continuing function. (I came to be called "Monumental Smith,"not from my size but from the function, as to monuments, that I had voluntarily relinquished. In war as in politics, "Parkinson's Law" is to expand your holdings and never relinquish anything.) Our mission as educators was undramatic but highly important and clear, even if often impossible: it was to open the schools (when the buildings were often either destroyed or occupied by troops); to purge the teaching profession of Fascists (when, literally speaking, this left us with nobody to do the teaching); and to provide "safe" textbooks (when there was neither ink, paper, nor printing presses with which to make the books).

To add to the difficulties of "controlling" the Italians, we had difficulties in controlling ourselves. Our own armed forces took over what school buildings were left intact, to provide billets more comfortable than most in "sunny Italy," beastly uncomfortable in winter. Such furniture as was left in school buildings frequently got burned for warmth. What was not burned was often defaced.

Moreover, my own organization had been corrupted at the top by the example of my British predecessor who had briefly occupied my post while I was in England. He was so hungry for deference that he could think it somehow an "honor" to boast of honorary degrees extorted from Italian universities completely in our power. I say "extorted," for we could requisition or derequisition school buildings for mythical troops as easily as for real forces, and for "good" as well as for *real* reasons. I had not only to decline connivance with him but to issue orders forbidding anybody to accept any "honors" from the Italians. And if the situation itself were not impossible enough and our inner problems pressing enough, we had allies quite willing to betray us. I learned earlier than did most Americans what we had to expect of our Russian "Comrades."

Vishinsky, indeed, showed me his ungloved hand while he was to most but a famous Russian prosecutor. Although Italy was a British-American responsibility, we permitted the Russians to sit on the Advisory Board for Italy. After one board meeting, Vishinsky asked for permission to visit the Italian schools to see whether we were getting rid of the Fascists. I had to accede, though I knew in advance what to expect in the way of criticism from the all-too-little that was possible. He took a large retinue with him to Bari and after two days moved on to Brindisi with only two-thirds of his personnel. After two days there, he moved on with but a third of his retainers; and after a week he returned to headquarters with only his bodyguard and secretary. Meantime, I had been having daily intelligence from the field about his damage to our reputation among the Italians; and, to record fact, about disaffection in one case among my own staff. Nice allies, these Russians!

With so much to do and so little to do with, it is small wonder that soft idealists would overcompensate our lack of activity with utopian programs of educational action. This is what I had weaned myself away from during the "inactive" days of preparation in North Africa. But how to compensate the flow of pap to grown men not so weaned? As mentioned earlier, one of my most demanding officers, a nationally known school superintendent at home, got it in his head that Rotary clubs would be just the thing for Italy. Moreover, with that start he would of course not stop short of the Boy Scouts. I told him to forget the fads and concentrate upon our mission of opening and furthering the schools. Let us stick to our last, I counseled, lest the winter of some General's discontent find us without shoes. But I chanced to learn shortly thereafter on what an unexpected last our shoes were to be made. Our new British Commander, it turned out, was a Boy Scout fan, was indeed Head Scoutmaster in England.

With a sudden, and apparently irrational, about-face, I told my hyperthyroid colleague that I had changed my mind, and ordered him to organize and activate as many Boy Scout troops as possible in the shortest possible time. This was all he needed to make up for lost time. What a burst of speed he showed!

By the time the next Regional Meeting was called at Naples, I was loaded. Reports were given all day from the Provinces, climaxed in the afternoon with a parade of prowess by each Cabinet officer. I gave my report and was about to sit down when my Commander-in-Chief asked, by the way, whether I had thought of organizing the Boy Scouts in Italy. I thanked him for refreshing my memory, for my report had indeed been woefully incomplete! And then I ticked off in one-two-three-four-five fashion what we had already done. He beamed, and made me a public example to the whole Allied Control Commission. Thus and not otherwise was time sometimes bought in which to do one's duty!

I do not intend to demean colleagues in military government, and certainly not to belittle the efforts we made in behalf of education, under circumstances arduous when not downright impossible. The boundaries of what ought to be done were always what could be done. We accomplished much, nevertheless, in terms of details, and we accomplished more in terms of the intangibles.

We printed and distributed some two million revised textbooks during the first year in Italy (disproportionate credit goes to Major Willis E. Pratt). They were poor in quality and puny in content, but they were "pure"—purged of Fascist poison and clear of race criticism and derogation of democracy. Jumping national boundaries for a moment, we did better in Japan and much better in Germany. In the latter we distributed more than five million common-school texts the first year of occupancy. The Germans had more to do with; and the Japanese not only had more to do with but also more of morale to do on. Their language, however, offered additional difficulties. But back in Italy, we purged the teaching profession of most educators who had been Party members and had profited therefrom. And as to the intangibles I have mentioned, I would rate first and foremost our negative approach to positive goals.

Projection

As we projected our mission worldwide, we followed a note struck early by Secretary of State Cordell Hull, and were seldom forced by circumstances to deviate from it. A negative note it was, thus formulated by him: "It would be unwise for this government to undertake to apply, much less to impose, a foreign education program for the placement of American teachers in the schools of those countries, or for the preparation of textbooks in the United States for use in such schools." This negative tack I kept to in Italy, despite many promptings to take short cuts to utopia. The books we issued there, as elsewhere, were composed under our supervision but composed by nationals of the country concerned. I am pleased to have had a hand in selecting the American officer for Germany (not to say a hand in the training of officers for Japan) who could reaffirm what I had helped project from Italy: "It is the policy of the Education Branch," wrote Lieutenant Col. John W. Taylor, "to leave the Germans whatever does not conflict with the program of denazification and demilitarization of Germany. It is believed that self-determination along democratic lines guarantees better results in the end."

It is easy to tell a conquered people what they must not do (and up to a point to enforce it); but it is difficult to tell them what to do, and impossible to exact it. The only way to do anything is to begin doing something. Responsibility grows with the exercise of initiative, and patience is the only visible pathway toward perfection. There were certain practices, but few, that in terms of war aims we had to disallow; but the many things needing to be done were to be discovered; and it was our lot to sit by in patience, with but here and there a friendly prompting, while they learned to choose between alternatives, and to do something in the vast area of the unforbidden.

The Japanese made it harder for us to pursue this policy than any other conquered people. Two examples, one at the beginning, the other at the ending, of our mission to Japan, will make clear what we were up against from these people still courteous in defeat and curious in the direction of self-improvement. From memory, I give first the essence of a simulated address of welcome to the MacArthur Educational Mission, 1945, by the then Imperial Minister of Education:

> We Japanese may find it difficult to be a model conquered people, seeing that for some two thousand years of national history we have never been conquered before. Though utterly inexperienced at the business, our intentions are honorable. We shall, I promise you, do our best to be a model conquered people. Do you but kindly coach us if you see us falling short.
>
> On the other hand, do I rightly surmise that you Americans are not without your own embarrassment? You may find it difficult to

> be a model conquering people, seeing that in your century and a half of national life, you have never been in the habit of conquering other people. I know that your intentions are honorable, and I do not fear that you will make the mistake that we Japanese made in the heyday of our conquest, that of trying to inflict our way of life upon the conquered; but with your youth, your energy, and your efficiency, you may well be tempted to set a pace which we Japanese with all our honorable intentions, cannot maintain. Do you but let us coach you if we see you falling short.
>
> Through such mutual aid we may turn our joint embarrassment into a model relation between honorable conquerors and those honorably conquered.

Could ever a speech, under the circumstances, be more adroit than that? Probably what makes it most adroit of all is that it is not only strategic, but also sincere. At any rate, it was followed by conduct befitting. We were approached by our mentors (one Japanese scholar assigned as an "aide" to each member of the mission) publicly and privately, in many moods and tenses, and besought in fashion which I undertake to summarize from memory as follows:

> You have put us in your debt by coming to help us with our education. Half a century ago we Japanese thought that it was science which defined your superiority to us, insofar as you were superior. So we went for science in a large way. We are proud of what we have been able to achieve in so short a time, scientifically. In pure science we have made progress and in technology we have sufficiently industrialized our feudal nation as to hold our own for quite a time at war with the Western giant of technology. We now see, or think we see, that science is not enough. Indeed, we are beginning to suspect that we were on the wrong road, or at least that we had the cart before the horse. There seems to be something in your type of social organization that is superior to ours. Hidden under what you call Democracy there is a resiliency, a tenacity, a resourcefulness, a virtue of some sort or other which seems to render it superior in war as in peace to our feudal type of organization. We want you to teach us about equality and to familiarize us with your horizontal, as distinct from our hier-

archic, approach to one another. We want you to help us democratize our schools so that we may at length democratize ourselves.

If we left the Japanese to their own wits, it was, as you can see, against their expressed wills. How sincere they were I had no way of knowing. MacArthur believed in them, and I cannot say with the perspective which elapsed time has furnished, that they were not our most model "conquered people." A singular race, the Japanese, and a pride it was and is to have a hand in "governing" them.

Returning to Italy, from the Japanese "projection," let me give you an example of what the times prescribed in terms of content for our negative policy.

We did not find many men possessed of both energy and a sense of responsibility in Italy. Their records had to be fairly clean of the taint of Fascism before we could elevate them to Cabinet rank. My first Cabinet member was an old man who had probably been an inactive member of the Party, since he had been a high-school principal. Old men and rusted administrators were our early lot; Cuomo was no exception. He was good enough for what the time rendered (im)possible. He was expendable while we were nursing better men for better days. I let him wear out his welcome while we were readying means of action. Then we sacrificed him upon the altar of his unfortunate country. But we did not sacrifice him without proper ceremony.

My last meeting with him was memorable. After each of us had made, through our interpreters, pretty little speeches in appreciation of the other's courtesy and patience, I said what I hardly hoped would come through in translation: "Now that we have lathered each other's ego, let's settle to our last agenda." His eyes looked puzzled, then his heavy face lighted up, and finally his jowls fairly shook to the accompaniment of : "Humoroso, humoroso, humoroso!" Under the catharsis of humor, we parted, Cuomo and I, with little done, save time strategically and fruitfully elapsed. It is my pride, in memory, that under the difficulties, and under the provocation constituted by the difficulties, I never forgot that Cuomo was a man, a victim, and I was a man, a victor, in the irrationality of war.

I do not mean that we got much done. It was war, and we were pigmies in the very trough of its aftermath. I used His Excellency, Cuomo, my first Minister of Education, as best I could, for killing time and slowly readying action. Then we set him aside for a better man, but not the best. My second Minister of Education was Omedeo, rector of the University of Naples, whose buildings I had got "de-requisitioned" for him against demands involving the odious "honorary" degrees, which he finally felt strong enough to balk at. Omedeo was too energetic for the lethargic times and too uncompromising to last in a political atmosphere. He was given enough rope, and he proceeded to put it to its proverbial and proper use. Time marched on, we had taken Rome meantime, and reconstructive action impended.

There was a man at hand, whom we had reserved for the hour, for a more fruitful hour than any before. He was my third and best Minister of Education. His record was clear of Fascism, even to a long imprisonment under Mussolini; his writings showed him to be a scholar and a prewar liberal, and his reputation was a sound investment for public opinion in England and America (a matter we could never forget). His energies, too, seemed unimpaired (though prison and malnutrition had taken their tolls, and he died when just coming to maximum usefulness).

This man was Guido de Ruggerio. He and I worked together like fellow-philosophers and good colleagues with seldom a cross-purpose. We cleaned that plumb of a Fascist place, the University of Rome, of its opportunists whom Mussolini had rewarded with political place under pedagogical guise. We furthered with wise legislation the elementary and secondary systems of education. And we got higher education half-back on its track.

We argued incessantly, especially concerning the role of history in education. I tried to convince him that the Italian emphasis upon historicism (a result of Germanic influence?) was trading creativity off for a mess of rationalization. Where Reason is taken in lieu of Imagination, a poor bargain shows the static to have suborned the dynamic. I argued that love of history is for young countries, like America, which has little of history. Imagination is for old countries, like Italy, so that history may be overborne. It does not compliment my forensic prowess, but does suggest my compassion, that he was not much won from the "error of his way." But under such forebearance on my part, the freedom on his part to venture, to experiment, to reorganize began to bear fruitage. De Ruggerio was a wise and just and a learned man.

The spirit of our occupation became the rule which was projected to other occupied countries. Nowhere was that spirit better implemented than on the flyleaves of early textbooks used in Germany: "This book was written by German educators for German children in the days before Hitler. It will be used only until German scholars write better books for German children."

But to return to Italy, which I have emphasized partly because it was my responsibility (I was only an adviser, not an operator, in Japan and Germany) and partly because it was the Italian experience which was extended to the other countries. The chief lesson which our colleagues did not apply in Germany was the patience required for doing with what we had rather than the determination to do with the power we lacked. We could and did fire half the German teachers as Nazis. But we couldn't make it stick. In Italy we hardly averaged 5 per cent, but those we fired stayed fired, with few exceptions. To have fired men put back in the job while you stand by helpless is bad for governance. It either shames with ignorance as to who should be fired or it damns with irresolution the stamina to stand firm under criticism. Both are bad, I repeat, for a governing class.

JAPAN ILLUSTRATED best our effort at collaboration. Let me illustrate with a strange experience I had as a member of the Educational Mission to Japan. For my assignment I had the good fortune as a philosopher to be asked to prepare for General MacArthur background recommendation for a safe and sound course on "Morals and Ethics," as they emphatically called their ground effort at school indoctrination. I sought as strategically as I could to find a few spots on the gnarled old Japanese tree to graft twigs that, if they "took," would draw their sap from the old trunk to produce in a decade or so some democratic fruitage. I had finished my report and it had been accepted by the Commission when a peculiar thing happened.

Dr. George Stoddard, our chief and leader, showed me one day a long letter in beautiful English script, on the telltale letterhead of Sugamo Prison, where high war criminals were awaiting trial. The letter was from a former Imperial Minister of Education caught in the toils of purification. In a deft and respectful way, he called attention to the enormous role that handicraft had played and, said he, still played, in the Japanese hinterland. He thought it significant for national morale and not without meaning as live material for ethical instruction.

I was quite ashamed that I had not thought of all this by myself. It was my ignorance of Japan (sight-seers are not good policy-makers!) which had led me to overlook what I well know, and about which I had in truth written a book for America. To atone, I did what any other American would have done. I corrected my ignorance in profit from, and out of, gratitude toward the Japanese prisoner of war. When I returned to our Committee of the Whole for new approval, my prescription for Japanese ethics was centered around the moral meaning of workmanship, which can yield at the same time both a living and a life.

Working up to morality from good manners, so characteristic of civilian Japan, I found myself on the very summit of a way of life which needs only to be smoothed out and applied in mutuality to constitute an indigenous morality already democratic.

Already the humble citizen bows to or toward the Emperor. Let the Emperor bow back to the humblest citizen, and the democratic process has replaced an aristocratic inheritance. I learned from him in prison what it does not pay us to forget: *to purify the best of what a culture already practices is to come as close as is presently possible to perfection.* This I had tried to project through the younger men we were training to be military governors in Japan, and it was a pleasure to find some of those same men already practicing the lesson in Japan, where their erstwhile instructor was having to learn it anew. One of these men reminded me, with thanks, of what I had told them in a Commencement speech when his class graduated at the University of Chicago School for Japan.

> You have now finished your general training for the over-all job of Military Government.
>
> You have long had skill salted away, and now have it seasoned for your specialty. You know your job, that is to say, general and special, as well as you can know it in advance. But do you know yourselves?
>
> That is a delicate question, but not an impertinent one, I hope. It is asked by one whose pride is deeply involved in your prospects. Failure of self-knowledge will quickly impregnate all your little successes with the seeds of failure. A modicum of such knowledge will augment your self-confidence, will keep you modest if you become a hero, and will save you from being a failure even if circumstances hand you nuts too hard in fact for anybody to crack.
>
> This thing to which I refer is not so much knowledge of what you can do. It is knowledge of what you can stand, or better still, what you cannot stand. . . . How are you going to tolerate the intolerable? —that is a question which, in all conscience, you'd better answer in advance.

After sharing with them some experiences from the field, I summarized my advice as follows:

> Carry with you, then, some personal hobby or luxury—to save you from boredom. Take with you standards of performance lowered enough so that you can now and then honestly think well of your

work, in the wake of war. This will save you from discouragement and cynicism. Take with you a jugful of pride in your country: its arms, its culture, its justice. This will save you from the poison of more power than most of you have ever had before. Yes, with all your taking, take this final thing. If you do take and keep ever beside you this immaterial wealth of the West, I for one do not care what of luggage you leave behind nor worry a mite as to the honor, mayhap even glory, which you will bring back home from the East.

This, I am certain, was the prevailing spirit of our educational policy in all conquered lands. American educators who went forth in the garb, but not in the guise, of conquerors, were intent upon demilitarizing the minds of men. But we wished to save all individual resourcefulness, and we were quick to recognize an astonishing amount of such resourcefulness. We used our position of temporary power to dethrone the will to power of those conquered and to open opportunities to meet in them the will to perfection, which sometimes sleeps in the best of us but never quite dies in the worst of us.

This spirit I had readied for universal projection in my final report to the Allied Military Government in Italy: "Most of all, and best of all, we have done whatever we have done through methods of consultation and in an atmosphere of democratic reasonableness, to make right procedures speak where commands of authority would not carry beyond the echo of the hour." This spirit enabled us, when we could not boast of what we had done, to be often proud of what we had not done.

This collaborative spirit had the hardest sledding in dealing with Germans, and I close this story of military government throughout the world with an account of our training of highly educated German POW's to become our assistants in governing Germany after Normandy.

My work at the University of Chicago school of military government for Japan was interrupted by a tour of duty highly secret. We had selected several hundred educated German POW's for training as our assistants in the subsequent governance of Germany. This operation was, as I said, highly secret because we feared what the Nazis might do to our own POW's because of what they would allege we were doing to theirs. It was a project finely conceived and well executed, as things military go. The experiment had been under way long enough to have graduated two or three classes when I joined it. Morale was high and promise good. A German major asked me one day after class if I hadn't been a military governor in Italy.

"Yes," I said.

"Me, too," he volunteered. "I was stationed at Rome," he continued. "Where you?"

"Rome, too, toward the end," I said.

"Where in Rome were you billeted?" he asked, brightening.

"Flora Hotel," I replied.

"Me, too," said he, laughing.

"What was your room?" I inquired.

"Room 415," he answered, punctuating my laughter at hearing him call *my* room number at the Flora!

Even at war the world was a small place.

From all the friendliness of the enterprise, a visitor at Fort Getty might have wondered, save for the garb and the accent, who were the victors and who the prisoners. We were on an island in Narragansett Bay, and had little need for the traditional barbed wire of prison camps. Nobody wanted to escape. We bent with a good will to teach them not only about our way of life but also the democratic elements of German life, which the younger ones did not know and which the older ones were proud to be reminded of. They reciprocated with a royal will to bring themselves up to date. It was both the most satisfactory and the least heartening educational experience of my long teaching career.

The things that could be taught they learned like a house afire. But how little can be "taught" about democracy! At the drop of a hat they'd memorize and give back to us the Constitution of the United States. Nor were they remiss in analyzing the

Weimar Constitution. How they did bend themselves to the tasks assigned, all the way from tearing baseballs apart to learning analytically how to play the game, on up to the mastery of constitutional law! But the things that cannot be taught they seemed utterly incapable of learning. Among the things, fatal things, they never seemed to learn were these:

Item: that you must be prepared to compromise disagreements.

Item: that you must compromise with your enemy, most of all with your enemy.

Item: that you must compromise with what you hold to be wrong.

Item: that the major premise of your argument must never be that you are God or that your opponent is a fool.

Item: that your firmest absolutism is always made relative in practice by your own finitude.

Item: that the more sacred beliefs are, the more you must be prepared to contain them within yourself or compromise them.

To many, all too many, of these items their stock answer was all but stereotyped: maybe you British and you Americans can make a democratic system work; we Germans cannot; we have character which shames us out of a compromise economy. Where education was most needed, it was most lacking. It was not the Big Hitler outside, it was the Little Hitler inside, that betrayed them.

Reflection on the "German character"—their much talked of "*Geist*"—has left me less hopeful of humanity than in my youth. My education, as I admitted earlier, began with mules, Texas mules. My maturation ended with Germans. Psychiatrists, observing and interviewing these bright and relatively "good" Germans, were driven to the hypothesis that the German sickness of soul springs from the role of the father in family life. (But what does *that* spring from?) He can extort respect but he cannot compel love. Only those Germans who had been separated from their fathers early (divorce, death, education abroad) seemed free of deep inner strife. The German both loves and hates his source of authority. This leaves him sadly distraught, and the world must pay the bill. It is a self-perpetuating indebtedness. Germans who have the sons have already had the fathers. And so it goes from age to age.

Places and Persons

I have been very fond of places, any and every kind of place. Kipling's poem "Sussex"—to his native heath—has touched me deeply. And Rupert Brooke's tribute to beloved natural objects and places—"The Great Lover"—has long been among my favorites. I like new places and I like old and seasoned places.

There is—or was—for example, La Jolla, in California, which I picked out when it was small and I was young, to retire to when I was old. But before I was old enough to retire, it had outgrown itself and had become a city. Now, I like cities, too—especially Austin, Texas, but I want to pick them and not have them slip their cityhood over on me.

There is Taormina, in Sicily, which I first saw in wartime, but which, for all its bombed-out aspect, was still a natural beauty of the world. Combining a view of both the Mediterranean and ageless Etna, it seemed to me of all earthly places the one nearest heaven.

I like Blanket, Texas, though what there is to like about it, save the honor I did it by being born there and the honor it did me by not objecting, is not plain to see. With all these preferences, I have had few fixations on places and fewer prejudices against places. My wife and I used to say to each other, as we would drive away from almost any place where we had spent a few weeks: "Let's retire here!" Implored I Allah from North Africa:

> Here would I come to take my rest,
> Pray Allah, bring me once again,
> Where meet the East and West,
> Where mingle worst and best!

The highest palm, however, would go to our erstwhile estate at Syracuse, New York, "Four Winds." We had bought and improved this 125-year-old estate, overlooking the city and in easy distance of the University, to live in, to retire to, and to be buried on. My wife's premature invalidism made it impractical for us to live in it, and her death undesirable for me to retire to it. Meantime, we had indulged our roving spirits with the fancy of colonizing all points of the compass from it. We achieved before her death our Southern outpost, "South Wind" (a tiny citrus grove of five acres in Florida), "West Wind," a house in Austin, Texas. "East Wind" and "North Wind" remained unborn (but not unbegotten) children of imaginative emprise. Our favorite pastime while driving all over these United States was singly or together (if such limping unison could be called "together") to intone "America the Beautiful," to us a truly inspiring song.

If our hearts were never irrevocably fixed even on "Four Winds," it was no derogation to it but a compliment to the rest of the wide, wide world. Of all these and innumerable other spots I am ready to say, with Kipling's "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal":

Gawd bless this world! Whatever she 'ath done—
Excep' when awful long—I've found it good.
So write, before I die, "'E liked it all!"

And since I have never found it "awful long," I can drop the exception of the Tramp-Royal and write it down that I liked this world. So far as places go, then, I am a cosmopolite and an eclectic.

Before I come to hospitable homes, there are scores of hotels—most of all the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo—which are worthy of a better song than I can sing. I must pass them by with a salute, albeit a grateful salute. All of them I have canonized with high thoughts. And of the homes where I have been entertained, how can I say the general word better than Rudyard Kipling has said it?

How can I turn from any fire,
  On any man's hearthstone?
I know the wonder and desire
  That went to build my own!

But to single out a hundred homes and a half-hundred hotels—fewer would not do—would be invidious. I shall speak to all, therefore, through one, and echo back to one, through all, my heartfelt thanks for dear hospitality.

The latchstring of the Ludwig Hammers in St. Louis has long been hung out for me, ornamented in blank verse by the poignant, but bubbling, and now lamented, Philene Hammer.

This certificate confers upon
Dr. T. V. Smith
the title of
guest we most like to have in our guest room
inasmuch as he
radiates cheery warmth in zero February
weather

delights family and friends with his charm
  and spirit
rekindles inactive minds
listens to prattle and pronounces it sagacious
pets the dog
praises the cook
unobtrusively becomes as much a part of the
  household as the dearest, most familiar
  chair
does all that may become a friend (who dares
  do more—or less—is none)
then folds his Smith-Corona and silently
  steals away

This certificate, moreover, shall serve as a key to 3228 Copelin, St. Louis, entitling the subject to use 3228 as a refuge between ports at any time, often or occasionally, now and forever, with or without notification.

Ludwig F. Hammer
Philene Hammer

March 5, 1958

There is another place I must celebrate: a rolling place with an unidentified person. This place is fresh in memory, and the man has been a great influence in my life, though he must forever remain unnamed. It was on a freight train in Texas—between Dallas and Denison—that I got from a stranger my first book-introduction to philosophy. The introduction was also my conversion. To change the figure, it was love at first sight. The infatuation was all the more effective by virtue of its being winter. Texas can be cold on a freight train, especially if you are "riding the rods." A brakeman—I honor his memory, though I shall never know his identity—instead of kicking me off the train, as was the custom, invited me back to the caboose, where a coal stove was red hot, with a bunk alongside.

"Make yourself at home, kid," he said, nodding toward the bunk; "I'll be out working the train most of the night."

I made myself at home in a sense more far-reaching than he could have dreamed. While my body made itself at home on the couch, my spirit found a home, a home at large for the whole of life. For there on the table where the brakeman could reach it from the bunk, face down, was a book, a book opened at a fateful page. On that page began the *Discourse on Method* of Descartes. This French philosopher I had never heard of; I had no idea how even to pronounce his curious-looking name. Indeed, the very word "philosophy," I dare say, had never crossed my lips nor its lovely sounds caressed my ears. The *Harvard Classics* I had heard of. They were a set of books widely noted even among those too poor to buy. It was a "five-foot shelf" of books, the compendium of all culture, a magic short-cut to knowledge. The *Harvard Classics* was a heaven in prospect for my poor family, "heaven" being appropriately defined as "where you ain't." We couldn't conceivably afford on four-cent cotton this marvelous set of books; but we couldn't afford not to talk about it, either.

There in the caboose of a freight train was a volume of the *Harvard Classics,* opened at the right page, compellingly inviting me to read. Tired as I was and, once thawed out, sleepy as I was, I dipped into that book readied for me by fortune and the friendly brakeman. I read and read and read, throughout the night. At break of day, when I left the train, I knew that my life was determined in one regard at least: I would, so far as possible, be a man like Descartes, a man who would not take the easy path of credulity but who would seek through scrupulous care a foundation for faith and action.

For there in that magic book, was a man saying out loud the discovery of all adolescence: that parents and teachers and even one's own senses have so often deceived him that he hesitates to trust as *any time* right that which is *sometimes* wrong.

Here was a man putting into cold print what I had hardly dared as yet to think in timid silence, and yet what I knew to be so: that the wise thing to do is to doubt whatever you can, in order not to get caught believing so many things that just ain't so. It was long afterward that I was to discover from another philosopher the constructive reason for this bold skepticism: "If you start with certainty," shrewdly observes Lord Bacon, "you will end in doubt; but if you start with doubt, and persist in it, you may end in certainty." The nobleness of honest skepticism is measured by the honor of faith that has been duly earned. Intellectual ambition is at the root of my saying of piety that "he who doubts not is fossilized already."

I have always, since the rendezvous that night with Descartes, found the philosophers to be full of both light and leading. They may be ignorant of many know-hows which more practical men possess; but they are also wise to many things that experts are ignorant of. We all "know" more than we *understand,* and the philosophers can help us with the all-important business of understanding.

Apologies to the brakeman for not recording his name, but all honor to one who, unknowingly, lifted my eyes from earth to the skies, in the humblest of places, the caboose of a freight train rumbling along between Dallas and Denison, Texas.

I AM PARTICULARLY TOUCHED by sacred places. There is a place in Christian legend, piteous to recall, where the shadow of a cross arose upon the lonely hill. "Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" The classic places touch me even more to the quick. Delphi, for instance. Since it bulks large in my roll call of remembrances, let me speak of two other places that I once visited en route to Delphi. One of these is the Acropolis, next to Delphi my most sacred place. The other is a decayed Christian church amid the ruins of ancient Carthage, a church and what I saw happen there. It is easy to believe in the everlasting career of beauty when one sees, even in ruins, the beauty man has produced. What man has done, man may do—and more. But what of ruin man has wrought may also be perpetrated again.

I sat one day in the shade of an upright column amid the fallen ones on the Acropolis and watched in horror what the descendants of "the noble Greeks" were doing. What they were doing was this: with long sharp sticks several men and boys were amusing themselves by punching out the eyes of a bat tied to a string and blinded in his bondage by the light of day. This, on the Acropolis, amid the ruins of the Parthenon, with God's blue sky overhead, and the beautiful city of Athens stretched out in every direction, reaching even to the sea.

As I reflected upon the conflict between beauty in nature and evil in the hearts of men, there came back vividly a sight I had but days before seen amid the ruins of ancient Carthage. Two billy goats had found something to resent in each other, and they were fighting it out, in the only way billy goats know to settle their differences of opinion. And the matter might have been left at that, save for the arena they had chosen for the site of the ordeal. It was on the recognizable floor of a pagan temple later converted into a Christian church, and much later fallen into ruin, with only shattered pieces of colored mosaics to advertize the irony of history. The billy goats were bloody, but, between periods in which they locked horns to rest, they fought on, like the foolish brutes they were.

With the bat and its tormentors before me, and with the goats in mind to commemorate the ignominy of prowess throughout the orders of nature, I arose with a heart full of sadness for man's bestial inhumanity to man. And as I stood to take a last look at the Parthenon, I noted that time had passed and the sun was about to set. Between me, however, and the sinking sun, I saw a figure that stirred my memory, a slight figure leaning on a cane and watching the setting sun. Upon closer approach, my hunch proved right: it was Alain Locke, a distinguished philosopher, from Howard University, Washington, D.C., whom I had planned to meet in Europe (but connections had gone awry).

It would have passed as but a glad meeting of old friends, save for one thing. Alain was a Negro. His knowledge of the Greek language was most convenient to my ignorance, indeed his culture in general reduced me to an ignorant but grateful camp follower of his, as we toured Greece and then Italy together. He made all arrangements, introduced me to a thousand coves of culture and short cuts to economy; and proved himself anew a good friend and a noble traveling companion. I could not but help even accounts by raising our irony to the level of articulation: "Alain," I once said to him, "when I come to visit you at Howard University, the only place, I observe, where you can take me for a meal outside your campus, is the Union Station. And that in the Capital City of the world's greatest democracy! Here in Europe the scales are reversed; you, the former Rhodes Scholar, are the big boy—and I am the underling. How does it feel to be on top?" It was a sad joke at which neither of us could smile more than pensively. But Locke carried his role with dignity and kindliness. He indeed promised me any aid he could give in my approaching campaign in a Chicago district almost half Negro. He not only promised, he fulfilled, in a weekend fraught with crucial consequences to my political adventure. In the light of Locke's friendship and continued kindness to me, I made anew my own the deserved words of Paul Laurence Dunbar (*The Complete Poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar* [New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1933], p. 16) upon the Negro race:

> No other race or white or black
> When bound, as thou wert, to the rack,
> So seldom stooped to grievings.
> No other race, when freed again,
> Forgot the past and proved them man,
> So noble in forgiving.

This brings me, in properly chastened mood, to Delphi, my place of places.

In 1934 I was selected by the American philosophers as a representative to the Seventh International Congress of Philosophy at Prague. I was invited to defend the democratic way of life against totalitarianism in a public debate (with a Nazi philosopher named Willy Hellpach). This was an assignment to my liking but, in truth, beyond my capacity. If ever a philosopher needed divine aid, I was the one. And not only intellectual aid but practical, yea political help, as well.

I had just previously become the Democratic nominee for state senator in a Chicago district that had not had a Democratic senator since before the Civil War. I was not only in the hands of my enemies, but worse, in the hands of my "friends." And what friends! Job could have learned something from my friends!

My Party Boss had called his ninety-two precinct captains together the night I sailed from New York, and told them that I'd gone gallivanting to Europe; that I was no good to them and never would be. So in my absence they were to lay the groundwork for my defeat. This, despite his encouraging me to go and his assuring me that my interests would be fully taken care of in my excused absence. Only one of the ninety-two captains could speak up against such highhandedness, for he alone had a living independent of the Boss. Speak up this single one did, unavailingly; and then cabled me the dire news.

Already I was in general need of more than human aid; for the skepticism of the age had settled upon me (I had just finished a book titled *Creative Sceptics*); and I was in a mood to murmur more disrespectfully than Wordsworth:

> . . . . Great God! I'd rather be
> A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

In pursuance of my felt needs, both general and specific, I had already resolved to visit Delphi and seek aid from the pagan god of Beauty. I knew, of course, that in Christendom Apollo was esteemed dead, done to the death by his own pagan inferiority. But I did not believe it. At most, I guessed that the god was only sleeping, biding his time to reappear in history. I did not doubt that he could be awakened by a pilgrim who approached him in the right manner with a cause both just and crucial. The gods are ever punctilious about protocol. And I was in a mood to observe all the amenities.

To this end, I stopped some days in Athens and did a bit of reverential research on Apollo. To my surprise, I discovered, or seemed to have discovered, that Apollo had had a natural history which, I guessed, would predispose him to my mission. What I discovered, or seemed to discover, was this: Apollo had not always been on the side of the Greeks. I found, indeed, that in the Trojan War, the god had been completely offsided. After the Grecian victory at Troy, Apollo, seeing on which side his bread was buttered, immigrated to Greece and set himself up, under discouraging auspices, in the deifical business. Ever with an eye for Beauty, he had gone away from the crowded centers and had found a spot of breathtaking beauty at Delphi, and there had established his headquarters.

Through many difficulties, some of which must have discouraged even a god, he had come by the fifth century B.C. to be chief divinity in the Mediterranean basin. I guessed that being, as it were, a self-made deity, Apollo would lend a readier ear to a self-made man; and, being himself acquainted with hardships, he would respond the quicker to the quest of a man of the people.

Having learned this much and imagined the rest, I purified myself through proper rites for many days, preparatory to my pilgrimage to Delphi. Meantime, practical affairs had obtruded themselves on my attention as I sought unavailingly to get return passage in time to reach home for the opening of the political campaign. I was everywhere too late and so was everywhere assured that no booking was possible that would get me home at the height of the tourist return.

Leaving this predicament to simmer, I presently took passage to Delphi by bus. The day was hot, like all summer days in Greece; the bus was hopelessly crowded; and I reached Delphi at midafternoon, hot, tired, hungry, and thirsty. But so intent was I upon my mission that I did not stop at the hotel for even a siesta, but plodded my dusty way up the hill, under the wicked sun, to locate the spot where Priestess Pythia once sat to receive the oracles. Impiously enough, this spot has been marked by excavation on the part of agnostic archeologists, who flouted the mysteries of grace in search of natural gas that might have asphyxiated the Priestess and thus made her irrational means to the prudential ends of plotting priests. I approached their excavation, though not in agnostic mood.

I bent over the hole in the broiling sun, intent upon my mission. I asked Apollo, as a test question, how I was to get back to America in time for my political campaign. Silence. I tried a more theological tack. Silence to all approaches. And then I knew that in my haste and earnestness I had offended the god. Daunted but not discouraged, I returned to my hotel, bathed, slept, and prepared the rites that would make me readier for the intercession.

Then at midnight, under a full moon in a clear sky, I went once more to the sacred excavation and bent to worship. I put my practical question again, knowing always that one needs criteria to distinguish between the divine and the diabolical, "How, with all the boats full, do I get back to America in time for my political debut?" I inquired, pleadingly. Out of deference to my long-unused Greek, there came in clear tones, and in English, the answer:

Beware the wood and rusty steel;
Chart thy course by Hesperis' seal.

I discerned at once that the negative meaning of the message was this: "Don't take any wooden boat, nor yet any steel ship outmoded." But what was the positive guidance which the god meant to vouchsafe? I saw not, and asked him to interpret the last line of the oracle. Only silence, however, greeted my prying question. Then I sadly remembered that the gods only indite; they do not interpret. Interpretation is always a hazard left to men. It was ever thus. So laying the words to my heart for more opportune meditation, I asked other questions more general in import, though less capable of being checked with events. It is not required to go into all this fully, since the proof of the pudding is in the eating. An example or two will suffice.

I asked for counsel that would match for modern need the ancient oracle "Know thyself" and I got this:

> Measure men and things, justice would'st
> thou give,
> But measure first thyself, wisely would'st
> thou live.

And to my request for forward-looking courage, this:

> The future is an oracle, the oracle is
> wise;
> The mutuality of men dawns yet in Western
> skies.

But to return to the practical proof of the perilous pudding. I went back to Athens with the first oracle, the test one, deep in my mind. I doubted not that in the last line was the solution to my most pressing problem. But the meaning did not come clear for many a day—and night. At last, however, precisely again at midnight—"strange mystic hour when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin"—I awoke; and I knew that Apollo was with me; for, plain as day, in my mind was the meaning of the cabalistic line. Such certitude invested my soul that I went back to sleep, leaving the honey to be gathered the next morning. Bright and early, I reported again to the United States Steamship Company, with the revelation plain in my mind. I encountered my same agent, a young

Greek god in pulchritude. I said to him, undoubtingly: "I want passage to America on September 1 from Paris, via the *New Washington.*"

"Aren't you," said he, searching my face, "the same gentleman who was in here a week or so ago trying to book passage? The answer is still the same: no space."

I looked him right in the eye: "*I* am the same," I admitted, "but the *situation* is different."

"Not if you mean getting space on our line at that time," rejoined he.

"Here," playing my trump card: "I've been to Delphi since I saw you, and I have here an oracle which, as I take it, settles the matter. But you are a Greek, a son of Apollo; you would know whether I interpret the oracle rightly." I showed him the first line, he nodding his head affirmatively as to its easy meaning. Then I ventured to tell him that in the second line "Hesperis" would, to an ancient Greek, clearly mean "Western Hesperides," which is to say, the United States of America. Washington is indeed the spiritual seal of America. "Chart thy course by Hesperis' seal" could only mean, then, for me to go home on the *New Washington.* I waited an anxious moment for his confirmation. Without a word, he took my typewritten slip with the oracle on it, retired to an inner office, and consulted his superior. Then they telegraphed the Paris office, and within an hour showed me this returned message:

"We fear not the forces of nature, nor favor the importunities of men, but we'll be damned if we'll go against the will of a god. This man shall have passage"—and passage I did have.

This intervention got me home at an opportune season, so opportune indeed that, against all odds and despite every rational prediction, I won the race, and became "Senator Smith, Fifth District, Illinois." And as for the deities of the upper air, I acknowledge them as stuff of my life. And what is more, I became, and have remained, an unofficial priest of Apollo in America. I bear witness at every proper season to the autonomy of

Beauty in the life of value. And I listen at twilight to the ethereal denizens of the upper air conversing in the treetops, believing with Emerson, that

> He who overhears some random word they say,
> Is the fated man of men, whom the ages must obey.

LEST I LEAVE THE IMPRESSION that I make an idolatry of geography, bowing down to places here and to places there, let me close this narrative with two sorts of places that I do not like.

I cordially dislike all "disorienting" places, points of geography, I mean, where I am, so to say, "turned around." If any place on earth wants to get in dutch with me, it has only to set me at odds with the points of the compass. That will do the trick, and at once. If north becomes south, or even becomes east, I'm addled. Many people are not annoyed, not even bothered, at this cosmic phenomenon: women, for instance; London "bobbies," for instance. It's a rare woman, in my experience, who has a firm hold on her points of the compass. And as to London bobbies, I asked thirteen of them one morning after a severe bombing of their city, which way was north. Most of them didn't really entertain the question. Rather, they asked me a question: "Where do you want to go?" They looked bewildered and a little annoyed when I insisted that I didn't want to go anywhere, I just wanted to know where I was. Only two of the thirteen thought they knew which way was north—and both of them were mistaken. Well, English policemen can have it their way; London's their city after all. But for me, I'm fussy about directions and will be true to the compass until I die. How can one think straight when the categories through which he thinks are all mixed up?

It means so much to me, indeed, that I have often taken a train or plane away from such an addled city, going to a place where I was straight, in order to see if, coming again and watching the cosmos to see that it stayed "straight," I couldn't undo the trick already played on my rationality. Yes, there's one kind of place I don't like, and that's any and every place where I'm turned around.

And there's one other place, if it can be called a "place." That's Ocean. It makes me endlessly uneasy, the rolling and pitching of the sea. I can understand how the sea affects some, but I cannot share their affection. Writes a dear friend—Jamie Sexton Holme—in "Sea Burial" (*Floodmark* [New York, Henry Harrison, 1935], p. 22):

When life is over, give me to the sea;
I loved it more than ever I loved the land.
Let my stripped bones grow white as salt and sand;
Let water be a winding sheet for me.

Great tides shall swing above me like a bell;
My requiem shall be the waves' slow song,
And all the centuries shall not seem long,
Where I lie lulled by many a murmuring shell.

I'm not prejudiced against water as such; after all it's one of the Four Elements which make up our earthly estate. But I like it in moderation, and I welcome it only under control. I can exult with Byron, when he sings "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!" But I can only deprecate what he goes on to extol: that man's feeble influence and control stops with the shore. I like salt water only in distant and quieting perspective, where its eternal restlessness cannot add to my own nervousness.

The Greeks had, it seems to me, the proper perspective. With one exception, I believe (I refer to Segesta, in Sicily), they planted their temples in sight of the sea, but distant enough to borrow quiet from the perspective. My negative attitude toward Ocean will come clear and grow emphatic, if not rational, through a dialogue I once had with her, on a freighter bound for the Mediterranean. The dialogue unfolds through three heightening scenes.

At sea I heard, or thought I heard, sea voices. Mere noises they were when I was tired or listless or inattentive. But in early morning or at solitary midnight there came through the swishing back-roll of the waves upon the boat, intelligible sound, full of sense and significance. Like messages of the air scrambled in the sending, these voices of the sea were received as thoughts when heard in early morning or at lonesome midnight. Thoughts they were that were deep like the ocean that sent them; thoughts that were dissident like the winds that snatched them from wave crests and brought them to me.

These voices spoke profound things to me. They told of a warring that is world-making and life-wrecking in portent; of a strife that is cosmic, of a coming-to-be that never is, of a balanced instability whose backward and forward surgings are the rhythmic stuff of life itself. Hear you these messages in relays—midnight, morning, midnight, morning—and see why I do not like Ocean.

"Your life—yes, you mite, clinging to the rail up there! Your life is like mine, feeding upon its own fumings." Thus sea voices to me, challengingly.

"No, no!" said I, talking back to Ocean. "I am calm. My worries are all behind—or ahead. Here on deck, worries have I none." Thus replied I to Ocean, in defense of the peace of my soul.

"Water!" shouted she. "Salt water!" she shouted. "That's what you are. That's so nearly *all* you are that were you mashed as you squash bugs, all seen of you would be a squirt of water, and little would be left save the spread of the squirting. You're but a balanced precipitate of eons of my oozings. You're but a drop of salty substance dampening the deck rail for a moment before spilling back into me.

"Salt water!" her insistence dying to a murmur as I ceased to contradict her. "Balanced on that rail today like the rail's own humid sweat, tomorrow your ashes will fly over hilltop to settle upon my waves, or your buried bones will seep away their substance more slowly but not less surely returning thus through rivulet and river to swell again my water and my salt.

"Salt water!" Ocean's voice trailed off. "Your humors are my colors tinted with my odors; and even your bile, it is but my bilge!"

So spoke Ocean to me at midnight, as I reeled disconsolately from moonlit rail to restless bed.

In early morning I leaned once again to converse. "But my mind," began I, "my mind you cannot claim."

"Your mind!" Ocean was instantly alert. "Your mind is as evanescent as my color in the ship's churning wake. Your consciousness," her voice settled down to a petulant teaching tone, "your consciousness is but a sublimation of my spray. It is never what it is, but always what it is becoming. When my waves grow thin at edge, they break into foam, and the flying fish sport in my short-lived iridescence; but beneath this transparent thinness of beauty which these fish covet and grace, I am heavy with dark volume; in my depths, I conceal crawling monstrosities that render me pregnant with evil and death. Your mind!" she scoffed. "Tell its virtues to the inconstant wind; tell them not to me. Beneath the shining surface of your conscious pride, I know your depths: they are tinctured with my own deepest taints. Monstrosities sport in your lower reaches and show their crawling forms along the shoals of dreams.

"Your fantasies at gloaming are but ocean rhythms reflecting moonlight; and your clearest morning thoughts are but sunlight upon thin-edged water embroidered by the wind. Your ear, is it not shaped shell-like to feed your mind unceasing echoes of my roarings? Though you climb the highest mountain or tread the driest sands of desert, these echoes will teach you whence you came and whither you go. Your boasted 'mind's eye' is but my phosphorescence in the brief stirrings of cosmic night."

Thus Ocean to me in early morning, as I gazed admiringly at her surface transparencies and full of wonder pondered deeply as I might her darksome depths.

From a morning passed in forebodings, I returned at brightest noonday to the rail. Ocean should not thus so highhandedly, I had resolved, cast the die of my life, darkly settling with my fate the fate of human kind. Her spirit had listed to the cosmic left, overborne perhaps by the very weight of her briny willfulness. I had steeled myself to point her to the brighter side of things. She was older than life, to be sure, and more mordant. But I would force her to recant, or hurl my faith in life full in her billowy old face. Braved by the sunlight, I leaned to her from the rail.

There she still was: her variegated colors, her murmurous partings for the boat, her stubborn returns and greedy overlappings in our wake. She was there as far as eye could see: her undulations, her infinite patterns at seeming cross-purposes, her snowy foams here and there bubbling in unpremeditated places. She was there, but her voice was gone. Only the natural sounds did I hear, the sounds of a ship at sea.

I gestured at her boldly. I said: “Deep though you be and dark, the world is bright. Look up, Ocean,” I pleaded, “look up! The wind is velvet today, the sky is clear, the sun falls in fullness upon you. Gloat not so over your gloom.”

Ocean replied not; she only rolled without respite and swished discontentedly at the boat.

“You are old,” I continued more boldly. “You are dark with senescence; you are gloomy with dotage; you have taken too much and given too little. You are bilious with the sediment of your age-old selfishness. Pay now the penance of eternal restlessness and sorrow for all your self-centered years.

“Mother Ocean,” I mocked, “you are but stepmother to a world that’s youthful and would, but for you and such as you, be glad and gay. There’s light in the world; there’s peace in the heart; there’s steadfastness in devotion, in spite of all your murmurous goings that never get anywhere, and your petulant comings that always come to naught."

Silence from Ocean to all my outpourings. After a self-satisfied period of musing, I hurled at her finally: "Keep your counsel of despair, I spit it back into your face. You salty step-mother of nature—you watery waste of the world—you glamorous vista poisonous with cess—you beguiling beauty nauseous with brine—you comic bilge!"

Thus filled I her silent sullenness with manly words! But not for long, not for long. A dash of spray smarted my eyes and salted my lips sickeningly. I had been too intent upon vengeful words to note Ocean's rotund bosom swelling with reply. The next spray was a splurge that budged me from the rail and drenched me to the skin. Through the quick curves of that wave touched, as it was, by the sun's last glint over the storm now high-reaching, I saw a whale roll and lunge—a White Whale it was, I swear, with the mark of Melville plain upon it—and a voice ironic with age in its spouting.

And I Learned about Life from Them

"COMPARED WITH MARRIAGE," says one who ought to know, Dorothy Dix, "being born is a mere episode in our career, and dying a trivial incident." If true of all men, this was with added emphasis true of me. The first crucial day of my life was the day I married.

The second crucial day of my life was the day Robert Maynard Hutchins came to Chicago to be president of the University. My wife and my president were not objectively related, but I relate them subjectively because of the similitude of their influence on my growth. They finished my postgraduate education as unearned increment of "togetherness." My wife taught me to distrust the reasonableness of women, and my president taught me to doubt reason itself. If together they did not educate me to become an adult cynic (and I did escape that fate), it was because my character—enemies call it stubbornness—proved stronger than their joint corruption.

It is delicate business, I am aware, to write about one's married partner, and especially about one's deceased spouse. In the first place, one must tell the truth. In the second place, one must not tell the whole truth. In the third place, one need not tell nothing but the truth. There is a harsh compensation that works here against injustice. Nothing is more inexorable than death and nothing more inexorable in death than a sense of guilt for injustice done the dead. But to make the truth ample one must stretch any and all categories of logic. Truth is a narrow category, and arid. Emily Dickinson counsels us to tell the whole truth, but tell it "slant," for success in "circuit" lies. Between truth and falsehood there is a vast no-man's-land of other and equally authentic value.

In marriage there are two major categories involved. They are *communion* and *communication*. The two are not mutually exclusive, and they are not necessarily related. A marriage complete in both values would have to be made in heaven; and it is written that there is no license bureau there: "They neither marry nor are given in marriage."

My own marriage, if I may now try to speak both truly and amply about it, was highly successful as communion but was such a failure at communication that by mid-life communication had ceased for all practical purposes and had all but ceased for that. It had reached the scriptural nadir of "yea, yea" and "nay, nay." Thereby hangs a tale of woe not untouched here and there by the radiance of sex. This brighter side first.

Only the romantic or a very young person will make sex count for everything in marriage, but it would take a cynic to ignore the rich investment we all have in sexuality. The wise will admit, then, the initial importance of the erotic, and the good will cultivate it for what it is worth. What rewards attend its wise cultivation by the good!

To see here and there a married pair who have climbed from the awkwardness of the honeymoon (mostly abortive communion and frequently frustrated communication) into the ecstasy of hedonic simultaneity is to behold man's finest creation. And *creation* it is! From a woman strongly but not highly sexed and a man highly but not strongly sexed, our marriage achieved through patience a degree of communion of which one may be, of which we both were, justly proud. But for this high success at communion our failure at communication would have proved near intolerable. Even so, each of us occasionally threatened divorce; but neither hoped to find a better bedfellow, and each grew so discouraged at the abortive efforts to communicate that each tended, no doubt, to extrapolate his failure to include the whole of the other sex. So we wisely, I think, left marriage "well-enough" alone. I hesitate to think, nevertheless, what we might have done to one another behind the cover of such frustration if we had not been able to exhaust ourselves in the felicity of erotic fatigue. If marriage cannot take each other to heaven on wings of aspiring rationality, it is much to its credit that it can save two souls from the tension of desperate days and lonely nights.

How could a couple, so blessed at the physical level, fail so ignominiously at other levels of association? If we approach the question with even a touch of compassion, we must rise above praise and blame. If either was to blame, both were to blame. However we intend it, all must come out as mutual in the marriage wash. But why was such a fine bedfellow, a devoted wife and a solicitous mother, why was she so lacking in the grace of communication? Why was so rich a personality doomed essentially to a life of loneliness? I hazard certain reflections on this anomaly, in the thought that my reflections will echo in many a married heart. Are there not certain principles, and indeed some rules, that might minimize confusion in marriage if not also augment the process of sharing beyond the level of sexuality? For what it may be worth, I particularize certain fallacies and errors without claiming a monopoly on them for my wife or an exception from them for myself.

Let's talk it out. There prevails a poisonous notion, and that from of old, that all that good people need to cure disagreement and effect communication is to get together and talk things out. Such insistence is largely a species of self-righteousness; for it is not premised on the thought that one will talk *himself* out of error; of course not, since it is the other who is in error. Such self-righteousness begets excessive expectation and this leads to frustration. It never dawned on my wife, for instance, that people in disagreement share, and share alike, responsibility therefor. Disagreement is a "given," not a construct. Whether discussion will do any good depends on what is discussed, in what mood, and to what purpose. The hope of amity through conversation is in general a poor social reliance; it seldom scores higher than compromise. And that is not high enough for the romantic.

But we "ought" to. Such reliance upon talk as a panacea becomes maddening with frustration when it leads to sheer reiteration that something "ought" to be. To repeat the end as though it were a means is an insult to honest effort. In general, if we've "got to," we can't; and if we "ought to," we won't. To cite the obligatory as itself basis for obligation is to "preach," and that is to inhibit one's own efforts. Nothing is more maddening than to be told that one must be reasonable, when that is what one is doing his best to be. Reason does not settle quarrels *as to what is* reasonable, it worsens them. And reason brands as utter nonsense the notion that a spouse can be argued into conjugal affection or consideration. It seems permanently true that if we would learn how to be as polite in marriage as we are with strangers, we would get better rewards from our manners than we now do from our morals.

Add religion. All grows more desperate for reason when moralism is buttressed by religiosity. An authoritarian religion without an authoritative church leads to reliance upon the infallible Book or authoritarian family or upon both. My wife's family took literally the Pauline injunction that, if women would know anything, they should "ask their husbands at home"; if no husbands, then ask fathers. Husbands and fathers had the infallible Book, of which they were the infallible interpreters (if any were needed). My wife's father took his duty seriously as head of the house (and under him his wife). There was bound to be some leakage of authority, however, in the chain of being. As oldest child my wife caught the leakage and told the younger children what they ought to do. No doubt anywhere. In such a chain of piety no one of these ever dreamed that he was not entitled to an opinion. Certitude and certainty rode together. Knowledge on all things necessary was to be found in the Bible, and there was no excuse for ignorance save pride or laziness. The result of all this was the crippling of ideological initiative and the hardening of the arteries of faith into straitened vessels of credulity. To make it all worse for my wife, there prevailed in her world an over-belief which impugned the character of deity: whatever was not specifically authorized, in the Bible, was expressly forbidden in conduct or faith. This thraldom applied even to the kind of music which God would tolerate and even to the proper name by which his church should be called.

While I was growing out of such stringency in adolescence, my wife was sinking deeper and deeper into it until, though she too came through college in the epoch of "the Higher Criticism," you would never have known from her credo that Darwin had lived or that the *Golden Bough* had been written.

For weal or woe, I early fell in love with independence in all that touches the spirit. I conned over and over Thomas Jefferson's bold declaration: "I have sworn upon the altar of Almighty God eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man." Moreover, I had come under the discipline of science. Doubt what you can and believe only what you must, Descartes had taught me. And more resolute still were the bold words which I took to my heart from W. K. Clifford: "Belief is desecrated when given to unproved and unquestioned statements. . . . It is wrong always, everywhere and for everyone, to believe anything upon insufficient evidence."

Moreover, I found positive freedom and great incitement in Arnold's dictum that any book is "inspired which inspires." What was salvation to me, however, was damnation to her. We didn't quarrel over it or even argue much about it. There was nothing to argue about; no place to begin and certainly no place to end. Thus religion, which might have united us (for we grew up in the same sect), divided us beyond all communication. My wife, having no doubts, must have been a paragon of patience not to have done more than she did to try to "save" me.

She lived in a world whose assumptions she did not share, and she was alien to the atmosphere in which our college friends moved. None are born rational, none have rationality thrust upon them, and only those achieve rationality who submit themselves to its disciplines. My wife was "chockful" of character, and it stood in the way of her growth. To doubt was wickedness and to grow was sin. She preached candor, yet was incapable of being candid about anything. Logic was to her an adjunct of ethics. I tried to make a joke of her inability to meet people half-way, by proposing as a fair half-way between her phobia to lock all doors and my mania not to lock any, that we lock all doors but one. But it was a sad joke, if any joke at all. Her ideological rigidity inflicted a great burden upon her. The father whom she must revere (did not the Bible command it?) she could never forgive for marrying again after the death of her mother. The husband whose helpmeet she must become (did not God require it?) declined the duty of telling her what to believe. No wonder such a crucial combination led her to premature distrust of all men and to spiritual alienation in general. In her last hours she said over and over under her breath, "Women are people." "And men?" I queried teasingly, as was our wont in such matters. After a long silence she gave voice to such compassion as she had achieved the hard way: "Men are also people." It was an admission won against great odds.

Will-to-power in argument. There is, finally, a moral obstruction to communication. It is the use of language and argument not to advance truth or deepen insight but to score points and put somebody in his place. Such a will-to-power is death to rationality. My wife did not specialize in this indulgence but she was not above using in argument the power techniques (what woman is, at least to equalize her disadvantages?). Partly because she had not skilled herself in argument and partly because she was physically more active than most people, she grew restive under the demands of logic and occasionally "took out" on others her own frustration at the slowness of argument.

Talk seems so natural to many people that they cannot discipline themselves into believing it a human virtuosity rather than a gift of grace to all. Communication is as rare as it is lovely; but it does not come easy and it is never cheap. But why go through a syllogism to get what one already has, my wife used to ask. The only way to get accuracy out of ambiguity is upon demand to spell out precisely what we mean. As in passing from oral to written techniques, only those who have mastered punctuation can with impunity play fast and loose with it.

It is true that my wife disdained "feminine intuition" and prided herself on being as cogent as any man (except in religious matters). Yet she was driven to reliance upon what she scorned by not having mastered the techniques of rationality. She thought that men are slow and women much faster at argument, and so it is—if a woman be allowed to skip the rules of the game. Rationality requires discipline, but it rewards discipline with the ripened fruit of communication. There is no way around it, only through it.

It was a sad day when I was driven to accept that I must content myself with only the minima of sharing—I, the feminist who grew up on Charlotte Gilman's *Women and Economics* and John Stuart Mill's *Subjection of Women,* not to mention the writings of Mary Shelley and Margaret Fuller. I had always seen the woman's point of view and always deprecated her every disadvantage. To give up hope for her full equality meant to renounce faith in my own fairness. Is reason merely something *in* man or *in* woman from time to time rather than something *between* men and women all the time? The urge to hold true for all women what one has found true, or thinks he has, for one woman, is unfair but easy. I *know* better than such extrapolation but I do not always *feel* better.

The bifurcation of reason along the line of sex is not the worst that can befall an optimist, but is next to the worst. The very worst failure of fairness is the notion that one himself has a monopoly upon truth. This is where Robert M. Hutchins comes in. He generalized as between men and men what my wife had led me to particularize as between women and men. Any person's reason commits suicide in claiming for itself a monopoly upon truth. Such use of reason is not the way to "sweet reasonableness." But let us come more sedately to President Hutchins' misuse of reason.

I DO NOT DISGUISE THE FACT that I liked Robert Maynard Hutchins from the beginning of his presidency at Chicago and liked him to the end. Next to my wife, he taught me most about the price of togetherness. After a word upon our more personal relations I shall follow his influence into books that he (and my wife) forced me to write.

Hutchins was a most exceptional man. He was what I would have willed to be: debonair, fluent, logical, provocative, courageous, and handsome. I regarded him as one man in ten million and rejoiced that he had come to head the great University which was my life. My work was my religion, and my profession was my church. Hutchins stood for me, therefore, as a spiritual leader.

My first intimate brush with this leader came in the initial month of his administration, a day or two after the stock market broke (1929) as storm warning of the Great Depression. I was speaking to a business association in Chicago, many of whose members were potential donors to the University of Chicago. Hutchins came to the banquet late. As he slipped into his empty chair, he said to a tycoon whom, I think, he had not previously met, "What's your excuse for being here?" The man was startled and I was both shocked and amused at such breeziness. My speech, to which Hutchins had to sit and listen, was of the professor-bait-the-tycoon type. It aroused some animosity in the audience, which focused on the brand new boy-wonder president (age thirty). How would he take such a speech from a faculty member? When I had finished, Hutchins muttered some conventional compliment on the speech. I looked him straight in the eye and said with a slight turn of the dagger, "I hope you liked it." He looked me straighter in the eye and said with a more decided turn of the dagger, "You go straight to hell."

I loved Hutchins from that moment forward as a president and courageous leader. He knew what the score was and did not flinch. I never ceased to admire him and never felt less than deep respect for him. I emphasize this, for the external facts of my frequent opposition to him might argue otherwise. (The fact that my children went to Cornell, and I later left Chicago for Syracuse, had little or nothing to do with Hutchins.) Our personal relations were never less than cordial, though at one stage of faculty opposition, I wrote the motion of censure which passed the University Senate. (I thought it better to have it introduced by another faculty member, since I was at the time active in state and national politics.) Among Hutchins' last acts before I left Chicago, was to call me to his office (I had just returned from Army service in World War II) and tell me that my salary was to be raised 50 per cent the following year. When I requested that he cut my time a third rather than raise my salary by half, he acceded to that as graciously as if he had thought it up for me. In personal relations Hutchins was usually to me *noblesse oblige* personified.

But the adverse objective fact is that I frequently opposed his policies during our nearly two decades together at Chicago. He often seemed to me off-sided. I never wished to get rid of him as president, and always dissociated myself from any movement which reached that stage of opposition. He was incautious and he was close to arrogant. To have his superb administrative ability show for what it was worth, he required consciences as stout as his own to oppose him. His curricular philosophy seemed to me as jejune as his administrative finesse was mature: that some metaphysical truths should be at the heart of the Higher Learning, and that if these truths were revealed from on High, so much the better. He took upon himself to try to exercise a function which constitutionally, I thought, belonged to the faculty (or to God); and he did this by methods that often trenched upon the highhanded.

But what has all this revival of the Hutchins' era to do with the story of my life? It has this to do: it showed me that a man who operates on intuitive knowledge can be as fatal to public weal as a wife is to domestic felicity who operates on hand-me-down morality.

I don't know where Hutchins got his basic ideas. It was said from Mortimer Adler, a young associate. But it never seemed to me probable that a natural aristocrat like Hutchins would borrow much from an ass, albeit a learned ass. Why, Hutchins was a gentleman even when he tried to be churlish. Whatever the sources of his ideas, you could know that when he made up his mind, it would be dogmatic and adamant. I sometimes wonder whether Hutchins didn't pick up from his Yale days the cultural attitude toward civic virtue inculcated at West Point as regards military virtue: never say that you don't know; somebody might take you at your word. It's your business to know. Make up your mind, with or without evidence; and stick to it, with or without reason.

In all the years I knew Hutchins, I never saw him get maneuvered into a position where he seemed to assume that the indicated answer was simply that he did not know. Moreover, he built around him a coterie of men no one of whom (unless Thornton Wilder) could naturally and graciously admit that he did not know. If your conscience didn't jibe with Hutchins' conscience, then (as Roger Williams seemed to Cotton Mather), *you* had no conscience. Only an extremely agile and able mind could have got by with such presumption year after year; Hutchins was not only able and agile, he was also generous at times, and now and then could be compassionate (if he was certain he would not be caught at it).

I always thought of Hutchins as a World War I casualty. He had suffered a moral trauma from having the roughage of war superimposed upon a Christian home and the genteel environment of Oberlin College. He had to do something heroic to reduce his guilt before the irrationality of the world. If he made no vows, as with Wordsworth,

> Vows were made for him; bond unknown to him
> Was given, that he should be, else sinning greatly,
> A dedicated spirit.

He found nations at loggerheads, a-preparing for another and worse war. But that was not, after early splurges, the field of his personal responsibility. The Higher Learning was his field; and yet there he found men divided in the name of knowledge, as on the field of honor they were divided in the name of power. His part was to pool human resources in the field he had taken for his own. The only way to get learned men together, since they naturally disagree on a thousand things, is to start with unchanging truth instead of with shifting and diverse opinions. But where does one find such truth? Traditionally in what is revealed in the Bible or what is authenticated by the church. But Protestantism breaks up into pluralism over who should define the monism. Well, then, through the Catholic Church, which from age to age confirms the revelation and makes it authoritative, abridging dissent by outlawing dissenters. Able neither to go so far with Catholicism nor to swing the body of Protestantism, Hutchins declared that the modern age is "an unbelieving age" and sought to find, if not in Thomism, then in Greek metaphysics some moral equivalent of divine revelation. But Hutchins was not a classical scholar, nor did he have the patience to discipline himself in philosophy. So he apparently never learned that "metaphysics" is a word more divisive than unifying. *Whose* metaphysics—Plato's *or* Aristotle's? Heraclitus' *or* Parmenides'? Stoics' *or* Epicureans'? Behind his ignorance, Hutchins overemphasized the unity of ancient times, and underemphasized the unity (in method at least) of modern life.

But Hutchins was determined to take the kingdom of peace, even if with violence. It was to his credit that he felt deeply, even to suffering a trauma over confusion; but it was not to his credit that he thought he could jostle mankind through some short cut into salvation. Violence, even a bit of "gentle violence," is not to be preferred to mankind's chronic confusion. Hutchins now sees and says what some of us tried to tell him then: that with patience and friendliness he could have got more done and could have caused what he did to stay done. As it was, his years at Chicago were largely wasted years, frustrated years, at the least. Mankind will not be muscled into salvation, nor argued into coalescence. Nor can one man's maladjustment be made the matrix for social amelioration. As one witty critic, Dexter Keezer, put it, "Not all is confusion which confuses Mr. Hutchins."

All Hutchins' doings concerned me deeply. Here was a man whom I admired, respected, and loved, who, though in great need of wisdom, could learn little or nothing from other men. He himself aborted communication. His manner thwarted the matter of sharing. Col. E. M. House, with whom I had arranged a meeting for Hutchins, later asked me, point-blank: “Can your friend Hutchins take advice?” I gave the Colonel an extempore eulogy of Hutchins. He repeated, “Can he take advice?” I gave him a passionate panegyric. The Colonel persisted, in his gentle voice, “But can your friend take advice?” “Please don’t ask me that again, Colonel. I’ve told you only the half of how great a man I esteem Hutchins to be. But,” said I, “if you insist on an answer to that question, it is ‘No, sadly no!’ ” House shook his head and concluded, “Then I’m afraid we cannot use him. He’s too young to go it alone.” The Colonel fancied himself, I know not how realistically, to be speaking for the (then) new Roosevelt Administration.

Hutchins displayed offensive omniscience to House in person. He told House (so Hutchins reported to me) that he wanted only one job from Roosevelt: to be Secretary of War—and that job only long enough to demote all the officers he had had in World War I. He later displayed the same attitude toward the President in person, aborting thus his chance (all but certain, I had reason to believe) for a political career, beginning with a cabinet post and ending, I fondly hoped, as Chief Justice. But let me not resort to the oracular.

Tommy Corcoran, who had interested himself in my affairs as congressman at large from Illinois, assured me once that if Roosevelt had three more appointments to the Supreme Court, Hutchins would be not later than the third in preference. I had sunk my heart in this appointment, had introduced Hutchins and Corcoran, and had pursued the Administration with briefs in favor of Hutchins (an affair that for once Hutchins treated without facetiousness). I was lunching with Corcoran the day the newspapers announced the *third* appointment to the Court —and it was *not* Hutchins. As the newsboy passed our table, I looked reproachfully at Corcoran. He replied that he remembered his assurance to me and regretted that he had not been able to fulfill his promise. The truth was, he added, that the "Boss" was not certain that Hutchins was on "our" side. Hutchins himself presently filled out the copy.

I went to see Hutchins as soon as I could thereafter, explaining to him that I had had reason to hope that he was far up on the list for the Court but that now I feared that he was at the bottom of the list, if not off it altogether. I asked him to tell me, if he knew, what had happened. Hutchins replied that he did know and that I was entitled to know. He continued, with a candor I always found him capable of, that the President had had him and Mrs. Hutchins down to Warm Springs for a weekend with Mrs. Roosevelt and himself. In course, the President had offered Hutchins two or three jobs, which Hutchins told the President were not as important as the presidency of the University of Chicago. This Roosevelt admitted, but said in extenuation that something worthy of him might be found if Hutchins would only get himself in line with the Administration so there wouldn't be a confirmation fight in the Senate. Roosevelt meant appointment to the Court, said Hutchins, and intended it to be so taken. Then Hutchins showed me letters to confirm what he next said: that he couldn't trust Roosevelt's promises after Hutchins had been offered and had accepted Hugh Johnson's place as head of the NRA, going so far as to get a leave of absence from Chicago—only to have no implementation of the offer forthcoming!

I didn't blame Hutchins for his caution; but I did deplore his highhanded conduct toward well-intended advisers like House and toward sorely beset administrators like Roosevelt. It all seemed to me a function of his compulsion to exhibit omniscience.

Is it deep-seated insecurity that leads men, women, toward such gestures of superiority? In Hutchins' case, I have often thought so. But I do not think it was insecurity in my wife's parallel case. She and I surprised each other, to the point of subsequent merriment, by disclosing late in life that each of us had grown up in the assumption that his family was the leading family in the community where we had both lived as children. It had never occurred to either of us that it could be otherwise. Families that are at all close-knit, and at all happy, tend thus to beget and impart a provincialism of prestige that spells security until the superiority gets diluted with adult criticism. My wife belonged to a family whose assumed superiority was never thus diluted. Moreover, she had grown up on the plains of Texas with a dog of her own, with a horse of her own, and I believe with a gun of her own (at least I found her in girlhood to be a good shot)—and with solitude in which to mature herself. As to the family unit, her father had little education and few doubts; her mother had less knowledge and even fewer doubts. I think that my wife had caught in girlhood, by imitation and osmosis, the sense of infallibility which goes with a close and happy family and was confirmed in it by a Protestant sectarianism as authoritative in the small as the Roman Catholic Church is in the large. She did not know, nor care to learn, how wide and deep the world is.

However such presumption arises and on whatsoever it may flourish, both this man (my president) and this woman (my wife) tutored me alike and at the same time in a conclusion which I deeply deprecated: that knowledge comes as a reward of character and that doubt is a devilish device to wean men from the virtuous path of certitude. Be good and do right, and God (or natural law) will validate your judgments. They both, I mean to say, assumed certitude to be the test of certainty, which of course it never is, and never can be made to be without surrender to the dominion of ignorance.

The effect which their joint tutelage had upon me, public and private, broadens now beyond the story of my private life into an account of my books, my main intellectual conclusions about man and society. Personal experience is never irrelevant in the life of a thinker, however much subjectivity tries to hide behind the flowing robes of impartiality and objectivity. I will not pretend to an objectivity I did not have. Let us see how one private author glints through pretentious public authorship.

It was not a question of how I came to terms with two people incapable of conscious compromise. I withdrew from them, of course, withdrew and took precaution to safeguard my right of privacy. What does anybody else do differently? The question was, rather, how I came to terms with myself. Certitude obtruded as certainty is always a declaration of war. It was at this period, in mid-life, that I elaborated in an article titled "In Accentuation of the Negative" the doctrine of the three rules of life: (1) the Golden Rule, but only for the goldenhearted: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you"; (2) the Silver Rule, for those distant in space or time: "Don't do unto others what you would not have others do unto you"; and (3) the Iron Rule, for such as ruthlessly ride down your conscience in preference to their own: "Don't let others do unto you what you would not do unto them." I had at first called this last the "Aluminum Rule." But as I watched the course of Naziism and the similar course of world Communism, and as I more fully extrapolated Hutchins in education and my wife in marriage, I came to give a harsher name to the only known protection the tolerant have against the intolerant: the Iron Rule. During this period of re-formulated rules, I was fond of quoting Justice Brandeis on what he called and described as "the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men."

Earlier in life, before I met Hutchins and while I was still seeking a way to communicate with my wife, I had written such books as *The Democratic Way of Life, The Philosophic Way of Life,* and the playful (radio scripts) *Philosophers in Hades.* But through the mid-thirties I began to publish such darksome books as *Beyond Conscience, Creative Sceptics,* and *Discipline for Democracy.* The earlier books only re-stated for myself the historic doctrine of liberalism: that men are naturally well disposed toward one another; that reason can always find a way of composing predicaments; that indeed no problems are insoluble to men of rationality and good will. My two wry mentors pushed me beyond Jefferson, however, toward and even beyond Hobbes. Hobbes got no further than how to get along with "bad" men. My problem had become the much harder one of how to get along with "good" men. Self-righteousness makes "good" men worse material for communication than the "bad" men. And not to know what one does not know is to be caught in the utter toils of self-righteousness.

But my problem was practical and pressing: how in daily intercourse is consciousness of one's own ignorance to live with the ignorance of presumed omniscience? On the world stage, I was driven at Prague (in debate with a Nazi philosopher, 1934) to declare against Nazi "thinking with the blood" that "*nobody knows until he knows how he knows; nor does he know how he knows until he can so exhibit his technique that others may know what he knows, or may know by the same token that he does not know.*" "To know in this manner," I continued, "is really to know; it is to escape at once the pseudo knowledge of the solitary mystic and the miasmic knowledge of the maniac mob howling down all opposition." This was my public answer to the problem that was gnawing at my privacy. How indeed is a person who knows that he doesn't know, to make out with a person who "knows" that he knows, however ignorant he may be? I sometimes put the matter more positively and more harshly: a fool may presume to know more about everything than the wise man knows about anything.

What I was feeling for in all these literary efforts at clarification was what Eric Hoffer has later so well declared in his *The True Believer:* that the true *believer*, because he is a true believer, will wreck any organization to which he belongs if he is given a modicum of power. I did not achieve as cogent a statement as did Hoffer, or one as adequate, until later, in my smallest and most satisfactory book, *The Ethics of Compromise and the Art of Containment*. But, for all that, I got the matter clear enough to hold myself together in a situation where many men have gone to pieces with ulcers. My one would-be scholarly book, *Beyond Conscience*—the thesis of which I have referred to earlier in this book—begins thus:

> To have convictions and yet to live with those who have others, or none, is the last achievement of man, as it is the first mark of civilization. Conscience, if stunted, reverts to barbarism in a pinch, whatever its prevailing veneer of culture. And conscience is always stunted unless it transcends itself. Civilization, consequently, lies somewhere beyond conscience. Where it lies and how, it is our purpose presently to inquire. But first we must reveal man's moral sense to itself, neither pitying its weakness nor condoning its wickedness.

The matter could then, and now, be stated from the point of view of either the macrocosm or the microcosm. This was the period of Mussolini's rise to power, and of Hitler's. In my public debate at Prague and throughout travel in Europe, I could see it all a-hurrying toward Munich; but it was not this macrocosmic out-writing which furnished me my format. It was the painful daily in-writing, by my wife and Hutchins. If one cannot come to terms with his intimates, how can he ever hope to achieve a united front with the world? I came slowly to see, as Hobbes had said, that the most "*mal*interested" men are those who clothe themselves virtuously in the raiment of "disinterestedness." I came, that is, to assume with Hobbes, that all men are selfish, and so we must rear our social structures as to hold together men who are "bad." This one was easier than the one that, with Madison's aid, followed hard upon: namely, how do we build a society of "good" men, men going each his own cussedly separate way in the name of righteousness? Nor was the problem merely *out there,* in the large or in the small. The problem was *in here.*

I could not in conscience make an exception of myself. I had, therefore, to find a niche for me among the good men whose partiality to themselves made them bad.

It was a situation made to order for chastening one into modesty. The world situation was but my inner problem writ large, and my domestic perturbation was but the outer world in miniature. I saw Hutchins win a battle one time in the University Senate by one vote (that his own tie-vote) only to proceed the next day to implement the decision as though he had opinion solidly behind him. It certainly served me as an object lesson. I later won by one vote the right to publish an article in the *International Journal of Ethics,* about the wisdom of which there was grave doubt among my colleagues. Half the editorial board of our press were *ex officio* members, sitting as themselves editors of journals. Of course an editor was not likely to deny another editor (and by extension, himself) such freedom. Yet the vote was twice tied. It was broken by the surprising discovery that the secretary of the board was himself a voting member. Members who had publicly voted me the right to publish, privately advised me not to use the right under the circumstances. Since their advice concurred with my own opinion (I hadn't forgotten Hutchins' action), I postponed the publication, and then never published it. In this I claim no virtue for myself save absence of presumption. This virtue is what Hutchins did not have, what my wife did not have in question of faith and morals. The lack of this virtue is the most difficult of all things for me to understand.

If, in the presence of external totalitarianism, I stopped short of the resolution furnished by Hobbes for this problem, it was due to the improvement mankind has made of its practice since the religious wars of the seventeenth century. We moderns would pay the price for order which Hobbes prescribed, if order could not be more cheaply bought. But we have enlarged our prudence with the passing centuries. Sectarians have learned measurable tolerance, kicking each other under the table but seldom stabbing above the board. Representative government, as Madison foretold, has been able, *because of* its very size, to harmonize smaller selfishnesses on a larger and larger scale. But so long as men don't recognize their individual ignorance and do give respect to the conscience of an ass as though it were the voice of God, just that long men who find their major joy in the joys of others and their chief woe in witnessing the woes of others, must always be *prepared* to fight upon occasion in order to keep out of continuous fighting. The "Iron Rule" is the only reliance against the ignorant conscience or the hard of heart.

Compensation for such indicated vigilance can be found in voluntary groupings that are like-minded or in non-competitive solitude. It was during this trying period of adjustment that I turned to the latter, writing a moderate amount of verse, two samples of which are quite as telltale as are my larger books. One goes:

Alone I hail the contented hour
  With but myself and me;
For nought is sad, nought is dour,
  When we're the company.

All silent thoughts get spoken
  When three as one agree;
And inner light remains unbroken,
  Once myself and I meet me.

Another, coming straight from the hearth, goes as follows:

Love Distance

You are you; I, I;
  Two cannot be one.
You smile, I sigh?
  "To coalesce were fun!"
Yet you're there, I here;
  Small space so weirdly wide.
So love must make mis-chance with fear,
  While we yearn side by side.

Enough has now been said to make plain to either wide or intimate experience how things stood with me through my prime, and in what way they eventuated. For they did eventuate. It is the more remarkable that there was not a wider aberrancy in personal conduct; for I was passing through the "masculine menopause": illusions of the past lost and ideals for the future not yet made firm. I will not profess to be what I was not. I did not always walk the narrow path of idealism. Some things I did from loneliness, fewer from lust, and fewer still for vengeance. I was protected from divorce (poor confession it is!) by lack of faith in women. When communion outlives communication, the male temptation to run wild is great. When highly or strongly sexed men and women cannot take each other to heaven on wings of ecstasy through communication, they need not be ashamed to save each other from the hell of chronic tensions. So much for private life.

As for the public life, I found myself, as already indicated, to a remarkable fullness in politics. Once an idealist has shed the illusion of the literal "perfectibility of mankind," much may remain of compensation in peaceful and continuous adjustment of selfishnesses. I came to accept politics as "the art of strategic obfuscation" and to enjoy the practice of that wry art. Wise words may save prides while stilling conflicts. And the wordsmiths who can do it are entitled to the accolade of "peacemakers"—and shall they not, on Sunday at least, be called "children of God"? Politics, with all its stridency, perhaps because of its stridency, became catharsis for my private woes.

Toward the Sunset in a Trailer

RETIREMENT CREEPS UP on even the sturdiest, bringing, to the less sturdy, evil companions in its wake. The wise, meeting the difficulty, will make a distinction, at least between *being retired* and *retiring*. It is a simple distinction but it makes a vast difference. To be retired invites idleness; to retire creates leisure. To be retired means to have time on your hands. Precious as time is, a surplus of it creates quite a problem. Time, like money, has to be spent in order to be saved. And age is as wasteful as youth of what it has much less to spare.

Hence the so-called "problem of retirement." Abstractly, one might be forgiven the thought that the only *problem* lurking in this premise would be how to bring about the chance to quit working; but, concretely, the ending of work is often the beginning of frustration. The fact that one wishes most for time when what time he has is tensional, ought to warn in advance that not to plan to fill retirement is to invite tedium, beckoning toward boredom. But men always seem to learn too late for maximum mental profit. One needs knowledge *for* the experience which, alas, he gets only *from* the experience. So one is always in debt to himself. More paradoxical than that is the fact that the best way to make time count is to squander it. The only way, in short, to multiply time is to divide it into portions—and then to overfill each portion.

I saw one day years ago the title of an article by my old friend Clarence Darrow, appearing in, of all places, the *Christian Century*. Darrow, the agnostic, writing for the "*Christian*" *Century*! And to make it worse, Darrow, the pessimist, was writing under the optimistic title "Why I Have Found Life Worth Living." (He always argued in debate that life is *not* worth living.) I clucked, shaking my head sadly. Men ought to finish out the curve which their lives have made, even if that curve takes them to hell, I thought. There's such a thing as beauty in the world, after all; and a duty to round out one's days. So thinking, I said in the presence of my teen-age son: "Too bad; Clarence is old and scared, and his lifelong enemies have got him."

"Have you read it?" asked my son shrewdly. He knew both the humor and the slyness in Darrow. "Read it out loud to me," he demanded.

I began reading the article, which opened like this: "I have found life worth living, *when* I have, because nearly half of it has been spent in bed—and I am a sound sleeper." I needed to read only one more sentence, to have Darrow's authentic focus re-appear: "The other half of my life has been spent in work so absorbing that often I did not know that I was I."

This folk-wisdom of Darrow is swallowed up in the larger saying of the philosophers that the best way to *get* anything (involving consciousness) is to *forget* it. Since consciousness is the seat not only of our high meaning but also of our misery, the wisdom of life is to improve time by ignoring it, including the consciousness of growing old.

I have myself found retirement very much as I anticipated, and probably have found it so because I did anticipate it (psychologically and financially). Where foresight is pleasure 'tis stupid to be dour. George Santayana says that "by becoming spectator and confessor of his own death one will have identified himself with what is spiritual in all spirits and masterful in all apprehension."

Upon my professional transfer from the University of Chicago to Syracuse University in 1948, I finally settled for the country estate "Four Winds" as a place in which to round out my days. Beautiful as the estate was, it proved burdensome to live in and utterly impractical to retire to. It was in the country, it was off the bus line, it developed an uncertain water supply, and it required much attention within and, rightfully, even more without. In short, its requirements were hardly to be met on a professorial salary, nor supported on my meager spare time.

I speak of its normal burden. The burden of the estate became abnormal and unsupportable when my wife—the more fell the blow because she held illness in disdain and had promised herself a hundred years of life—suddenly became victim to a whole syndrome of old-age diseases, and had in her resulting impairment to be attended all the while. For a year we had as house guests a colleague and his wife from Florida Southern College. It was a happy year while George H. Morris did graduate work at the Maxwell School and Bella Morris adorned Four Winds as friend and companion. But it was the kind of companionship which could not be continued and could not be replaced. When the good year was over the Morrises had to return to their post in Florida. Our domestic problem had to be faced in its starkness.

To save my wife's pride in the face of invalidism, and with the encouragement of her physician, I bought a mobile home, fitted it with pull-up devices, and lined it with handles and rods so that there was hardly a place in its narrow length which did not provide a prop. She could get up without support and could slowly move from end to end without aid. It provided a modicum of freedom to support a maximum illusion of independence. It sufficed both mentally and physically for a year and then illusion so crowded reality out and physical disability became so marked that the trailer would no longer suffice.

When institutional care became clearly needed, I discovered a rest home both beautiful and efficient (such places are rare) out of Geneva, New York. It was a place I was willing to put her, for it was a place I would be willing to spend my own declining years in.

Its owner agreed to make room for my wife and to let me visit her twice a day so that she wouldn't feel cut off from the world (which she still loved in her lucid moments). The trailer became handy once more. I moved it from Syracuse to an apple-and-peach orchard a mile from my wife, and lived in it until her death, commuting some seventy miles to my University duties twice a week.

It was an arrangement as ideal as the circumstances would allow: it gave the invalid good care and frequent company; it provided me a private and beautiful place to live and work; and it moored to a local habitation and name the wistful tapestry which phantasy must weave around adversity. With no premonition that she would not return from her imminent seasonal visit to nearby Clifton Springs Sanitarium, I took her to visit the trailer on a sunny autumn afternoon so that she might see for herself that the outer world stood real and firm. A sunset-to-end-all-Finger-Lakes-sunsets, as we left the trailer, was the last such terrestrial glory she was to see.

At her feet, as it were, I placed lines titled "Hunter" and written for her happier days at Four Winds by George Morris, introducing winter as suzerain of the seasons:

> Today I met four seasons suddenly—
> Spring resurrected on the Autumn morn,
> And there beyond the hedgerow, scarlet-capped
> A hunter stood instead of Summer corn.

Then did the stubble and entwining growth
Reveal a bright, now frantic, pheasant start . . .
Pierced was the silence of that friendly field,
And I saw Winter in a hunter's heart.

At her head, as it were, I placed the requiem composed for her going by David L. Miller, her admired friend, head of the Department of Philosophy at her alma mater, the University of Texas. He titled the elegy "Still Grows the Rose."

Then from the South it blew
Now from the lonesome North
Never again to change or fold its course
A soft nostalgic breeze in kind remorse
Touches each of us in cold review.

Swift as the whitest owl
Here for a moment—gone—it does not stay.
Quietly, without adieu it winds its way,
Fleeing forever from the light of day
Where neither storm nor wind shall howl.

So went a gentle friend, and thus she goes,
Cheering, laughing, crying, to those who care.
Signifying life and daring to those who dare
To rearrange the flowers. Then let us bear
For her, stately and alone, another rose.

Now who shall call, and who shall hear her call
As soft as heather falling without sound?
He who commits all heaven to the ground
Or claims to gather riches in a mound,
He does not bear the rose, nor does he call.

Stately and alone bear one more rose—
Beside her memory place a folded shawl
Where strife and cutting pain and pathos all
Are silenced by her ever patient call—
And let its fragrance bloom in soft repose.

And over her mausoleum of mercy, I reared as for a lighthouse of compassion this tribute of loneliness, from Jamie Sexton Holme (*I Have Been a Pilgrim* [New York, Henry Harrison, 1935] p. 17) an American poetess who herself knew the penalty exacted when communication fails:

> Oh, far less credible than this
> Is what I long have known—
> That two may journey hand in hand,
> Yet utterly alone.
>
> And heart may lie on throbbing heart
> As far as pole and pole apart.

With the irrevocable wrench to all arrangements which death constitutes, the trailer remained as a link between what had been and what was to be. It housed the more intimate moments of the years, but most preciously the small library which I had kept for myself in giving away my books upon quitting Four Winds. The trailer I shall not describe, for I cannot describe it adequately, miniature of elegance as it is, comfort on wheels. But the trailer syndrome is more than a manner of living; it is veritably a way of life to those who have perfected themselves therein. Once the image of snugness is accepted, the lay-out seems spacious enough. And above all, it's private. It is the common intent which turns the trick for privacy. Neighbors in a trailer park seldom visit one another within, only without. Children are fewer than in a city block, and they catch something of the tiptoey character of the place. But children are not the distraction one might think, even if one is a recluse. In truth, I can recommend a trailer as a good hide-away for writing a book; mine has given birth to several, including this one.

So much for the trailer itself. As a roving professor and hit-and-run orator, I managed to be chiefly on the move the first year I lived alone. I thought to pass the mobile home on to a graduate student and his wife, in whose education I was involved. So I gave it to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sherrill, Texas friends, for a year at Cornell. But the University arrangements went awry, and so it wasted its elegance on a snowy winter at Ithaca. Once more, however, I have possessed it and it now rests in a beautiful pecan grove on the Colorado River, at Austin, Texas, in plain view, during the unleafy season, of the symbol of my academic life, the miniature Parthenon atop the University tower of my alma mater, and of the symbol of my political fixation, the dome of the great Capitol of my native state. What is even better, on the side of diversion and comfort, it is parked on the way from the city to (and in walking distance of) one of the coldest and loveliest outdoor swimming pools in America, Barton Springs, which through the long hot season pours out its cold thousands of barrels per minute.

PERHAPS EVERY ONE HAS, certainly I have, a characteristic view of himself as seen from without. I have known a man, for instance, whose chronic image of himself was as a corpse in a casket embanked with flowers. A soldier I have known always saw himself advancing with bayonet fixed. A woman of my acquaintance confesses for her objective self the lovely stereotype of a little girl bestowing flowers. And so it goes.

Mine is different. When I see myself "out there," it's as a voyager athwart the golden skies of a Texas sunset. At least it always was *athwart* the setting sun, as if life were a going without a goal. But of late the vision has changed in two regards. Earlier the vehicle of my cosmic gallavanting might be anything from a horse and buggy to a Rolls Royce; but now it is a trailer, always *my* trailer. And its direction is no longer *athwart* the setting sun; it is now headed straight into the sunset, as if pressing to make some sidereal goal before the darkness falls.

I have taken the vision as a sign and the recent change as a message. The sign is of a journey down the Western Slope, and the message is that if I have learned aught of life, now is the time to bequeath it. Already I have asked of myself and answered as best I could what I thought I was up to in politics, anyhow. Well, now, anyhow, what have I been up to in life as a whole?

My lower wisdom I have already strung as my rosary for retirement (in a speech, "On Being Retired," published by Syracuse University Press). Is there a higher wisdom for the larger and longer retirement? Yes, there is. And from what better place can I impart the larger meaning of life than from a trailer, snuggling as it does amid the Four Primal Elements: close to the *ground,* reaching toward the *sky,* swaying gently with the *wind,* outfitted with adequate *water*? It is my cosmic rocking chair, under the stars and in listening distance of the music of the spheres if my symbolism of sunset should suddenly maturate into night. Yes, it is a good setting for one's final reflections. Mine are modest enough, and may properly take the form of "Lessons I Have Learned from Life." I shall present them as seven Items—the sacred number—as golden nuggets mined the hard way from the hills of life.

They have to do mostly with fellow-men, very little to do with the cosmos. Philosophers' claims to special knowledge of the universe always prompt me to brand the claim as at least one size too large for any mortal man. I am not opposed to metaphysics, but to the presumption as an esthetic matter. Each man will no doubt want to round off his vision of the whole of things, but a modest man will be prompted to reticence by the ineradicable differences between personalized visions of the whole. I am a part of the universe—not the universe a part of me. True, it has produced me; but it has never underwritten my view of it. So for me, it remains that the most fruitful study of mankind is man. Let this be my apology as a philosopher for shrinking to a moralist when pride prompts me, as it has tempted others, to become a metaphysician.

Item 1: *That No Man Is an S.O.B. to Himself.* Let me introduce this Item with a story. The sociologist Robert E. Park, a wise man albeit a professor, and for many years a colleague of mine at the University of Chicago, was officially connected in young manhood with Booker T. Washington. On a subsequent visit to Tuskegee, Alabama, Park (a white man) was walking on a country road when he was overtaken by a Negro, frightened, distraught, and jittery. Park caught the hastening Negro to ask what was wrong. All he could get was: "Lemme go! They're after me!" and he tried to break into a run.

Park held him: "There's nobody in sight. Sit down, rest for a moment, and tell me what the trouble is. I'll watch for you."

The Negro was not to be quieted, for steadily "they" were "after" him. Upon Park's quiet insistence, he gave a bill of particulars, as he broke and ran: "It's the s.o.b.'s—they're after me!"

There's little doubt "they" were. Some species of that wry genus is always after each one of us. But whether they will catch us depends more upon ourselves than upon them. A ghost, you remember, follows you, running when you run, stopping when you stop; but he runs only as fast as you do. Stop fleeing—so runs the wisdom—and the ghost slinks away.

This lesson I was to learn in politics, where usefulness, if not survival, is conditioned upon knowing the lesson and acting upon it. Before I turn to politics to wrap the lesson up, let me provide antidote to the Negro's fright by generalizing the six health rules of a wise Negro of our time, Satchel Paige:

Avoid fried meats, which angry up the blood.
If your stomach disputes you, "passify" it with cool thoughts
Keep the juices flowing by jangling about gently when you move.
Go light on vices, especially the social ramble. It ain't restful.
Avoid running at all times.
Never look back. Something might be gaining on you.

Until I learned better in politics, I had always naïvely supposed that if you went to one of the s.o.b.'s, who are always following you, and told him gently and friendly-like that you knew what he was but that you proposed to keep the knowledge to yourself, that you only wanted him to know that you knew

—then, I supposed, he'd admit his identity, would thank you for your consideration, and would stop shadowing you.

What I found out is that he'd not admit it, nary a one of 'em; that indeed he'd deny it vehemently, and angrily, the last one of 'em. And what I came further to see was this: that no man is an s.o.b. to himself. (The few who are, have already committed suicide.)

There is truth in what Julia Lathrop, of Hull House, once observed, "How simplified life would be if we could judge people by what they think of themselves." And there is certainly pathos in her cosmic conclusion, "Self-deception is one of the meanest tricks Fate plays upon us." The countervailing truth is, however, that one would never become better than he is did he not identify himself with something already better than he is. The man who counts, when all the chips are down, is no merely *existent* person but someone genuinely subsistent. He is the man he thinks himself to be or is intent upon becoming.

In this "self-deception," if we insist upon the ugly term, lies the dynamics of life, and the seeds of democracy—in the superior person, that is, with whom each man identifies himself. I came to believe that not only is no man an s.o.b. to himself, but that in fact no man is an s.o.b. Period. If anyone is, then the chance is that everybody is. No argument is valid or useful whose major premise is that your opponent is a fool. One never wins that type of argument; but in fixation upon it, he may lose every other kind of argument. As the democratic satirist dryly puts it, "It's not what you say that riles me, it's your right to say it."

Item 2: *That a Straight Line Is Not the Shortest Distance between Persons.* When you go straight from yourself to the other-man-as-you-think-him-to-be, you are indulging in linear logic. We know from experience how often this does not reach the other man. Its uttermost reach is your image of him. That is not enough. You have to go round-about if you're going to "read" your man. And one point you must always stop at, if not stop with, is what the other man thinks himself to be. You must sidle up to practical wisdom, so to say; seldom meet it, or try to communicate it, head on.

This lesson came home to me as a parent when my only son, Gayle Stanley Smith, went away to war at seventeen. The night he left for North Africa I took him out to see how he held his liquor. At the end of a jolly dinner, he got up to go, saying that he didn't want to appear sentimental but that of course I knew I had been "the great influence" in his life. I burst out laughing, saying that I hadn't even tried to be an influence in his life. He grew reflective, and finally added, "Perhaps that's the reason you've been so influential." Whether or not I deserved the compliment as a parent, as a man I learned what we always need to be learning anew: the indirectness of effective contact.

Louis Brownlow, in his *Passion for Anonymity* (Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1958, p. 22), pays this supreme compliment to an army associate in governing the District of Columbia:

> Major Kutz didn't lecture me, he didn't tell me directly that I had put my decisions and recommendations on too narrow a base, he didn't reprove me for my impetuosity, he didn't remind me that I was not a newspaper man writing a "hot" story and trying to make the first edition, he didn't tell me directly that there were things I ought to look into more carefully and think about longer before I reached my final conclusion. He didn't tell me any of these things, but in every Board meeting he gave me a lesson by example.

We may generalize this wisdom by saying that what most needs cognizance can seldom be taught, but it may nevertheless be learned, seized by osmosis, as it were.

The lesson holds even in dealing with oneself. Somebody told me that if I didn't cut down on smoking, I'd have cancer of the throat. I was more afraid, secretly, of getting cancer of the thyroid, if I didn't cut down on hyperactivity. It fell out through a strategy, which I commend to you, that I learned how to manage two vices at once.

Looking at the calendar one day and observing that each week was divided alternately between Monday-Wednesday-Friday and Tuesday-Thursday-Saturday, I resolved then and there that I'd smoke only on MWF. And, thinking to pay for two abstinences with one pain, I decided to reverse the accounting and drink only on TTS. But I made a mistake in counting the days and one week found myself not smoking on a smoke-allowed Friday. That was indeed a bad week for me, for I had already, through the same mistake, not had a drink on Thursday. So I decided to make up for my double abstinence by indulging two days together; but this period ran me over Saturday into Sunday.

Now Sunday, not being in either sequence of threes, I had set aside as a special day: to exercise my power of choice—to smoke or not to smoke; and, if to smoke, then to smoke something special, say a cigar. Cigars and alcohol, however, do not mix with me; or, worse, they mix miserably. So to make a lost weekend short and, I hope, to leave it exemplary, I was so mixed up when Sunday was over that I didn't know which day Monday was when it came. The easiest way out of my predicament seemed, and still seems, just to quit smoking altogether—and, while I was at it, to quit drinking, too. See how much simpler a circular logic is than the linear failure of a sudden New Year's resolution? To make easy simplicity of lives not our own is poor substitute for ruling well and strategically over one's own household!

We can damn such indirection as "face-saving" when it's done by another or for another. But we certainly don't disdain it when it's our own neck that's out. Then it becomes a mark of great friendliness, of considerateness—even of statesmanship when practiced by nations. Nothing is more worth saving than one's own face when it gets overexposed.

The bane of interpersonal relations, not to say the hazard of diplomacy, is the temperament which promotes the vice of forthrightness into the virtue of frankness. The practice of saving face is the art of a peaceful civilization. No one begins too early to master the art.

My four-year-old daughter—now Nancy Stewart Kemppinen—once came to me with some cock-and-bull story which she declared her brother (some years older) had told her. I clucked at the story. She repeated it. I whistled. She tuned up to cry. I reassured her: "Your brother may have told you the story, but if he did, he smiled when he told it." She denied this but, I saw, with weakened credence in her tale. Later when I had them together, I said to him, winking, "You told your sister so-and-so, but you smiled when you did it." "Yes, I smiled, of course," he confirmed. Lesson learned, she turned to say: "It isn't so, then; he smiled when he said it."

The day one learns that things are not what they seem, that is the day wisdom begins; and the day one sees that the shortest distance between minds is not a straight line, that day wisdom matures. No man—no, nor woman, neither—means what he says until he says it with more than his mouth. We must watch for the indirect and look out for the oblique.

Since I am already guilty of making my own parenthood exemplary, further indulgence will hardly deepen my guilt. The same daughter came home from school one day to declare that she hated poetry. To me this was serious, and I persuaded my wife that we take the child out of school and subject her to the wiser tutelage of nature, until she could catch the poetic rhythm of living. We moved to the country, and surrounded her with living things: a goat, two lambs, and a dog, that all too soon grew into a dozen dogs, a cow, a horse, and some ducklings. The woods were already full of snakes.

I decked the place with nature poems (chiefly from Emily Dickinson), hung here and there on the barn, from trees, anywhere and everywhere. There was a wait of weeks that seemed months, but the day eventually came when, looking at a framed poem on the wall, she asked: "Is that a poem?" "Yes." "Is it about a snake?" observing a crude snake drawn in the grass. "Yes." "Read it to me!"

The long-awaited hour was come, and I put everything I had into the reading. "Read it again!" which I did. "Again!" which I started to do, only to be interrupted by her dog's barking and her breaking loose to the tune of "I bet Sox has a snake!" Presently, I heard her reciting something to her dog under my study window and looked out to see her with a snake by the tail and to hear her rendition of eight of Dickinson's apposite lines.

"Sox," she was saying to her favorite dog:

Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;

But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

Reflecting that the poem antedated Freud, I ran through the house crying, "Eureka! Eureka! A child is saved, a child is saved!"

Soon all the poems were made command performances, and presently of course were all memorized without further effort than her listening to their repetition. Since, however, parental strategy so seldom emerges unsullied, I may perhaps be allowed in this case the pride of the happy ending. The child caught up with her grade easily enough once she elected to go back to classes; and before high school was over, the little "hater" of poetry got honorable mention in the *Atlantic Monthly* for the best school poetry of the year. I give one sample.

Ever moving,
Moving still,

The waters flow
Without a will.
The sword hangs
And thirsts to kill—
But men must live.

Ever moving,
Moving still,
The grains beat
Against the mill.
The world sinks deep
And souls grow ill—
But men must live.

The night falls swift
And all is dark;
But look above,
A growing arc
Spreads light abroad,
And murky minds mark
Stairsteps in the sky—
And men will live.

Education in indirection is not confined to childhood, though absorption is peculiarly the child's way of learning. Socially acceptable men and women learn how to practice the art on one another. Good manners are hardly more than indirection reduced to rule; and self-knowledge boils down to showing oneself the same consideration that good manners require one to show to others.

I learned early in life the strategic way of circumventing my own laziness. Many friends think I am chronically energetic. The truth is that I'm so lazy by temperament that I'm afraid to stop work lest I never get started again. To forefend this predisposition, I let drop to a friend or two that I'm working on a book—a book I'd probably not thought of before that very moment. But the saying sticks it in my own mind. I get to turning it over, and some ideas appear as to how to begin. Then I confide in other friends the "secret," which I know they'll not keep. Presently I have so committed myself that I'd lose face with myself and everybody else if I didn't write the book. Most of my books have been thus extemporized in inception and consummated under pressure which I have arranged and cannot withstand. Nor does awareness of the strategy impair its effectiveness, any more against me than against others. What one begins in wise jest he may often finish in earnest.

And what one begins in earnest may sometimes best be finished as a jest. The joke was on me recently. I confided to a friend the foregoing lesson in obliquity. He replied: "Old stuff—but good stuff." And pulling from his vest pocket a little book, he beckoned me to look inside it. Outside it said "Cosmic Date-Book," a title that didn't at once register with me. Inside was a long list of feminine names. I first was trying to connect the entries with our present fashion of designating hurricanes, led astray by the word "cosmic" in the title. But he shook his head, smiling. Then recalling that my friend's specialties were reputed to be beautiful women and fine horses, I began to reason from the word "date" rather than the word "cosmic." But how put the two together?

Easing my puzzlement, he then told me that I hadn't fully mastered my own lesson. He had, he said, and would now with my permission teach my own lesson to me. He said that he was happily married, but found it hard to stay so. He hated, he went on—as what lover does not?—the poverty of ambivalent fixation, the easy hypocrisy of monogamy, and the mess created by divorce, which always complicates and seldom ameliorates. Attractive to women and fond of them, he asked himself over and over again whether respectability was impossible without the cost of unbearable frustration.

Thereupon he came up with the notion of cosmic dating. When you meet a woman, he explained, whose like chemistry forewarns of affinity, recognize the fact, take time by the fore-lock, and date her now *for the Hereafter.* If you can make it mutual, do so; but date her anyhow. As he thumbed the leaves, I saw "Helen," "Carol," "Louise," "Eleanor," "Virginia," and many lovelies less musical, and over each he shook his head longingly—and then braced his shoulders wistfully. It was a novel idea, this dating for Nirvana. It was indeed my Item 2 carried further than I had had occasion to carry it. But why not? There's safety in postponement, and wisdom in perspective. If in the Hereafter men should really not marry nor be given in marriage, but be "as the angels of God," nothing is lost. Meantime, there's security in sublimation; and expectation is delayed bliss. (Later: I've seen the book again, and one leaf, but only one, has been torn out. When I looked at my friend inquiringly he shrugged his shoulders—nothing more. Perhaps that "Hereafter" got too long to wait for.)

Item 3: *That Only He Who Tickles Himself May Laugh As He Likes.* Of all man's beneficent "senses," humor seems to me the one most lacking at birth and the one most requisite for maturity. We taste from the beginning, smell quickly, and see almost at once; but we smile slowly and laugh much later. It seems that any child will believe anything that is told him, whether told with a smile or not, until he learns the hard way that most things are to be taken with a grain of salt, if not indeed with a dash of pepper. And if to laugh comes late, to laugh at oneself comes latest of all.

Yet few exercises bear such wholesome fruit as a sense of humor. In the midst of worry, at the height of perturbation, yea in the depth of despair, humor will detach one sufficiently from the immediate as to let him catch a free breath before returning to face his fate. Fate can hardly face a smile. Humor is preventive of ulcers at the worst and provocative of courage at the best. Whether humor be regarded as a device for "slipping past the censor" (Freud) or an adverse judgment of incrustation of matter (Bergson), it affords a fresh start from a more advantaged position. Bergson, in particular, makes humor a prod to improvement. We laugh, says he, at a man who slips on a banana peel as a way of saying: "You dummy, didn't you see it? What you got eyes for? Be your years, and stop acting like an automaton." When one smiles, he achieves perspective, and when he learns to laugh at himself, he has occupied a vantage from which to deprecate whatever passes as less than his best. Socrates smiled at his legs while they grew numb from the lethal hemlock. Benjamin Franklin reduced his twinges by composing his humorous "Dialogue with the Gout." And Sir Thomas More belittled his fate on the gallows with a jest: "Help me to ascend—I will shift for myself going down."

This Item 3 comes from an old Russian proverb, long before Bolshevism (would that the Communists could learn it!). It calls attention to the final format of humor (laughter at one's self), and it raises the question as to why a sense of humor, beneficent as it is, does not thrive more luxuriantly. It suggests, too, an answer to the question it raises. The development of a sense of humor is retarded by our starting at the wrong end. It is true that "only he who tickles himself may laugh as he likes"; but it doesn't follow in the strategy of learning that one must start with himself as proper object of the exercise. No, that is postgraduate work.

Let's start more modestly as freshmen. Let's start with our enemies. (And if you haven't at least one enemy, let not the sun go down until you have insulted somebody and gained at least one. We need enemies in our business of living, if for no other reason than that they make easy objects for ridicule.)

Keep a notebook on your dearest enemy, and you'll soon find enough to smile at and something to laugh over. When in this strategic way you begin to find the art easy and delightful, move on to the sophomore course: keep a notebook on your neighbor. You'll not be lacking in further material, especially if your neighbor lives in an apartment above yours or maintains a poor back-yard fence.

The junior year in your discipline of humor finds you concentrating on your friends, and the senior year will require you to keep a notebook on your family. All the while you're growing in observation and quickening your aptitude to respond to the ridiculous. If all these stages have been well mastered and duly activated, you're ready for the postgraduate work. Get a larger notebook for Sovereign Self. The previous work has not been well mastered if you don't find yourself as discrepant from ideality, as touched with hypocrisy, as downright cockeyed as you have found others. You're now sophisticated, and may carry your laboratory with yourself all the while. You can now "laugh as you like," for inner material is never lacking to support a smile, and seldom lacking to ground a laugh.

You are now fortified, as few are, to meet rebuffs with lowered tension and to exercise your virtuosity with sportsmanship. In learning to see yourself as others see you (that's what the final notebook is good for), you have learned to see others as cast in the same mold as yourself. The world is no longer black or white, but multicolored. This training may even enable you to be religious without becoming sectarian.

Item 4: *That the Spiritual Overshadows and Purifies the Religious.* And now abides the Religious, the Secular, and the Spiritual—and the greatest of these is the Spiritual. We here enter stony preserves where thorns abound, and it behooves us to advance with caution.

The secular becomes sacred, if you will, through our spreading round it the mantle of imagination. The sacred has the secular as content and the human spirit as its form. As an analogue, the heavenly bodies were not made of some "celestial" material which sets them off from earthly bodies; astronomy and physics are continuous. To begin with the invidious is to end with the invidious, and such treatment not only belittles all natural things as secular, but it belittles all claims to the sacred save its own. Under such aegis, religion becomes denominational and what commences as unifying, ends as divisive. Sectarianism, rather than secularism, is the enemy of the spiritual life.

The religious requires some way, then, of saving itself from the provincial; and spirituality purifies religion from provincialism and saves the "divine" from the "diabolical." The constant problem of religion is how to keep the religious from doing their own enterprise to the death through a narrowed spirit.

To put this Item in a larger light, the crux of theology is not the *existence* of God, but the *nature* of whatever existent entity we agree to call divine. Let us assume that there is a God. Our task is but begun. Is this God *good?* That's the question—and it needs vast assurance. From some practices of his saints on earth, it is easier to believe that God is little and mean and evil. Nor does observation of Nature give adequate assurance upon this crucial point.

Should I trust him, even though he slay me? Yes. But suppose he keeps on slaying me, and slays all that I hold dear? Then I must not trust him. This way lies demon worship, and the corruption through ambiguity of all human values. Calvin's God, said Thomas Jefferson, was a "demon"—and men had better have no God than to worship that poor excuse for deity. The only protection, indeed, that men have against evil-enthroned-as-good is the use of their own judgment—it is all they have—to discriminate good and evil. It was indeed this ("evil") fruit of the Garden which made men "as gods, knowing good and evil." The divine and the diabolical have been all too close together in the history of religion to justify complacency or to encourage leniency of judgment. To say that men ought not to judge God is to say that the divine has the right to become the diabolical at man's expense. What's bad is bad in heaven as on earth.

Plato made it the first law of his ideal state that God is good, and woe betide him who compromised this conclusion with some will to power. If this leaves too much unaccounted for (too much discernible evil), then we must not compromise our source of good, but get another god (the Devil) to be the source of evil. Unsatisfactory as pluralism (or dualism) is to the orderly mind, it is more satisfactory than the contamination of one's dearest categories. It is the business of a philosopher, says George Santayana "to be a good shepherd of his own thoughts." It would be poor shepherding indeed to call good "evil" or evil "good." We must maintain the integrity of divinity whatever the cost. This is the essence of spirituality. It leads us, by natural extrapolation, to the next Item in our legacy.

Item 5: *That Rules of Life Are Plural, Willy-Nilly.* In order to think at all, we have to reduce the multitudinousness of things to general terms or categories. The impulse to simplify, which leads us to this first rational vantage, urges us on, and ever on, toward monism. Pluralism, even dualism, is not satisfactory to the human mind. We have just remarked, and do even deprecate, the making of even godhead the unitary source of both good and evil. It was this which led Plato to declare that the problem of the One and the Many is the chief problem of philosophy—and, we may observe, of life. We say of some questions (we might say of many more) that it is more important that they be settled than that they be settled "right." Still it is just such theoretical conflicts as make no practical difference that prove the most lethal to fanatics. To learn forbearance in ideals, therefore, is a mile-mark in human progress. It was Thomas Jefferson who most effectively for me made magnanimity to be the crown of spirituality. "In all religions," he says simply, "we see good men, and as many in one as another." Though the Sage of Monticello was an avowed deist, and set some stead, therefore, on the existence of deity, he declared complete amnesty for those who believed otherwise. Such is the antipragmatism of human nature, however, that men will argue from absence or indifference of consequences to the indispensability of belief. It is no good to declare with the Positivists that such belief is nonsense. When lack of sense appears to men more important than "sense," it takes a magnanimous man to allow the difference.

Jefferson was such a man. He goes at the matter the other way around. Instead of arguing for democracy from the existence of God or the dominion of sacred beliefs, Jefferson declares that the failure of men to rule themselves would make an atheist of him. This is because he set more stead upon a God who is good than upon a God who is merely existent. It is not its being true, says Santayana, in Jeffersonian vein, that makes religion the superimportant thing it is; it is its being *ideal*. Now the minimum of spirituality is found in toleration for all ideals; its maximum, in love for the resulting value variety. Only ideals are disallowable that themselves disallow other ideals, and they are disallowable for that very reason. Only religions are bad that think themselves alone to be good. The spirit, too, must be allowed to blow where it listeth, not where fanaticism prescribes.

The clear distinction which Jefferson, and others of the Fathers, made between beliefs on the one side and action on the other, enabled them to be magnanimous toward the former, and suggested that they be compassionate toward the latter. If every man would do, roles being completely changed, what any man does do, roles being what they are, then the most fitting judgment on anything done is that of mercy. This may not always excuse the sin, but it will make all the difference for the sinner. If union is the essence of piety, as we are about to argue, alienation from the whole entails the severest confinement; but we forget how harsh we are with our excommunications in the routines of life.

There has been more progress in the last hundred years toward individuation and humanization of punishment than in all the ages that have gone (and a more gigantic fall from grace in Naziism and Communism). This progress has been allied with pessimists like Schopenhauer and fatalists like Clarence Darrow, who made mercy the chief ingredient of justice. Where all are doomed to pain, an ethics of pity is our best prescription for piety. If one cannot do other than he does, argues Darrow, then should he not be treated as ill rather than punished as vicious? This is no place to argue the limitation of such a view. It suffices to state a personal conviction that magnanimity is the crown of reason, and to voice a hope that compassion will still be praised when all harsher notions of justice are forgotten.

Item 6: *That Anesthetics Are Man's Humble Anodynes of Life.* If I were given the chance to name the one most marvelous improvement, amid all the improvements of human life, I would reply without hesitation: anesthetics. Learning how to prevent pain, this is man's most creative exercise. That learned joy can take care of itself. With the mastery of pain has gone man's greatest crime against himself, the supposition that pain is somehow a virtue, and its sufferance, if not its infliction, a duty.

It was but a wink ago, as time passes, when amputations were done with only death as companion to unendurable agony, when childbirth throes were accounted a debt owed deity, and torture the privilege of the agents of "law and order" in the name of God. Even the worst of Naziism and Communism is perpetrated with a note of apology for means held necessary but admitted to be evil. Punishment was once the end of (earthly) life and the privilege of deity for eternity.

Then came with blessed rapidity the discovery and use of anesthetics. Ether was first, then chloroform; and following chloroform, refinements of many sorts for the deadening of pain. Inhalants were followed with injections, local, rectal, spinal. Laughing gas and novocain eased dentistry and scopolamine budged childbirth toward the twilight of endurance. And man found himself able to die at ease as well as to live in peace. Now come the tranquilizers to neutralize the fringe effects of pain in an age of anxiety. We live in the dawn of a world which we would once almost have traded Heaven for. We have come to share with St. John the apocalytic vision: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away . . . and there . . . shall be . . . neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain . . .”

As a child oversensitive to pain, and as a man terrified at its prospect, I was from early age fascinated by chloroform. In college I came near to killing myself with the sweet-smelling stuff, which I knew well from boyhood experimentation with it. I had a boil on my upper lip for treatment of which my doctor advised me to tough it out rather than risk a life-scar from the lancet. Preferring to “tough it out” *unconsciously,* I persuaded a chum to buy me a ticket to Lethe; and, at my direction, he sprinkled the chloroform onto a handkerchief spread over my face. When I was at ease, I took the bottle, excusing my chum for the night . . . I awakened some twenty hours later, but with the boil “broke” and both the chloroform and the pain gone together. The ease was worth the risk.

Anesthetics laugh at pain and say to the body, in the name of spirit: “You can’t do that to me. I’ll snuff out on you.” We have learned how more dependably to levitate the body beyond the domain of pain, and in doing so we are one up on fate.

Item 7: *That Natural Piety Is Man’s Truest Anodyne.* Fate does not like to be laughed at, and so humor operates as anecdote to cosmic distemper. William Wordsworth offers a therapy for human *dis*-ease. Though somewhat lacking in humor, Wordsworth compensates by mastery and practice of what is more than a substitute. He called his remedy—and taught philosophers to call it—natural piety. By this he chiefly intended continuity reaching through the vast amplitude of Life and Being:

> My heart leaps up when I behold
>   A rainbow in the sky:
> So was it when my life began,
> So is it now I am a man,
> So be it when I shall grow old,
>   Or let me die!

The child is father of the man:
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

To Wordsworth, piety was both curative and preventive. How many may have been saved by it from what, we have no way of knowing. But cures there are to his credit. Both John Stuart Mill and William James, at the threshold of manhood, had "nervous breakdowns"; and both named the philosophy of Wordsworth as high among their curative agents. Wordsworth did not contrast "natural" with "supernatural" piety, as some have done and many do. He left imagination free for its curative work undiminished by dogma. To see that man is not an *out*grown but merely an *over*grown boy is to behold that the "child is father of the man" and is to initiate modestly a continuity that has no prescribed limits. For as the man finds his roots in the boy, so the boy finds rootage in a vast back-reaching father-son relationship. He who is father of a son also was son of a father. Sons that are fathers and fathers that are sons invite thought to travel as far as it will without leaving the track of biological continuity. Imagination can reach further into the future than memory can delve into the past. And either and each reaches where it does reach on the track of vast interrelatedness.

Nor does this kind of togetherness stop with the human species, not in a decade which saw the preceding one celebrate the centennial of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Somewhere in the vast reaches of the past, we became human sons of those who were not human fathers. Fathers begot more than they bargained for. Seeing what we have been, who knows the limits of what we may be? This community of memory and imagination may dare the skies as it has reached backward and downward to the essence of the earth. As man is born of a community of life, counting the continuity of species, so life finds kinship with what once was disdainfully called "matter." The uncountable energies now released from, were already resident in, the atom;

and man, in claiming kinship with the clod, elevates the clod without depreciating the man.

Seeing how inextricably intertwined is all life, who, as himself a spark of life, can show other than "reverence for life"? It does not become one to disdain himself. Nor can one fully appreciate himself unless he joys to join the human race. And Darwin has introduced us to a human race that is cosmically on the growth. An ethics of pity prescribes, as we have seen, the practice of compassion, compassion that reaches from human life to include all life. Our pets we anesthetize that they too may die peacefully; and even the victims of our vivisection we nurse tenderly back to health. In this vast and variegated oneness, "no god," says Emerson, "dare wrong a worm."

Reverence for life, all life, only conduces toward a vaster reverence—Reverence for Being. We might not have been—and yet we are! Think what a gulf we have negotiated—between Non-Being and Being, with ourselves on the side of Being. We might not have had consciousness, and yet we have! We might have lacked sentiency, and yet we feel and know. We might have lacked memory, and all that makes up the past. We might—tragedy of all lacks!—we might have lacked Imagination and so be doomed to a Present with but stale contents of the Has Been. What a doom, always to be repeating the past. But we are blessed with this magic quality of knowing the absent-as-present, of unfolding a limitless Future. "For no other reason was imagination given unto us," to repeat an earlier quote, "than that we might re-fashion the Creator's wretched handiwork, that we might remake an ugly universe in the likeness of our dreams." Such I have learned from life, and now voice from a trailer pointed into the setting sun.

We may take arrogantly all that we have learned, and increase our woes, as men do who forget that they are not gods. But we may take it modestly as our cosmic fortune; and find in union with reality—of both Life and Being—the final anodyne against life's most vacuous woe, that of supreme loneliness. Veritably, we are not alone in this vast cosmos. We are a part, perhaps an organic part, of all that has been or may be; and in this simple acknowledgment of cosmic community we may find the great anodyne that will enhance the lesser but not less-blessed anodynes that make tolerable our little days. Bringing Thoreau abreast of our age of anxiety, we must sadly admit that most men do live lives of (un)quiet desperation. What's wanting may be lessened by all that Nature is and does; and we shall be not less blessed but more blessed if we find at the periphery of imagination that our community of life is more than human and social; that it is spiritual and possibly divine. We shall at least thank whatever gods there be for what more of good we find than is afforded by mere existence.

In surcease from pain we at last join with George Eliot the choir invisible of those subsistent souls who live for aye

> In minds made better by their presence: live
> In pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end with self,
> In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
> And with their mild persistence urge man's search
> To vaster issues.

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